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The Atlantic

HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR. / CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN ON THE IRA

A Consumers' Guide to the Democrats in '88

By William Schneider

Conversations with, and analysis of, the party's presidential candidates

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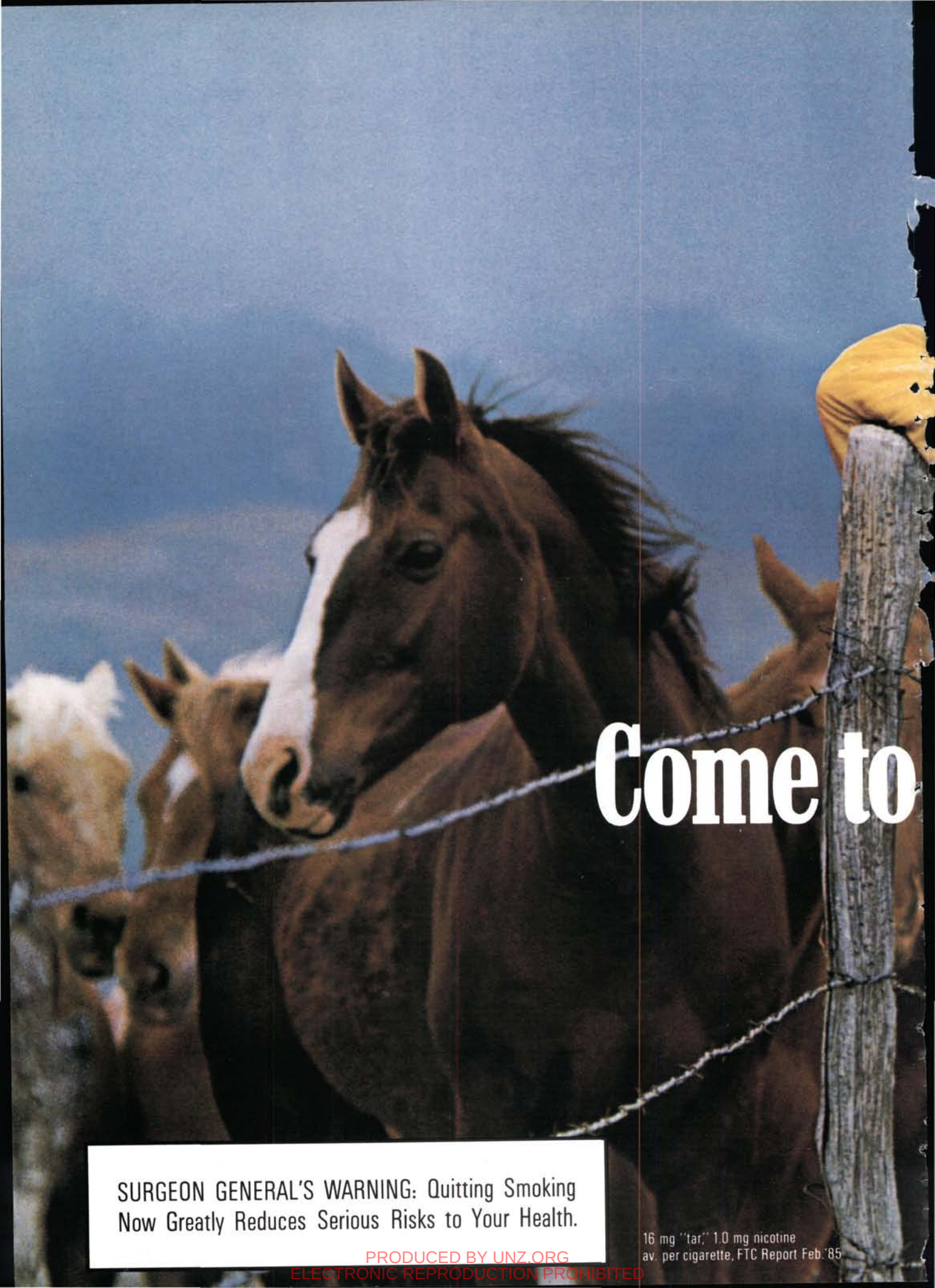

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The Atlantic

APRIL 1987

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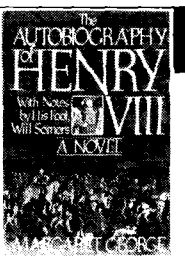

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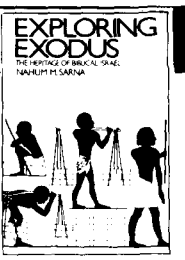

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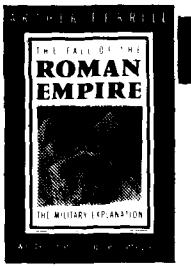

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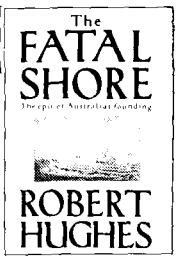

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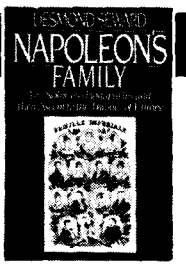

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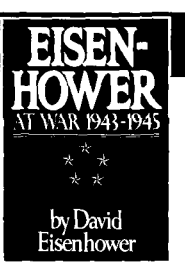

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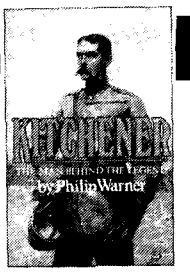

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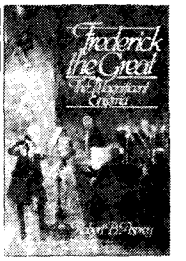

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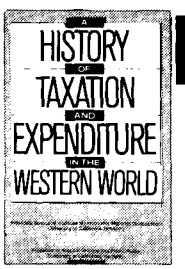

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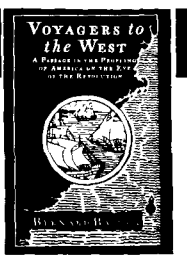

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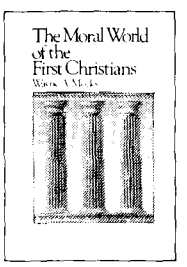

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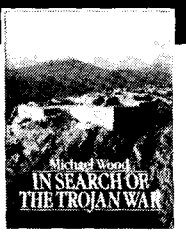

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MARX'S CARBUNCLES

Jack Beatty's denunciation of Fidel Castro was eloquent ("Marx's Carbuncles," January *Atlantic*). May one, however, introduce a quibble? According to Beatty, Castro exemplifies "what is wrong with socialism as it has been realized in the Marxist-Leninist revolutions." But socialism—democratic control of the economy as well as the polity—has not been realized in the Marxist-Leninist revolutions. Conservatives and Marxist-Leninists both insist that it has, the former in order to discredit the socialist ideal and the latter in order to appropriate its prestige. What is Beatty doing in this company?

Beatty claims that socialism is "founded on envy," and deplores its "morality of the hive" and "perverse spiritual prestige." Do these epithets adequately characterize the socialism of, say, Morris, Wilde, Bourne, Debs, Luxemburg, Pannekoek, Silone, Orwell, Tawney, Thomas, Irving Howe, or Michael Walzer? Or, for that matter, the early Marx? If not, would Beatty be a bit more discriminating in future fulminations?

It is, obviously, worth discussing whether socialism is achievable or even desirable. Erazim Kohák's fine essay, mentioned by Beatty, helps this discussion along. So do Alec Nove's *The Economics of Feasible Socialism* and Michael Walzer's *Radical Principles*, both of which address the question of individual enterprise in a socialist society. "Marx's Carbuncles" doesn't.

GEORGE SCIALABBA
Cambridge, Mass.

Jack Beatty replies:

Mr. Scialabba defines socialism his way—"democratic control of the economy as well as the polity"—and taxes me for failing to appreciate it. I do appreciate it, and I honor many of the writers and intellectuals he cites. What I attacked is the form of socialism realized by the Marxist-Leninist revolutions. That socialism looks to me to be founded on envy—of any sort of individual enterprise or distinctiveness, or of any centers of power or prestige or authority outside the party or the state. Mr. Scialabba might say that this is not socialism at all but rather a dread perversion of it—communism. I avoided that word because I think it takes Western socialists too easily off the moral hook—makes it seem as if what happened in Cuba has no relation to what they would like to see happen in the United States. I am not so sure.

Even the democratic socialist program, attractive as it is, has strains in it that must worry any friend of liberty, and I suspect that if democratic control of the economy as well as the polity were to be achieved overnight, the two living writers whom Mr. Scialabba cites would become severe critics of its majoritarian temptations. Democratic socialism, in short, is a fine regulative idea—a yardstick for measuring the inadequacies of capitalism. But as a constitutive idea—a plan for the renovation of society—it has an untested quality possessed by many noble ideas put forward by intellectuals and before which skepticism, I would argue, is the better part of common sense.

I could go along with Jack Beatty's attractive criticism of socialism without hesitation if I could forget the platform adopted by the Socialist Party of America in 1912. So many of its planks have been embraced by both branches of our political family that I can't help thinking we have moved toward socialism about as far as the old brand of socialism has moved toward our capitalism.

Beatty has diagnosed the wrong ailment. Whether capitalist or socialist is at the bedside, the patient will die unless a cure is found for overpopulation.

WILLARD OLNEY
Hesperia, Calif.

Jack Beatty is quite right: Castro's attempt to limit the Cuban peasants' free market is downright stupid. Like the post-Mao-era Chinese leaders before him, Castro will be forced to recognize that at this point in history egalitarianism is both idealistic and counterproductive. In a year or two another of those "abrupt changes of course through which Communist regimes try to force the locomotive of history onto the track of progress" will reverse the current decree.

Nonetheless, it must be noted that Beatty's Cuban peach farmer has been

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A POWER IN THE LAND.

By Bob Bergland

Light and power have brought a bright new hope to the land beyond the towns.

While farm life is even tougher than usual in some areas, much of the countryside is blooming with opportunity.

Some early on sensed the guiding spirit behind this progress. More than 30 years ago, when the rural electrification program was just 20 years old, The Very Reverend Francis Sayre, then Dean of The Washington Cathedral, said at a rural electric cooperative annual meeting in southeastern Virginia:

"Let there be light—not only in the houses where people live, but in their hearts as well." ■■■

With those elegant words, he captured for all time, for millions of people, the essence of the rural electrification program. For them, these 1,000 locally owned cooperatives and power districts are far more than just electric utilities. They are trusted, proud, member-controlled organizations spearheading the drive to modernize the rural economy.

This is not just talk. In hundreds of rural areas, the electric cooperative is the only very professional, high-tech entity with the dedication and resources to lead rural development.

They are indeed a power in the land—a genuine American success story. First, with the help of government loans, they accomplished the seemingly impossible job of electrifying the sparsely settled American countryside. Even now they serve an average of only five families per mile of line. Then, as power brought progress, they made enormous investments in generating plants and the heavier lines needed to meet fast growing power needs.

They invented new business structures and developed or attracted top-flight management and technical teams.

They joined together in state, regional and national associations to multiply their strength so that 25 million people could speak with one voice. They learned to make themselves heard. ■■■

People from all areas of the country, of all political persuasion, all colors, found themselves caught up in this concept of cooperation. It became a cause and a vehicle to the future.

Today, the rural electrics have adapted to changing times, needs and environments. They are playing key roles in shaping the future. They know that the rural America they serve, and the electric power industry, have shifting bases.

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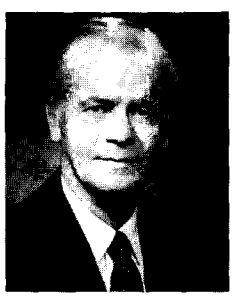

Bob Bergland, *former U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.*

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doing better than his counterparts in neighboring nations lacking any sort of trains or tracks. It might even be argued that his life has been, and is likely to remain, more stable than those of his bankrupt or near-bankrupt fellow farmers in the United States—not to mention the tens of thousands of homeless and hungry non-farmers huddled on the streets of our cities.

NAOMI WORONOV
New York, N.Y.

I greatly appreciate Jack Beatty's handsome compliment in the January issue. However, in the essay to which he refers—I presume it is "Possessing, Owning, Belonging" (*Dissent*, Summer, 1972)—I sought to show that love and labor, *not* property per se, mitigate human alienation from the physical world. I would say that I can claim as property only that which I cherish, use, care for. A senseless accumulation of possessions, unearned, unused, unloved, is indeed theft: the coat in the closet, as, I believe, Bernard of Clairvaux said, belongs to the beggar. Castro's "real socialism," breaking the bond of love and labor, does viciously alienate humans from their physical world. So, alas, does the accumulation of mere possessions—and, for us in the United States, that seems the more acute danger. The best advice for Castro may indeed be, "Let thy people own!" The best advice to us, though, is to own no more than we can love—and to cherish more, not possess more.

ERAZIM KOHÁK
Department of Philosophy
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

WORD WATCH

May I respectfully question the origin of the word *bazuko* given by Anne H. Soukhanov in your February issue? The substance, by the way, is made from coca-leaf paste, not "cocoa-leaf paste," as Soukhanov mistakenly notes.

I have often seen this word spelled *basuco*. I always understood it to be slang for *basico* or *basica*, the masculine and feminine forms of the Spanish word for "basic," as in "basic cocaine paste"—which is the full, commonly used, name of the paste to which Soukhanov refers.

My reasoning: In general it is common in Spanish to add short suffixes to ordinary words as a way of adjusting their meaning. Often these suffixes apply to size. For example, *-azo* makes *grande* ("big") *grandazo* ("enormous"). In the slang of certain Andean countries the suffix *-uco* can be attached to words to add an implication of power, large size, or other dread characteristics. The best example I know is *terruco*, the word Peruvian highland peasants and lowland slum-dwellers alike have come to apply to terrorists (*terroristas*). Since in Peru the *terrucos* come from the fanatical Maoist group Shining Path, it's no wonder that people have added such a suffix in describing them. Hence *basica* may have become *basuco* in a similar way—the *-uco* added just the right air of sinister, yet alluring, power.

CHARLES M. LANE
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

As a former Minnesota farm boy who has milked many cows and made much hay, I take exception to your background definition of the verb *graze* in "Word Watch" (January *Atlantic*).

According to my *American Heritage Dictionary*, and universal usage by those who tend herds, grazing cattle "feed on *growing* grasses and herbage" (emphasis added). Thus, animals do not graze upon "hay" or "silage," as you would have it, since these are both bovine foodstuffs that have been cut, chopped up, or otherwise harvested.

ROBERT J. PESSEK
Allston, Mass.

Anne H. Soukhanov replies:

I am grateful for Charles Lane's valuable etymological information on *bazuko*, a.k.a. *basuco*, a.k.a. *bazuco* (a citation for the third variant turned up recently in *The National Review*). Our definition does not assume that the etymology proposed in *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* is correct. We regard it as a theory. Mr. Lane's theory, based on attested suffixation patterns using *-uco*, is plausible. We've put his remarks into our *American Heritage Dictionary* files for use by the editors when the word is evaluated for inclusion in the dictionary. Until now, we had no evidence at all for the form *basuco*. One might speculate that the forms *bazuko* and *bazuco* are alterations in spelling sustained during borrowing into English from Spanish. In any case, we must acquire much more evidence of the word's use in English before further judgments can be made.

The misspelling of *coca* was a typographical error that neither I nor others spotted in editing.

I referred to hay, silage, rumination, cuds, and compartmented stomachs in the background discussion of *graze*, which in its primary sense does not, of course, apply to ingestion of hay and silage.

DEMOGRAPHICS

The November Almanac's Demographics section contains the following rather dubious statement: "It is estimated that in the past two and a half million years some 113 billion human beings have lived and died." I am most curious to know what sort of mathematical calculation produced that conclusion.

MILOS DOBROSLAVIC
Bridgeport, Conn.

EDITORS' NOTE: Thomas Exter, a senior editor of *American Demographics* magazine and our consultant on the Demographics section of the November Almanac, has provided this explanation:

"I selected 2.5 million years as the length of time that man has been on the planet because the fossil evidence from between 2 and 3 million years ago is sufficient for anthropologists to categorize the earliest hominids and to conclude that one—*Homo habilis*—is the earliest known human ancestor. In order to determine the number of people ever born I used estimates derived by the Population Reference Bureau (February, 1962) for three time periods. I extended the PRB estimates back in time from 600,000 B.C. to 2,498,000 B.C. (2,500,000 minus 2,000), because of the anthropological assumptions noted above, which are based on evidence developed since 1962. Also, I added a fourth period—1962 to 1986—in order to bring the estimate up to date.

"My calculations were based on the formula

$$\Sigma B_t = \frac{B_0 e^{rt}}{r}$$

where B_0 is the number of births per year at the beginning of the period; e is the base of natural logarithms; r is the annual rate of increase during the period; and t is the number of years in the period. The value of r is obtained by solving for r in the equation

$$\frac{B_t}{B_0} = e^{rt}$$

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where B_0 is the number of births the first year of the period, and B_t is the number of births the final year of the period.

"Using this formula, I estimated that in the first time period, from 2,498,000 to 6000 B.C., there were 50 billion births, assuming that the number of annual births at the beginning of the period was one. For the period 6000 B.C. to A.D. 1650 I estimated the number of births at 42 billion. For the period 1650 to 1962 the number of births was 23 billion. And from 1962 to the present the number was 3 billion. Therefore, the total number of people born between 2.5 million years ago and the end of 1986 is approximately 118 billion.

"If one subtracts the number of people alive today (about 5 billion), that leaves the number of people who have lived and died—113 billion."

Sport Fans

I must write in defense of William Hoffman's short story "Night Sport" (October *Atlantic*), which was criticized without reply in the February Letters section of *The Atlantic*. The contrast between the ultra-naive adolescent and the crippled veteran, whose respective experiences of the Vietnam War were derived in the classroom and on the battlefield, was, I found, gripping and compelling. I am not a veteran, but I can imagine the profound resentment some veterans must feel toward those who know it all without ever having been there. Mr. Hoffman vividly illuminates these feelings. The story *is* shocking, and so derives its power.

Kurt F. Fischer
Frederick, Md.

I thought "Night Sport" was one of the few really worthwhile pieces I've seen *any*where lately.

M. Compton
Ventura, Calif.

"Night Sport" was one hell of a story. Ugly, yes; ultimately unspeakable. With such a subject, how could it be otherwise? Far from being the product of some perverted imagination, it seemed only too well grounded in reality. (Consider the events that prompted such recent articles as "Dowry Murders" [July *Atlantic*], "The Target Is Destroyed" [September *Atlantic*], and "Tools of Torture" [October *Atlantic*], to name just three. Are the fictive events of "Night Sport" any uglier?)

To pretend that the Chips of this world exist only in fiction would be not only shortsighted but also dangerous.

Barbara A. Brooks
Van Nuys, Calif.

"Night Sport" did not cause me any waves of anger or unsettling thoughts, as it did some readers. I consider it an interesting psychological study, similar to *In Cold Blood* and other American works in that genre.

Margaret Hasenberg
Chicago, Ill.

Advice & Consent

In "The 1929 Parallel" (January *Atlantic*), John Kenneth Galbraith makes an argument that is one step short of what it could have been. While Galbraith correctly outlines the absurdities

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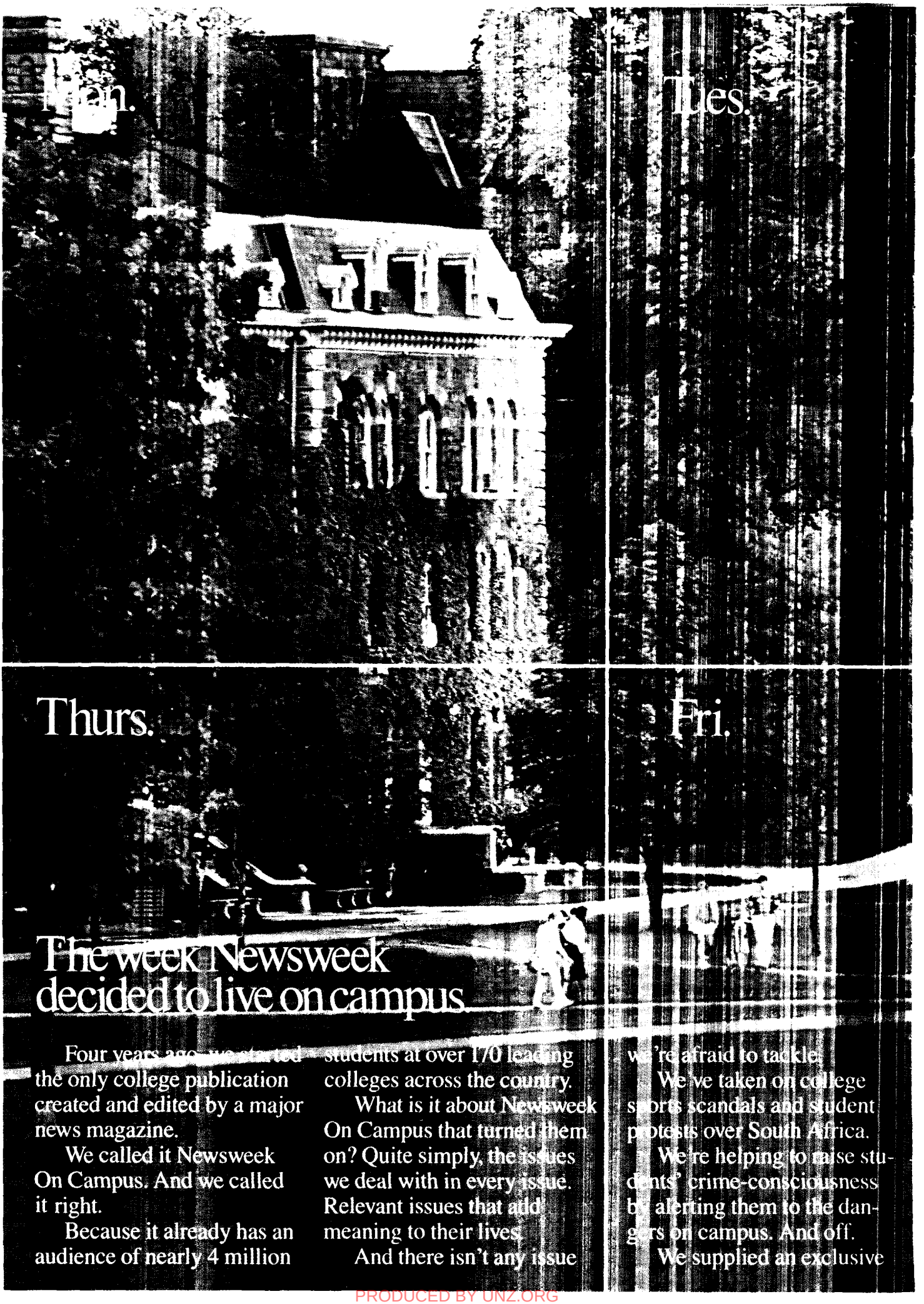

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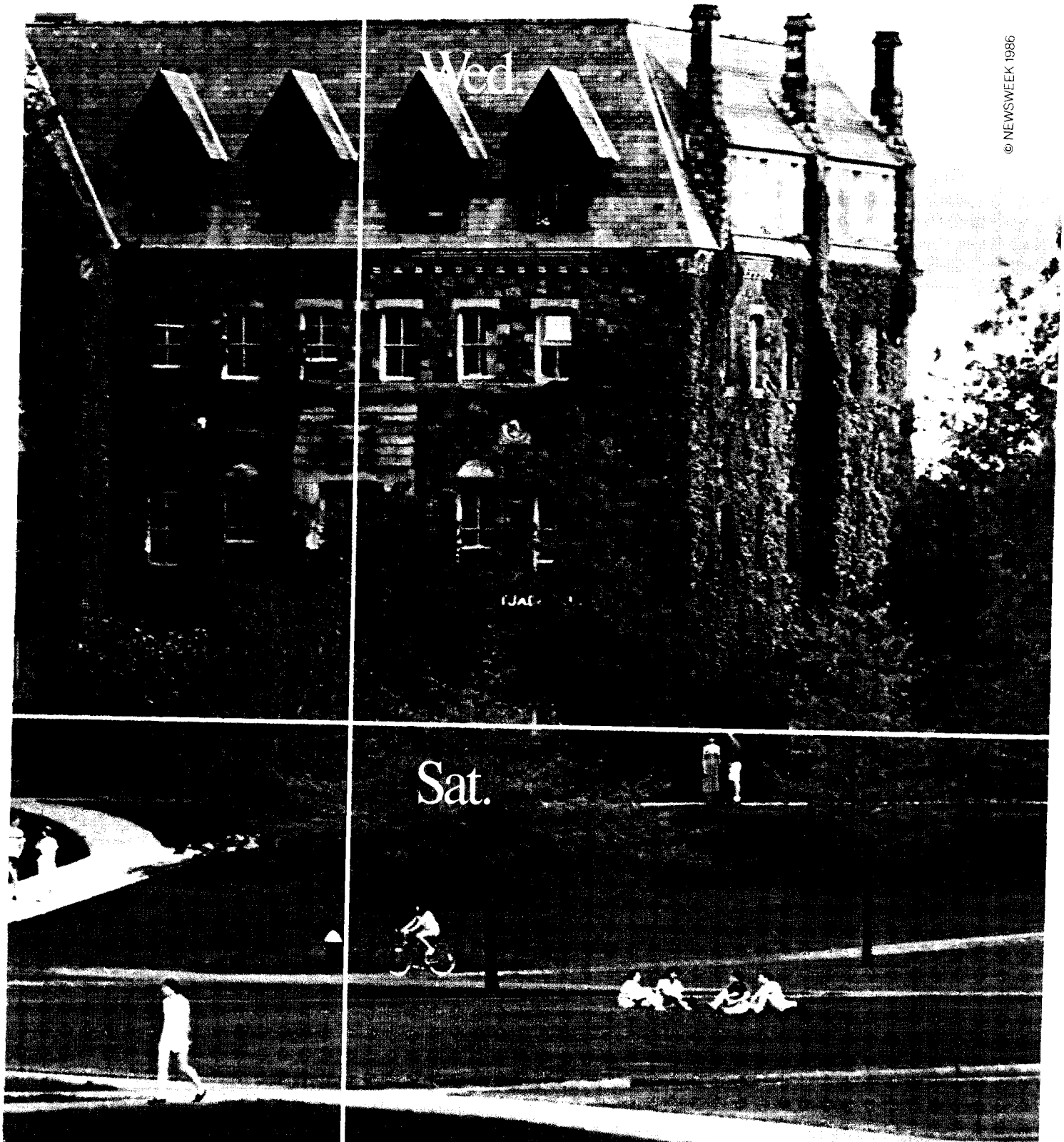

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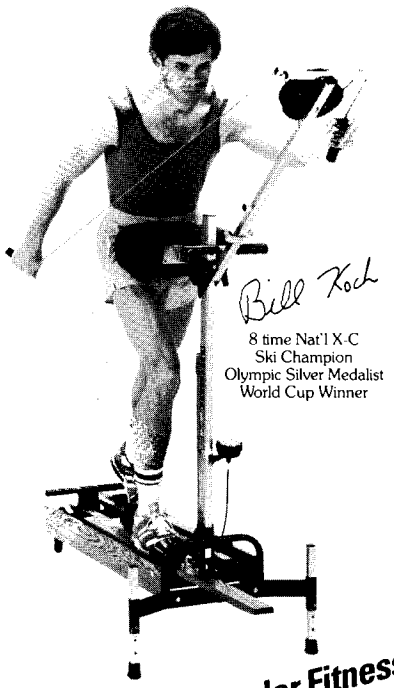

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of "the dynamics of speculation," he does not address the question of why they gather high speed only occasionally instead of all the time. He would find the answer, I suggest, if he paid attention to what Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt said in the darkest days of the Great Depression.

Each asserted, while in office, that the cause of the crash was "destructive" and "cutthroat" competition or, in other language, "industrial glut," "chronic overcapacity," or simply "unregulated competition." Both Presidents, and many others, proposed to restrain or restrict competition and production as well as stimulate demand through public expenditures.

Galbraith laments the contemporary diversion of capital into the "sterile activity" of speculation rather than into "real capital formation or . . . improved customer demand." This implies that unlimited amounts of capital can be poured into new facilities and that all the output can be sold at profit. Unfortunately, capital goes into speculation when it has no other legitimate activity to pursue during times of overcapacity. The capital may be needed for rebuilding the infrastructure and tending to the environment, but all such spending is considered wasteful.

So long as all schools of economic thought, including Galbraith's Keynesianism and Friedman's monetarism, insist that chronic overcapacity is impossible and that more capacity is always needed, and so long as laws, policies, and regulations reflect such economic fallacies, financiers will play these games because they must—at the turn of the century, in the 1920s, and today. Galbraith would perform a useful service by rejecting Keynes in favor of Hoover and Roosevelt.

FREDERICK C. THAYER
Graduate School of Public and International Affairs
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I want to point out an important error in "Politics: England, Whose England?" by Nicholas Lemann (November *Atlantic*).

Speaking of the leader of the opposition, Lemann states: "In 1983, after Kinnock was elected leader, it came out that he had never been to America (as Thatcher hadn't before she became the Tory leader)." This is untrue on both counts.

Prime Minister Thatcher visited the United States from February 20 to March 25, 1966 (more than ten years before she became leader of the Conservative Party), and Mr. Kinnock from April 4 to May 4, 1975 (some eight years before he was elected to lead the Labour Party). They traveled widely in the United States as guests of the U.S. Government on the International Visitor program sponsored by the U.S. Information Agency. This program is designed to bring potential leaders in government, politics, the media, education, science, the arts, and many other fields to the United States for an opportunity to meet professional counterparts, get to know our people, and see the geographical and cultural diversity of our country. As the person who currently works on this program for the Embassy and USIA in London, I would add that most of the present UK Cabinet as well as the Shadow Cabinet have also visited the United States as International Visitors.

JAN H. SEVILLA
U.S. Embassy
London, England

One misperception in Cullen Murphy's enlightening "Who Do Men Say That I Am?" (December *Atlantic*) is that the nature of Jewish legal proceedings can be reliably reconstructed.

The main sources from which to learn the nature of Jewish first-century legal proceedings are the New Testament, the historian Josephus, and Rabbinic writings.

The New Testament's portrait of Jewish legal proceedings is not only limited, centering on the trial of Jesus and filled with contradictions (compare Mark 14:51–72 with John 7:45–52), but also colored with biases and distorted through time. In fact, Murphy does a fairly thorough job of analyzing the problems of garnering history from the New Testament.

Josephus, the Jewish general in the revolt of A.D. 66 who was captured and then commissioned by the Romans to write the history of the revolt, offers an eclectic view of Jewish legal jurisdiction. Josephus is also tremendously biased, though this is irrelevant since he records almost nothing about actual Jewish legal procedure.

That leaves the Rabbinic writings, whence most historical reconstruction of Jewish legal procedure has traditionally arisen. Yet from a historian's viewpoint, Rabbinic writings constitute a method-

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ological minefield. Why does Murphy assume that Rabbinic material is any easier for historians to use than the New Testament? Rabbinic material is in fact much harder and less reliable to use. The material can rarely be dated within a 200-year period; the Hebrew language, which contains no capitals or vowels, is more ambiguous than the Greek in the Gospels; and the biases are just as strong but in most cases subtler than in the New Testament material.

But those problems are minor when compared with the difficulty of separating scriptural exegesis and messianic yearnings from historical reality in Rabbinic writings. The Rabbis wrote in the "eternal present," a tense grounded in their endeavor to interpret the present in light of the past as portrayed by the Bible. The Rabbis tried to preserve a religion, not a chronicle, and only very cautiously should one attempt to sift historical "truths" from religious sentiment. Thus, actual first-century Jewish legal procedure remains as much an enigma today as it ever was.

MICHAEL SATLOW
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I read with great interest Mary Jo Salter's compelling account of the suppression of radiation information in Italy after the accident at Chernobyl ("Living With Fallout," January *Atlantic*). Her story struck a painfully familiar note, as I was editor of the *International Courier* at the time of its efforts to bring the cover-up to light.

Two matters concern me, though each reinforces Salter's skepticism about the accuracy of the Italian media. Salter notes that "at least one Italian was reading the *Courier*: Francesco Rutelli, the chairman of the Radical Party caucus in the Chamber of Deputies." Yes, he certainly was; indeed, he helped to write our coverage.

Rutelli gave the confidential ENEA report to our reporters, made the WHO radiation document available, and said that he would release these volumes only in exchange for documentation of his efforts as the leading campaigner against government nuclear "disinformation." Moreover, Rutelli requested the presence of the reporters Kate Casa and William McCaughey at the press conference when, in Salter's words, "he announced . . . that on the basis of the newspaper's disclosures he was initiating a parliamentary investigation." They went.

CHRISTOPHER WINNER
USA Today
Washington, D.C.

I offer this explanation for why eight quarts of water will come to a boil before four quarts of water under the conditions reported by Edward Hauptmann in his January, 1987, Letter to the Editor.

In the typical cooking pot the free surface area formed by the eight quarts will be the same as the free surface area formed by the four quarts. The absolute heat-loss rate by evaporation for the eight quarts will therefore be the same as for the four quarts. But the rate of heat absorption from the pot by the eight quarts will be about the same per unit volume as for the four quarts. The eight-quart quantity will therefore have a higher net heat absorption per unit volume; it will boil first.

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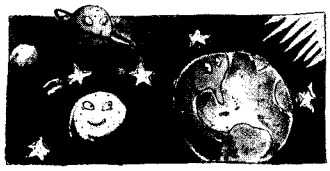


THE SKIES

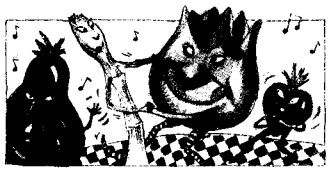
April **5**, 2:00 A.M. local time, Daylight Saving Time begins. **13**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Sprouting Grass Moon; a penumbral eclipse of the moon by Earth begins at 8:20 P.M. EDT. A penumbral eclipse occurs when the moon enters the partial cone of Earth's shadow but misses the main cone of the shadow. **22**, Earth encounters some celestial debris that's been around for at least 2,500 years—the Lyrid meteors. In the hours after midnight shooting stars will appear to emanate from the constellation Lyra in the northeastern sky. **27**, New Moon.

ENVIRONMENT

"When April blows his horn,/ It's good for hay and corn./ If it thunders on All Fools' Day/ It brings good crops of corn and hay"—Richard Inwards, *Weather Lore* (1898). Showers, meaning localized rain, as opposed to winter's wide-area storms, usually *do* become more common in April. The nation's cotton crop will be planted by the end of the month, and wise gardeners in the north will plant their peas. Leatherbacks, the largest of the sea turtles, are nesting in the Caribbean—at, among other places, Sandy Point, St. Croix, where they are protected by the U.S. Government. Leatherbacks normally inhabit open ocean. Only females make the annual trip to coral-free sandy beaches in temperate latitudes. They emerge from the surf, according to one naturalist, looking "like small VWs crawling up on the beach."

NEW STAMPS

April **11**, a 10¢ stamp in the transportation series, featuring a canal boat, to be issued in Buffalo, New York, western terminus of the Erie Canal. **20**, a booklet of ten 22¢ stamps carrying eight messages, such as "Happy Birthday," "Get Well," and "Love You, Mother!," to be issued in Atlanta, Georgia. **28**, a 22¢ stamp commemorating the centennial of the United Way to be issued in Washington, D.C.



FOOD

The first fresh domestic peaches, watermelons, and corn of the season will head toward market this month, if it's a typical April. The nation will see a boom in strawberries, eggplant, bell peppers, and tomatoes. Squash and snap beans should have already boomed; they can be expected to remain plentiful throughout this month and much of the next. There will be a flurry of activity in asparagus and artichokes—neither of which will be so plentiful again before next April. Overall, the rally among domestic fresh fruits and vegetables will rout imports, which can be expected to decline steadily until late summer. Then they will bottom out and begin climbing again, to a March peak.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Most of the nation's high school seniors who have applied to colleges and universities will receive letters of acceptance or rejection this month. Some 58 percent of this year's high school graduates—or 1.6 million people—will enroll as college freshmen next September (up from 49 percent in 1980). A majority will be women. According to a recent federal study, half of them may graduate in debt. The average cost of a year in a private college is now $10,199. The costliest institution of higher education is Bennington, where tuition and room and board cost $16,950. A student borrowing enough money, at the standard student-loan interest rate (7 percent), to attend Bennington would be liable after graduation for payments of $787.22 a month for ten years.

ARTS & LETTERS

April **5-11**, National Library Week. The American Library Association will distribute, through local libraries, a questionnaire about books to be completed by members of the reading public. Vartan Gregorian, the president of the New York Public Library, was willing to answer a few of the questions in advance: The scariest book he ever read? *1984*, by George Orwell. The funniest? *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, by James Morier. Favorite author? Gabriel García Marquez. The ALA will release its results next month. **16**, a dozen newspaper reporters, three authors of nonfiction books, a novelist, a playwright, a poet, two photographers, a cartoonist, and a composer will be awarded Pulitzer Prizes.

HEALTH & SAFETY

More suicides tend to occur in early spring than at any other time of year—a fact for which there is no generally accepted explanation. Nor is it known why the suicide rate among 15- to 24-year-olds is rising, while the rate among older age groups is dropping. The overall rate has held fairly steady, at about 12 per 100,000, since the 1950s; the rate among the young is still lower than the rate among adults. Although most of the adults who commit suicide are clinically depressed, only about a third of student-age suicides are.

GOVERNMENT

April **11-20**, Congressional recess. **15**, by this date individual income tax returns must be filed. Some 20 to 25 percent of the approximately 105 million tax returns are likely to arrive during the last week of the filing season, at least 10 percent will not arrive on time, and 4 percent of the forms returned will be requests for automatic four-month extensions. The IRS has calculated that in 1981, the most recent year for which data are available, Americans turned over to the government $81.5 billion dollars less than they were supposed to—enough to send everyone in Illinois to Bennington. **20**, the White House will hold the 109th annual Easter-Egg Roll on the South Lawn.

50 YEARS AGO

John Gunther, describing the death of King George V in his "London on Edge," published in the April, 1937, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "At about eleven I went for the fourth or fifth time to the House. It is surrounded by a six-foot ochre brick wall, hung at irregular intervals with loops of ivy. At the gate, framing the bulletin, two grave policemen stood to answer inquiries. No one was, of course, admitted. The crowds were small; it was too cold. One girl shrieked and fainted when the bulletin appeared that the King's life was drawing to a close. I talked to a villager standing quiet in the gloom. 'It's a bad job, it is,' he said. 'I've known 'im since I was a boy, and I'm two years older than 'e is.'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARBARA KLUNDER

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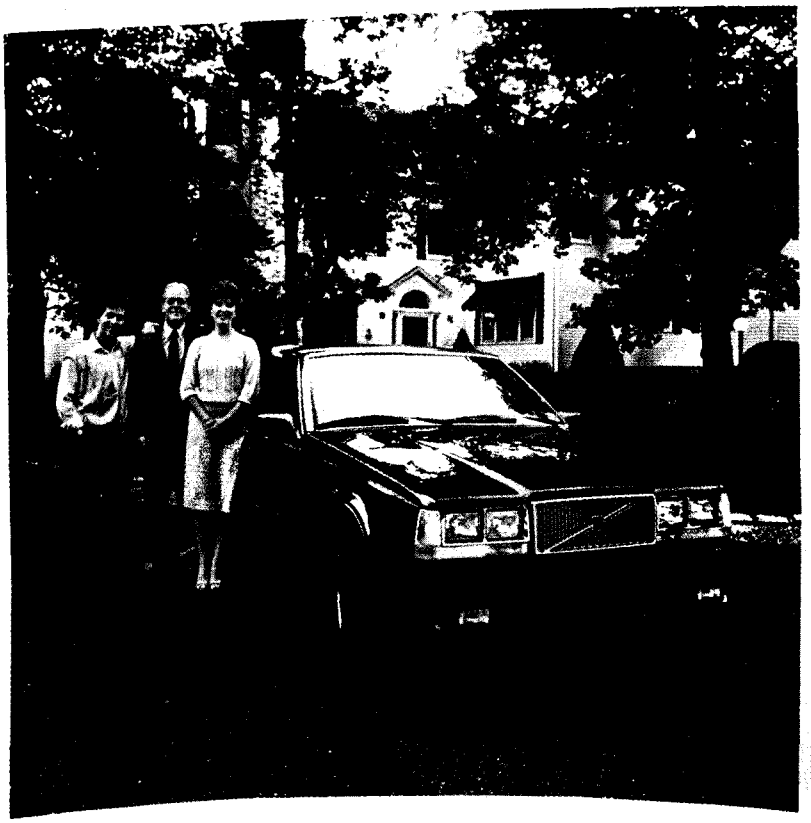
THE CAR FOR PEOPLE WHOSE MEANS HAVE CHANGED BUT WHOSE VALUES HAVEN'T.



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

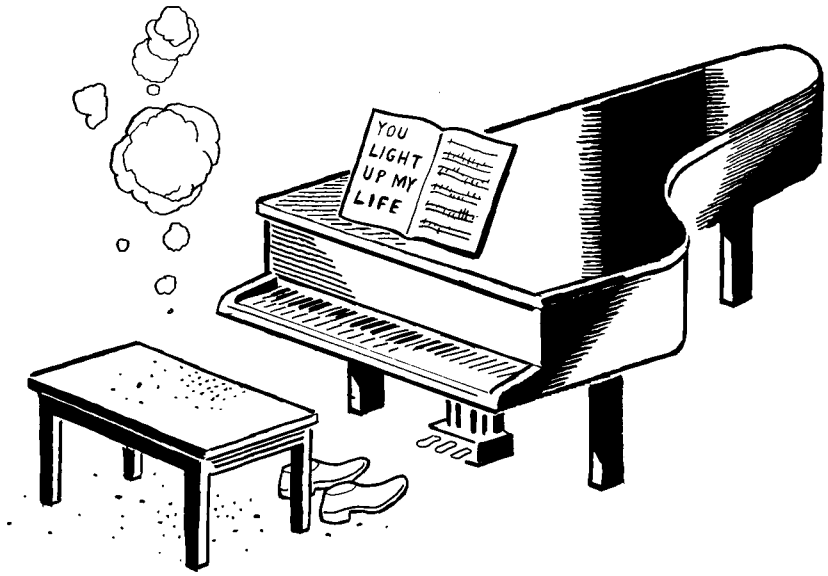
A BLAZE OF GLORY

"ALREADY THE SNOWS have scattered and fled," the poet Horace wrote in one of his odes, "already the grass comes again in the fields and the leaves on the trees." What Horace neglected to mention, though he was probably as relieved about it as I always am at this time of year, is that the advent of spring also marks the end of the traditional peak season for spontaneous human combustion.

I am your average sensible, nonsmoking, appropriately insured sort of fellow, who nonetheless is drawn to headlines in the tabloids like "PREACHER EXPLODES DURING SERMON: The most bizarre case of spontaneous combustion ever!" and feels compelled to glance through any illustrated book with a title like *Unsolved Mysteries of Science*. I was sixteen years old when, flipping through such a volume, I first encountered the case of Dr. J. Irving Bentley, ninety-two, of Coudersport, Pennsylvania, who was found (actually, whose unburned slippered foot was found) by a gas-meter reader in December of 1966. The balance of Dr. Bentley had apparently been reduced to cinders, after burning a hole in a bathroom floor and falling into the basement. Nothing else in the house was harmed. Photographs were taken of the bathroom scene—the hole, the foot, the metal walker resting askew against the bathtub—and they remain seared, so to speak, in my memory.

Some three hundred instances of alleged spontaneous human combustion have been reported during the past three hundred years, and the consequences if not the causes have in many of these cases been reliably described. The distinguished Dutch surgeon D. De Moulin noted several years ago, in the medical journal *Archivum Chirurgicum Neerlandicum*, that many of the accounts handed down through the centuries were written by reputable physicians of unquestioned veracity—indeed, by physicians "well known for their scientific contributions to medicine." These include, for example, Claude Nicholas Le Cat (d. 1768, "in his day the most renowned lithotomist in France") and Bradford Wilmer (fl. 1779–1802, "who at the time enjoyed a reputation for his treatment of goitre with burnt sponge")—men, in other words, in whom one is inclined to place implicit trust. The first instance of spontaneous human combustion that survives in the professional literature was discussed by the Danish anatomist Thomas Bartholin in 1663, in *Acta medica et philosophica Hafniensia*. Bartholin reported the case of a woman in Paris, who had long enjoyed her brandy, and who one night "went up in ashes and smoke" as she slept, apparently achieving an extreme temperature, yet doing little damage to any part of the adjacent domestic environment, including the straw mattress upon which she slept.

Subsequent accounts of spontaneous human combustion are more or less consistent with that one. A few stray extremities aside, the victim is always totally consumed, flesh and frame. The coroner usually remarks a sweetly fuliginous smell at the scene and is utterly baffled by what has occurred, having never seen anything like it in all his years as a medical examiner. The setting is usually somewhere inside a house, often the bedroom, but spontaneous combustion has reportedly claimed victims in cars and on boats and city streets; one woman, after dancing all night with her fiancé, "suddenly glowed with blue flames and was reduced to ashes," according to a newspaper account. The most typical casualty, students of such incidents contend, is elderly, over-



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Fortunately, there's plenty that can be done to treat this condition. Only your doctor can diagnose hypertension, but you can help head it off through healthier living—reducing weight, cholesterol, salt intake, stress, anxiety and stopping smoking. An improved lifestyle, and blood pressure-controlling medicines can substantially lower your risk for heart attacks and stroke. But the first step is to see your doctor.

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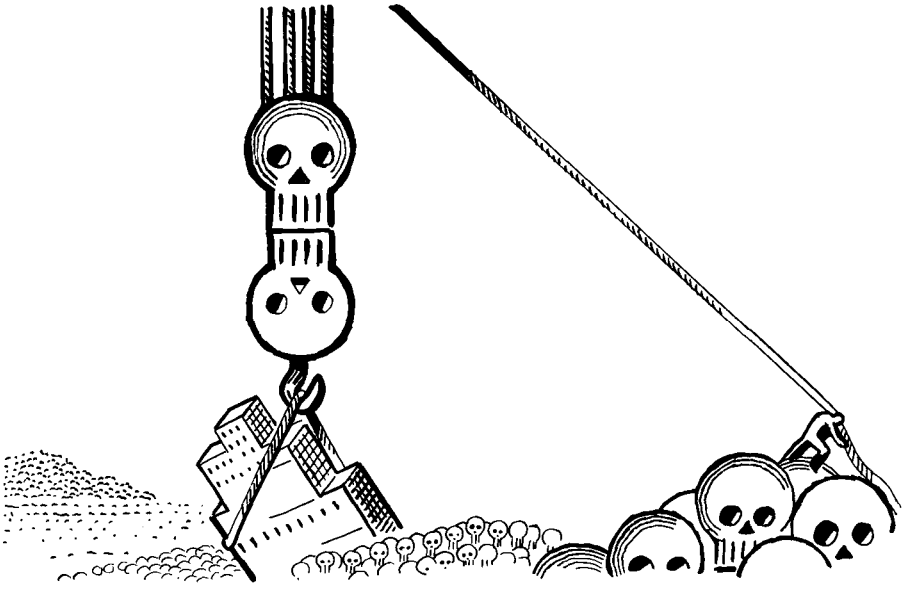
weight, and female; the victim's typical vice is a taste for alcohol; and the time of death is typically during the holiday season. While this does not exactly place me, or others similarly situated, in an at-risk group, enough exceptions have been documented to suggest that none of us is necessarily apyrous.

Spontaneous human combustion used to be accorded the respect it clearly deserves. It was *the* wrath-of-God affliction during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—meted out, some believed, to punish intemperance—and accounts of its visitation advance the plots of many old novels, most famously Charles Dickens's *Bleak House*. A lot of ingenuity has been invested over the years in possible explanations. I favor the eighteenth-century idea, which is that the friction caused by particles in the bloodstream bumping into one another creates a certain animal heat, or *ignis elementaris*, which, upon surpassing a certain threshold, requires only a *causa occasionalis*, such as bourbon, to touch off a conflagration—highly localized, to be sure, but fraught, potentially, with extreme personal significance. Other explanations have implicated a buildup of combustible gases, the explosive properties of human emotion, the influence of geomagnetic fluctuations, and the presence of a subatomic particle, yet to be validated, called the pyrotron. Despite a diminished measure of public concern about the issue, there are still quite a few theorists out there (prey, of course, to factionalism) subjecting SHC, as they call it, to serious, or at least sincere, scrutiny. Like other covens of specialists, they have their own newsletters and magazines, their own *guerres de plume*, and their own repertoire of terrible puns.

Is there really such a thing as spontaneous human combustion? I have consulted doctors at several leading burn centers around the country, and their reactions amount, in effect, to "Pshaw" (a word that, by the way, I have only seen in print and have never in all my life heard spoken). I received such responses as "I have no knowledge of a valid basis for the concept of spontaneous human combustion" and "Based on my own experience as a burn surgeon, I think it is highly unlikely that this is a reliable phenomenon." Question these men and women more closely, however, and you will discover that their real quarrel is with the word *spontaneous*, in the discredited sense associated with "spontaneous generation" (remember Needham and Spallanzani?). Yes, they say, bizarre, inexplicable, radically self-contained immolations do, from time to time, occur. But no, there exists no rogue chromosome or genetically transmitted pyrotron; nothing inherent in the constitution of any representative of *Homo sapiens* can cause him, without provocation, to burst unilaterally into flames. Rather, SHC is simply the capricious consequence of various combinations of rationally explainable if unpredictable exogenous events, one of which happens, sometimes mysteriously and unaccountably, to provide ignition—the strike of an errant bolt of lightning, say, or a wafting ember from the hearth, or a brush with a sweater that went through the dryer without StaPuf. Instead of something that could happen to anyone for a very specific reason (a reason, perhaps, that might one day be vitiated through genetic counseling), human combustion is actually something that could happen to anyone at any time for any reason under the sun.

But not usually, it seems, from April to October. It was, I suspect, this benign interval to which Horace was referring when he advised, "Now is the time for drinking, now the time to beat the earth with unfettered foot."

—Cullen Murphy



UGANDA

STARTING OVER

A new government has brought relative stability to Uganda, for the time being

FOR THE FIRST time in fifteen years the streets of Kampala were not empty at night. When I visited the Ugandan capital late last spring, people strolled without fear past the few shops and cafés that had managed to survive the seemingly interminable period of misrule and chaos which ended only in January of last year, with the coming to power of Yoweri Museveni. Museveni, who is in his early forties (he is not sure of his age), is a veteran guerrilla leader dedicated to national reconciliation. Under Museveni a modicum of normality has returned to Kampala. Badly printed newspapers are on sale everywhere; press restrictions are no longer in force. The Nile Mansions Hotel, once a torture and detention facility, is now just another white building with pruned hedges and flower beds; its grounds are easily trespassed upon. Gunfire is still heard in the capital, but rarely enough that the explanation for each incident is heatedly debated. One foreign resident told me it is so quiet in Kampala that he has trouble sleeping at night.

As Ugandans began to rebuild their lives, they were also beginning to learn about the extent of their own sufferings. In recent months the most popular pilgrimage for Kampala residents has been to an area north of the capital known as the Luwero Triangle, the scene of the worst army massacres a few years ago. Though the skulls lined up along the roadside in the Luwero region make it hard not to think of *The Killing Fields*, the nearby graffiti tell an essentially African

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tale with no real Asian equivalent—a tale that helps one comprehend the violence that has claimed perhaps as many as a million lives in Uganda (whose population is about fourteen and a half million) since 1971. On the wall of a deserted hotel in the Luwero town of Nakeseke, where soldiers had been quartered, the following note was scrawled: "A good Muganda is a dead one. Shoot to kill Muganda, signed the Soroti boys."

A Muganda is a member of the Baganda tribe, the most numerous of the Bantu peoples inhabiting the southern half of this East African country, and the tribe from which Uganda derives its name. "Soroti" refers to an area in the north inhabited by a Nilotic group called the Teso, who helped form the backbone of the army in the early 1980s, when the atrocities in the Luwero Triangle occurred. Since most of Uganda's forty tribes speak different and mutually unintelligible languages, the Teso soldiers wrote in English, the country's lingua franca.

"Tribalism isolates you and is a part of your identity," Grace Ibingira, a former Ugandan Cabinet minister and ambassador to the United Nations, told me. Tribalism, as he and other Ugandans define it, is an amplified form of sectarian conflict, existing in places where people of different languages, traditions, physiognomies, and occupations live in physical, but not psychological, proximity. Uganda, which is the size of Great Britain, and whose arbitrary borders are the result of the 1884–1885 Berlin Conference of European powers, is so tribal that it is more like a loose association of many nations than like one. It is as culturally diverse as India, as politically fragmented as Lebanon. A Western diplomat in Kampala says, "There are no horizontal linkages here—no unifying elements of history, ethnicity, or even religion. Nation-building can only start with particular groups and work upwards."

IRONICALLY, BECAUSE civilization in Uganda was so far advanced prior to the arrival of the British, the colonial legacy has been that much worse. In 1862, when John Hanning Speke became the first white man to locate the source of the Nile (at Ripon Falls, on the northern shore of Lake Victoria), the area now known as Uganda already boasted several substantial Bantu kingdoms, each with its own army, law

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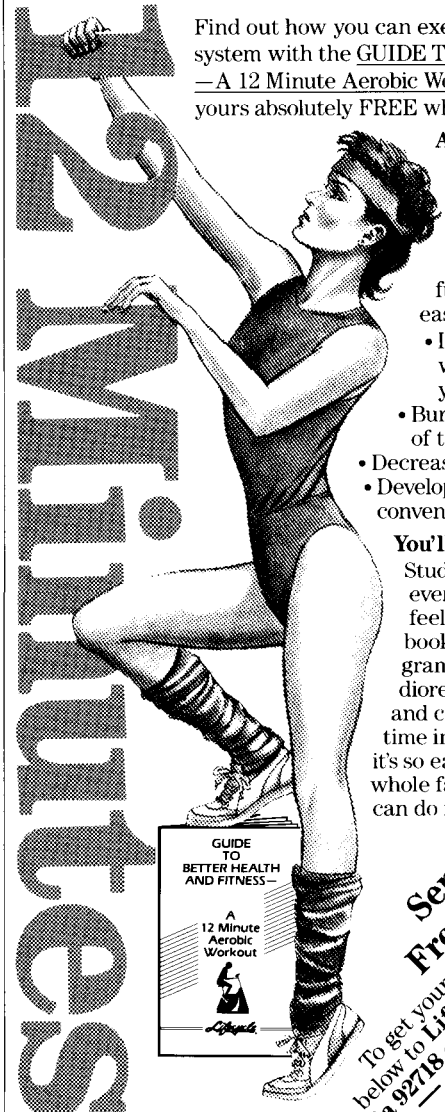

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courts, administrative system, and unambiguous sense of identity. During the years of the Protectorate, beginning in 1894 (Uganda never became a full-fledged colony with a large population of white settlers, as neighboring Kenya did), the British sharpened these divisions within the Bantu community by favoring the Baganda, whose kingdom was the most advanced, for posts in the colonial civil service. However, for the colonial army the British chose the tall, fine-featured Nilotic nomads from the north—Tesos, Langis, and Acholis—because they were considered to be more warlike than the sedentary Bantus. Meanwhile, the activity of Catholic and Protestant missionaries led to religious cleavages, accompanying the tribal ones. It was a shattered polity that emerged at independence, in 1962, one hundred years after Speke's arrival.

The Baganda soon deserted the coalition of Uganda's first Prime Minister, Apollo Milton Obote. Obote, a member of the Langi tribe, was forced to rely more and more for support on his own kinsmen and the closely related Tesos and Acholis in the army. When his commander-in-chief, Idi Amin Dada, staged a coup in January of 1971, one of Amin's first acts was to slaughter Langi, Teso, and Acholi soldiers in their barracks. Though a Nilotic northerner like Obote, Amin was a Moslem from the minor Kakwa tribe, which inhabits a sliver of territory in the extreme northwest. With a much narrower base of support than his predecessor had, Amin turned out to be far more brutal and imperial in his tactics. Most of his soldiers were recruited from the Sudan and Zaire, and the few indigenous Ugandan soldiers were Kakwas and others from the northwest border region. For the Bantu especially, loyal to the memory of the great southern tribal kingdoms, and the most educated of Uganda's peoples, it was as if their country had been invaded.

Amin's behavior recalled that of Mutesa, a nineteenth-century tribal monarch, whom the late Australian journalist Alan Moorehead described in his book *The White Nile* as "a savage and bloodthirsty monster" in the "vales of Paradise." During his eight-year rule, until his clumsy attempt to annex part of Tanzania resulted in an invasion that deposed him, Amin soaked this lush, sylvan country with the blood of several hundred thousand people. Several hundred thousand more were made homeless. The suffering was widespread, but not completely indiscriminate. All Langis and Acholis were in danger. So was any Bantu with a house, a car, or another possession that one of Amin's thugs might covet. Amin expelled the Asian business community in 1972, and this precipitated a steep economic decline from which Uganda has yet to recover. However, the basic machinery of state, including public services such as water and electricity, remained intact. To the outside world, Amin's bulk and buffoonery lent a comic-book quality to his atrocities. Yet, as many Ugandans I met pointed out, even worse was to come after Amin, though there would no longer be a colorful madman to rivet attention on the slaughter.

Two Ugandan exiles handpicked by the Tanzanian government, Yusufu Lule and Godfrey Binaisa, followed Amin in quick succession. Neither was able to establish a ruling consensus or maintain a semblance of law and order. A military commission came next, headed by Paulo Muwanga, a loyalist of former Prime Minister Milton Obote's. Muwanga, by all accounts, rigged the election in December of 1980 that returned Obote to power. "Obote came back with hate in his heart," Felix Onama, who was Uganda's Defense Minister from 1966 until Amin's coup, says. A Western diplomat describes Obote as "an amoral tactician without a strategy." From the moment of his return from exile Obote played tribal politics to the fullest in order to hang on to power, but he never really got control of the army, which was quickly disintegrating into a rampaging mob. The atrocities accelerated after 1980, and Obote made no visible attempt to stop them. He never publicly condemned what the army was doing. He repeatedly denied that anything wrong was taking place, and he even made statements that had the effect of inciting more hate—by suggesting, for instance, that Uganda's Catholics were supporting opponents of his regime.

After the 1980 election the Ugandan army reverted to the old British pattern of Tesos, Langis, and Acholis, which Obote had relied on at the end of his first, ill-fated attempt at governing Uganda. Amin's Kakwa soldiers deserted and, together with their tribal cousins across the border in the Sudan and Zaire, made forays against Obote's army in the West Nile region, in the northwest of Uganda. What followed, in mid-1981, was a series of army reprisals against the civilian population of West Nile, including a massacre in June of sixty people—women and children among them—at the Verona Fathers' Ombachi mission, which had been thought to be protected by its status as a Red Cross outpost. This and other events resulted in an exodus of some 100,000 Kakwa, Madi, and Nubi tribesmen into the Sudan and Zaire.

IT SOON BECAME apparent that the real challenge to Obote's rule would come not from West Nile but from the traditional Baganda homeland in the Luwero Triangle. Here Yoweri Museveni, one of the losers of the disputed 1980 election, set up the National Resistance Army (NRA). Museveni was a different kind of Ugandan leader. Unlike Amin and Obote, Museveni was a southern Bantu, of the Banyankole tribe. Whereas Amin was uneducated and Obote never finished college, Museveni had a degree from University College in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, and had taught economics. Also, having led a guerrilla struggle against Amin in the early 1970s, Museveni had political and military experience that the former leaders Lule and Binaisa—both highly educated men—had not had. However, what really distinguished Museveni from every other political personality in Uganda's history was ideology—specifically, the fact that he had one. Museveni proclaimed, "We are fighting for the democratic rights and human dignity of our people. . . . Our women shall no longer be raped by bandit soldiers; our citizens shall not be robbed or beaten at roadblocks; nobody, not even a tramp on the road, shall be killed unless so condemned by the courts. . . . Our political line is a broad, patriotic line—it is anti-tribalism, anti-dictatorship, and nationalistic." Others had spoken up for human rights and against tribalism, but Museveni did so with such persistence and conviction that he created a movement.

"Museveni taught that anyone who tried to lead on the basis of tribe or religion was the enemy of the people," Gertrude Njuba, Uganda's new deputy minister of rehabilitation, explains. She was one of many educated townspeople who left Kampala to join the NRA when the bush war started in the Luwero Triangle, in 1981. Peasants began crossing over to the NRA the following year, fleeing from government troops. It seems that nothing was sacred to Obote's soldiers. Skeletons exist of small children with their hands tied be-

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hind their backs. There are documented stories of gang rapes of girls as young as four. Torture, in which molten rubber was dripped onto a victim's face from a burning tire suspended above, was administered by a paramilitary police unit that had been trained by North Korean advisers. Many Ugandans died from starvation; caught up in the turmoil, peasants frequently could not stay in one place long enough to harvest their usual crops of maize or matoke. Out of a population of 750,000 in the Luwero Triangle, almost two thirds were displaced, of which only 150,000 were formally enrolled in relief camps.

The combination of war and starvation produced throngs of orphans, who were adopted and armed by the NRA. Museveni's *kadogas* ("little ones") were indoctrinated with a moderate ideology based on the largely urban, middle-class values of the NRA's original recruits. As reports of life behind NRA lines began to filter in to Kampala in 1982 and 1983, a strange new picture began to emerge of a disciplined Third World revolutionary force without radicals.

Still, with opinion divided over Obote's personal role in the atrocities perpetrated by his soldiers, Western governments were hesitant to criticize his regime. That changed in May of 1984, when, in the town of Namugongo, outside Kampala, government troops killed well over a hundred civilians in a four-day period, including an Anglican cleric, Godfrey Bazira. Two months later Elliott Abrams, the assistant secretary of state for human rights and humanitarian affairs, called the situation in Uganda "horrendous" and testified on Capitol Hill that it was getting worse. Though the United States was the only government to criticize Obote publicly, Abrams's condemnation had a destabilizing effect on the regime. It bolstered the NRA's morale and gave other countries impetus to curtail their aid programs in Uganda.

In the end it was Obote's utter reliance on tribalism that undid him. Lacking any program or ideology, he ruled through a tense alliance of Tesos, Acholis, and his own Langis within the army. Festering disputes over promotions, pay hikes, and deployments eventually caused the Acholis to revolt. An Acholi brigadier, Basilio Olara Okello, marched into Kampala on July 27, 1985, forcing Obote to go into exile in Zambia. Okello had been the commander in the

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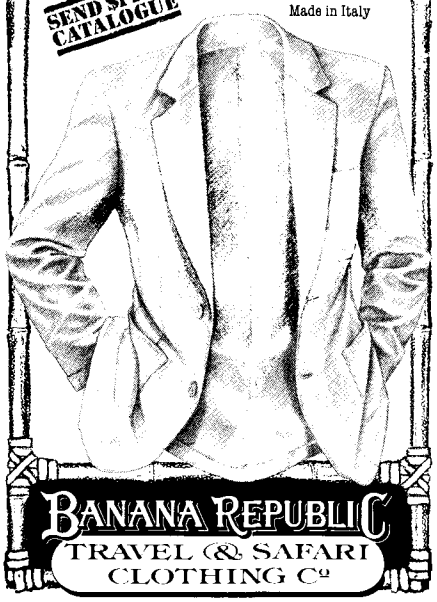

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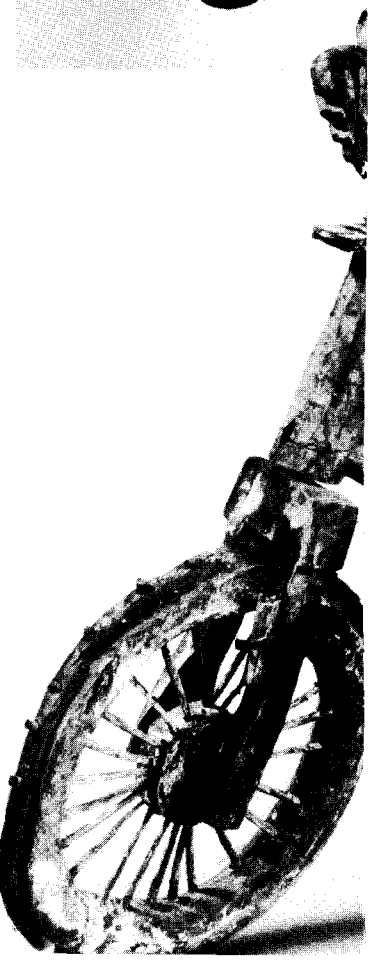

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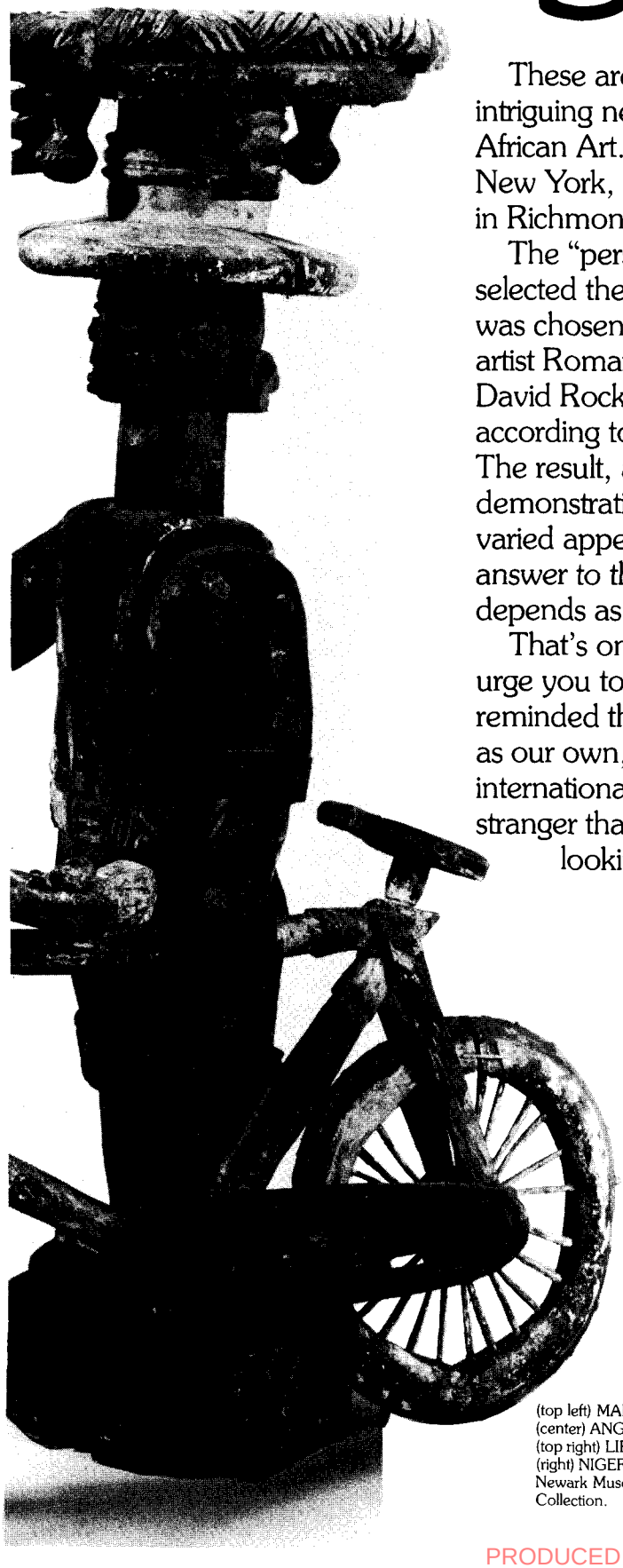
looking at?



These are just 5 of 100 fascinating pieces of African art in an intriguing new exhibition entitled "Perspectives: Angles on African Art." It was organized by The Center for African Art, New York, and premieres at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond from February 21 through April 26, 1987.

The "perspectives" are those of the different experts who selected the objects—the man with the bicycle, for instance, was chosen by writer James Baldwin, the mother and child by artist Romare Bearden, and the young girl's head by collector David Rockefeller. The experts (10 in all) selected objects according to their individual tastes, backgrounds and interests. The result, as you can see even in this small sample, is a demonstration of the many-sidedness of African art, of its varied appeals and multiple meanings. It shows us that the answer to the question "What are you looking at?" sometimes depends as much on *who* we are as on *what* we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we urge you to see it. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that other perspectives, other sensibilities, are as valid as our own, and can enrich us. The diverse peoples our international businesses deal with around the world are no stranger than we are, and in some measure, what we are truly looking at, in people and in art, is ourselves.

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(top left) MALI, DOGON MOTHER AND CHILD, wood, height 18″, Graham Collection New York. (center) ANGOLA, CHOKWE FIGURE OF WARRIOR HERO, wood, height 14⅝″, Private Collection. (top right) LIBERIA, GREBO MASK, wood, paint, height 21″, Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Saul Stanoff. (right) NIGERIA, YORUBA CLOTH VENDOR FIGURE, wood, paint, height 35¾″, Collection of The Newark Museum. (bottom left) GABON, FANG RELIQUARY HEAD, wood, height 13¾″, Private Collection.

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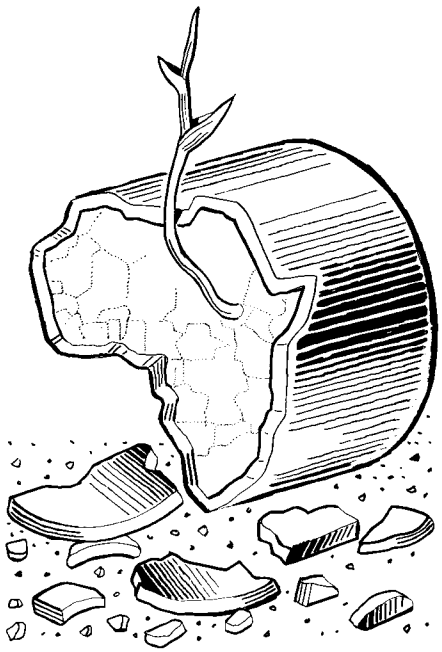
Luwero Triangle during the time of the atrocities against the Baganda; it was perhaps predictable that his troops would subject Kampala's half-million inhabitants to mob violence. The ragged nature of the new regime became evident on the very day of the coup: martial music apparently could not be found, so the announcement of the takeover was accompanied by the strains of "We Are the World" on state radio. The coup brought Ugandan tribalism to its logical extreme. One tribe, the Acholis, was now attempting to dominate the other thirty-nine. Anarchy prevailed in the capital, as large numbers of non-Acholi troops deserted to the NRA.

Museveni's capture of Kampala, six months later, on January 25 of last year, was the culmination of a protracted military campaign that, in terms of strategy, came closer to the Maoist blueprint than any previous African guerrilla struggle. Analysts say that the NRA could have taken Kampala earlier, but Museveni kept postponing the invasion until the support for him was so overwhelming that his rule became inevitable. "Patience and a historical sense of timing characterized Museveni's every move," a Western diplomat told me. "He read Mao, and was conscious of the Maoist dictum that a guerrilla army 'swims in the sea of the people.'" This time there was no looting of the capital. Not even when Museveni's forces—including *kadogas* as young as eight—mopped up in the Acholi territory in the north were there any reports of army misconduct toward civilians. "They behaved well because they were the first Ugandan soldiers to be politicized," Benjamin Kanyangyeyo, an aide to Museveni, says.

A tour I made of the northwestern border area turned up no complaints on the part of the Nilotic population about the largely Bantu NRA. "Since the fall of Kampala we have finally had peace in this area and no trouble with the soldiers," P. Pilli, the commissioner of the district of Moyo, said. Tens of thousands of Ugandan refugees in the Sudan are walking back home. New grass huts and maize fields are springing up on the sites of ruined homesteads. The biggest change is at the roadblocks. No longer do drunken soldiers point rifles through car windows, demanding money, wristwatches, and cigarettes. The searches now are strictly for weapons, of which there are assumed to be tens of thousands at large. "The change in the human-rights situation in Uganda is undoubtedly as dramatic as that which has occurred in the Philippines, and certainly more than that in Haiti, to date," Roger Winter, the director of the Washington-based United States Committee for Refugees, says.

One of Museveni's first acts after the NRA captured Kampala last January was to thank U.S. Ambassador Robert G. Houdek for Washington's having stood by the Ugandan people at a time when no one else would. In a conversation last spring in Washington, Abrams, now the assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, told me, "Uganda demonstrates why you have to be in the human-rights business. Even the most narrow, amoral foreign-policy calculation says supporting human rights is in our interest." Abrams admitted, however, that because Uganda is of little strategic importance, the United States risked nothing by its criticism.



For the United States, the only thing strategically important about Uganda is the fact that it borders on countries that *are* strategically important: Zaire, the Sudan, and Kenya. Trouble in Uganda can easily spill over its frontiers. (This is what happened in the early 1980s, when the exodus of tens of thousands of Ugandans northward into the Sudan helped to upset the fragile peace in that country.) There are no significant American economic interests in Uganda and, aside from the modest staffs at the U.S. Embassy and the Agency for International Development, few Americans in the country. "Uganda was an easy one to call," Abrams said. "Geopolitical factors were largely absent, so the only issue was the internal question." The fact that America stood alone against Obote has left American diplomats in Kampala with both a sense of pride for having done so and a sense of being special partners with the new government as it struggles to get on its feet.

With this nation experiencing the first real peace it has known in twenty years, Ugandans are, in the words of an NRA junior officer, "starting to rebuild from a point below zero." Almost the entire Plexiglas façade of Crested Towers, Kampala's tallest building, was shot out. Roads were torn up. The downtown area, stripped bare by various armies before the advent of Museveni, is a maze of peeling, leprous storefronts with little to buy inside. The soldiers even took the mattresses from hospital wards; many patients must lie on bare metal springs. Makerere University was once the finest institution of higher learning in black Africa, but its library has made almost no acquisitions since the late 1960s and the shelves are totally bare of periodicals. In the countryside wildlife has been severely depleted. A flight I took over Kabalega (Murchison) Falls National Park, where John Huston filmed *The African Queen*, revealed scores of hippopotamuses and crocodiles in the Nile. But elephants, once plentiful, were not to be seen. Ever since Idi Amin came to power, soldiers had been coming into the park to poach, using jeep-mounted submachine guns. Still, the beauty of this country is such that it catches one by the throat. The air approach to Entebbe, marked by a dense eruption of flame trees, papyrus, umbrella acacias, and mangoes on the shores of Lake Victoria, creates the illusion of flying into a Caribbean island.

But paradise is a long way from being regained. Years of chaos, starting with the expulsion of the Asians, have resulted in a virtual dismantling of Uganda's economy. According to the World Bank, Uganda's growth rate fell from 5.9 percent in the 1960s to 0.2 percent afterward. Starting in the 1970s the industrial growth rate dropped by 7.8 percent a year. When a visitor changes a $100 traveler's check at the airport, he is given a small cardboard box in which to take his Ugandan shillings home—assuming the bank has the money on hand. (Last June

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the official exchange rate was 5,000 Ugandan shillings to a dollar; a few months later the currency was revalued at the artificially high rate of 1,400 shillings to the dollar, a move that will only stimulate the black market and make it even more costly for international-aid agencies to operate in the country.) Moreover, the civil service is just beginning to function again, and Ugandan authorities have been slow in taking such simple revenue-enhancing steps as sending out monthly telephone bills to subscribers. But they have gotten around to nationalizing certain sectors of the economy, a poorly thought-out step that may mean that Museveni is closing himself off to outside advice.

Still, Uganda's soil is rich and its people are industrious. Diplomats and foreign businessmen agree that if the government can maintain order and restore basic services, a combination of foreign investment and local enterprise may succeed in reinvigorating the economy. Thanks to $5.4 million in U.S. assistance that was never used during the Obote era, and $7.9 million in new appropriations, the Agency for International Development's budget for Uganda is now at an all-time high. In addition, Western donors have granted roughly half of the $160 million in emergency aid that Museveni requested soon after coming to power. Western officials remain reluctant, however, to make new commitments to Uganda until they see stronger signs of economic stability. Some fear that Museveni may follow the pattern of those Third World leaders who have quickly become disenchanted with the level of Western assistance and have turned to the Eastern bloc.

At the moment, though, Museveni's main concern is to transform a guerrilla organization into a stable ruling force. In attempting to govern Uganda, Museveni has several advantages. He is a Bantu southerner, like most of his countrymen. But because he is not a member of the Baganda tribe—the most prominent Bantu group—the Nilotic tribes of the north may be more willing to trust him. Museveni's biggest advantage, however, is not his ethnicity but his ideology. Uganda never had to fight for its independence. Its tribes have never waged any common struggle that might have served to unify them. It now appears that Uganda's struggle for independence has come a generation after the fact—with the enemy being not the British but the Ugandan heirs to their divide-and-rule legacy. In a sense, Museveni is Uganda's first nationalist.

At the same time, Museveni faces some stiff challenges. Though the soldiers are receiving allowances—they did not in the days of Amin and Obote, and had to steal for their daily bread—the amount they are getting is so low that the temptation to plunder grows steadily. Another problem is the integration of disaffected Nilotic tribesmen, especially the Acholis, into the NRA. In recent months Acholi ex-soldiers have mounted attacks near the northern cities of Gulu and Kitgum.

The arrest of seventeen persons in Kampala last fall, including three government ministers and Paulo Muwanga, who engineered Obote's return to power, clearly indicates that Museveni is also finding it hard to be as lenient with the supporters of Uganda's previous regimes as he had hoped to be. (When first assuming power Museveni had been criticized by many of his supporters for not immediately arresting Muwanga, called by one Western observer "the Darth Vader of Ugandan politics.") All seventeen are charged with treason. The fact that some of those arrested are connected with political parties other than Museveni's may indicate that national reconciliation could be limited to the various ethnic groups within the NRA, and not extended to those outside. Continued trouble from ex-Obote soldiers in the north is forcing Museveni to be tougher. The problem is not so much Uganda as the Sudan: having defeated Obote's and Okello's soldiers is not enough. The total breakdown of order in the southern Sudan—Khartoum lacking power in the region—means that the defeated soldiers have a sanctuary from which to launch attacks against northern Uganda.

Museveni certainly has his hands full. On account of the desperate economic situation and the continued fighting in the north, *The World in 1987*, a publication of the Economist Intelligence Unit, warns that a "palace coup" cannot be ruled out in 1987, although a descent into renewed civil war is not foreseen. However, Museveni may be Uganda's last chance. In Gulu an Italian doctor, who has lived in Uganda for twenty years and has survived all the coups and subsequent lootings, told a colleague of mine recently, "If Museveni cannot make it this time, I am going to leave, because there is no hope."

—Robert D. Kaplan

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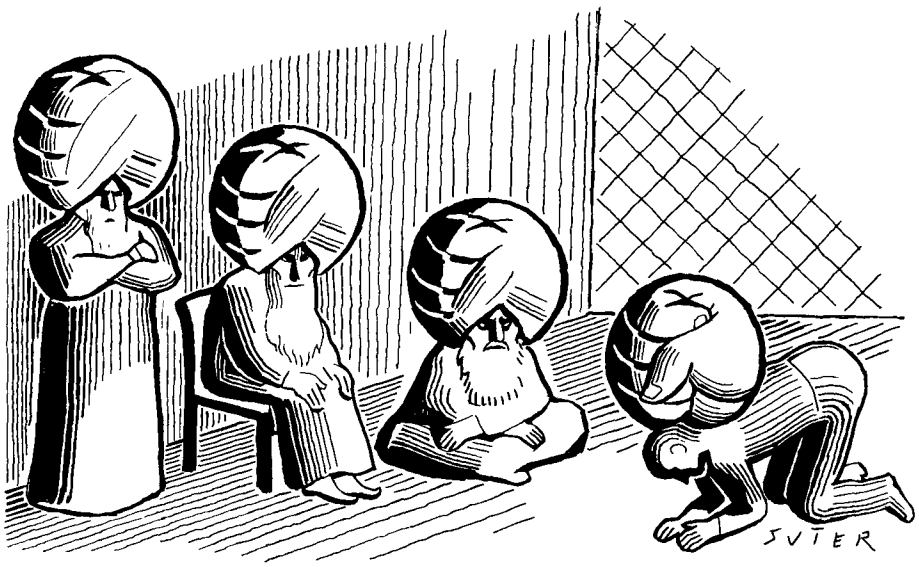

IRAN

HOLY TERROR

Moslem zealots wage a deadly war against Baha'i heresies

UNTIL THE ISLAMIC Revolution of 1979 Z'eheydoon Samali was the director of public welfare for a city in southern Iran. His wife, Shahla, worked for the welfare bureau as a psychologist. Both are Baha'is. When the regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini came to power, the Samalis, and more than sixty other Baha'is in public service in their city, received an ultimatum from the new government: if they wanted to keep their jobs, they must publicly renounce their religion. All but a handful refused. "It would have been a lie to deny my faith," says Z'eheydoon, who, with his wife and three children, arrived in the United States last summer after a harrowing escape from Iran. "I wasn't a particularly strong person, and I regretted losing my job after fifteen years of service, but I couldn't reject my faith to keep it."

According to radical Shi'ites, who were seeking to resurrect early Islam through a spiritualized politics of purification, the humanistic Baha'i faith combines the taint of alleged heresy with liberal values that are also anathema to Moslem fundamentalists. "The Iranian nation . . . cannot tolerate the perverted Baha'is, who are instruments of Satan and followers of the Devil and of the superpowers and their agents," Hojjatol-Islam Qazai, the religious judge and president of the Revolutionary Court of Shiraz, declared in February of 1983. Iran's 300,000 Baha'is made an easy target for fundamentalist zealotry. Many were prominent in business and the professions. They also rejected violence, and thus would not resist efforts to destroy them.

For three years the Samalis drew on their savings in attempts to run a succession of small, unobtrusive businesses, and they watched helplessly as official harassment of their fellow Baha'is steadily increased. In 1983 Z'eheydoon was arrested. "Twenty-two men surrounded our home," Shahla recalls. "They never identified themselves, and at first I thought they were robbers. Then I realized they were Revolutionary Guards sent by the government. They ransacked everything, and then forced us to sign a paper saying that no damage had been done. You can't ask what the charges are. They have the right to just shoot you down." Z'eheydoon was put on the floor of a car and driven to prison. During the next thirteen days he was interrogated twenty-one times. "They tied my hands behind my back and put my face to the wall," he says. "Someone walked back and forth behind me. He kept trying to make me say that the Baha'is were sending money to Israel to subvert the Iranian government and that the Baha'is were working with the Pinochet government in Chile—things like that. I would tell him that the Baha'is were a spiritual community and not a political party, but he kept trying to put words in my mouth. When I gave an answer he didn't like, he would kick me so that my head hit the wall and bounced back, and then he would shout at me, 'Stand still.' In the end I was so exhausted that I didn't know what I was agreeing to." Z'eheydoon was released after two weeks but kept under constant surveillance. When a new wave of arrests of Baha'is began, three months later, he decided to flee to Tehran. "Half an hour after his plane left, I saw Revolutionary Guards circulating his photograph," Shahla says.

Z'eheydoon was virtually penniless when he arrived in the capital, but eventually he found a job in a paint factory. Two and a half months later an accidental fire almost took his life. "You now have to declare your religion when you apply for admission to a hospital in Iran," he says. "Fortunately, I was in a coma and couldn't speak. If they had known I was a Baha'i, they wouldn't have let me in and I would have died." Although Z'eheydoon eventually recovered, one of his eyes was severely damaged, and he was placed on a two-year waiting list for a cornea transplant. One day shortly before the operation was to be performed, he let slip to one of his doctors that he was a Baha'i. Soon afterward he received a notice from the hospital's Islamic Committee. It read: "Since Mr. Samali has personally confessed his connection with the Zionist Baha'i faction, the cornea graft is not to be performed for religious reasons." Z'eheydoon says, "They told me that they would never take a Moslem cornea and put it in a Baha'i eye."

THE SAMALIS' experience is not unusual. According to reports from Baha'i refugees, the approximately 270,000 Baha'is who remain in the country (and make up one percent of its population) have been subjected to a campaign of institutionalized discrimination, repression, and violence that has already brought all formal Baha'i religious and social activity to a halt, and has impoverished what was one of the most culturally advanced groups in pre-revolutionary Iran. Baha'i representatives in the United States say that approximately 200 Iranian Baha'is have been executed, that many thousands have been arrested and tortured, and that an average of 750 were in prison at any given time —at least until last December, when two thirds of those who were then in prison began unexpectedly to be released. Nearly all the dead have been condemned, without due process, for such "crimes" as organizing Baha'i spiritual meetings or sending contributions

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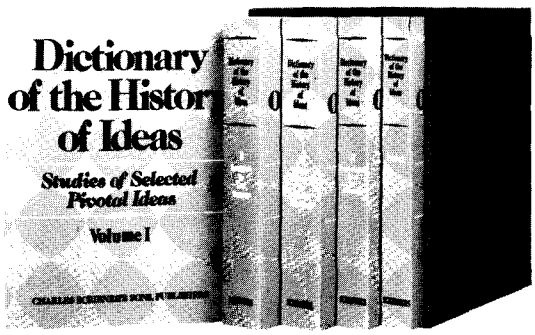

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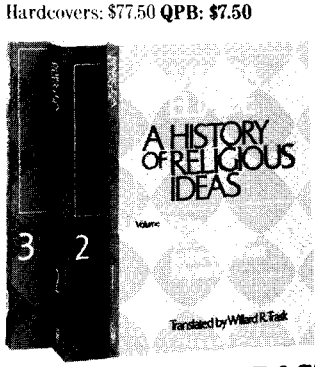

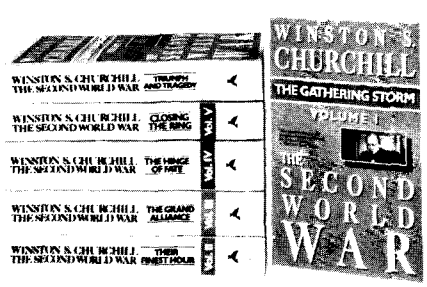

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to the Baha'i world center, in Haifa, Israel. The dead include virtually all the national leadership of the faith and also many members of the Local Spiritual Assemblies, small elective committees that, in the absence of a priesthood, organize Baha'i social and educational programs. A Shiraz newspaper reported the execution of one Baha'i this way:

> By order of the Islamic Revolutionary Court of Shiraz, and with the approval of the Supreme Judicial Council, a criminal Zionist agent who was an active member of the misguided Baha'i group, Zia'ullah Ahrari, the son of Jalal, 38 years old, was judged as a corrupt and seditious person on earth and a fighter against God and was sentenced to death. The death sentence on the said individual was carried out.
>
> The said executed individual, who had been an active member of the misguided Baha'i group, blatantly admitted that he had been a member of the Baha'i administration in the areas of pioneering and assistance since 1355 [1976] and that, in a regional convention, he had asked for a loan to establish a Local Spiritual Assembly.
>
> He had done his utmost to oppose the Islamic holy laws, and was not even willing to recant his religion.

Baha'is have been deprived of the most elementary protection of the law. In early 1986 a Tehran court ruled that a Moslem driver who had killed a Baha'i pedestrian was free of any obligation to pay damages to the victim's family, because the person he killed was "an unprotected infidel." Especially during the first years of the Revolution, mobs led by rabble-rousing mullahs roamed with impunity from village to village attacking the homes of Baha'is, burning their crops, and killing their livestock. In one incident an elderly Baha'i farmer and his wife were set afire and burned to death. In another a herdsman's sheep were torn to pieces before his eyes. Elsewhere 130 Baha'i villagers were held for three days in an open field without food or water while they were pressured to recant their faith. Since the government expropriated Baha'i cemeteries, in 1981, Baha'is have been obliged to pay officials up to $1,000 for permission to bury their dead. Baha'i students have been dismissed from all Iranian universities and most secondary schools. Baha'i shrines have been razed. The major Baha'i banking institution, Nawnahalan, has been confiscated, wiping out the life savings of 150,000 Baha'i investors. Baha'i hospitals and welfare organizations have been taken over by the government and use of them denied to the Baha'i community. The private property of thousands of Baha'is—homes, businesses, automobiles, personal effects—has been arbitrarily confiscated by the order of Islamic courts and by the independent action of units of Revolutionary Guards. Baha'i homes may be entered and searched at will and without redress.

In late 1978 official committees were set up throughout Iran for the explicit purpose of identifying and purging Baha'is from all levels of public administration and from many private companies, as well. A typical directive, from the Ministry of Oil to its employees, called upon all "martyr-fostering people to report . . . the names of all people who have in any way been associated with the misguided Baha'i group." A communiqué from the Ministry of Labor declared that "the courts are bound to withhold the issuance of any judgment in favor of dismissed employees . . . whose membership in the misguided Baha'i group . . . has been ascertained and proved." Over the past seven years more than 11,000 Baha'is working in government jobs have been summarily fired, for no reason other than their religion. An administrative regulation dating from the Shah's regime states that only followers of recognized religions, which include Christianity and Judaism in addition to Islam, are allowed to "receive payments from the Islamic Treasury." The pensions of thousands of Baha'is were automatically cut off, and many were ordered to repay the pensions or salaries they had received for years. Some who were too poor to remit their pensions were jailed for non-payment.

The systematic segregation of Baha'is, which is left to the discretion of employers and local administrators, has become commonplace. A former university chemistry instructor was officially banned from entering her laboratory or touching her equipment. "The door was literally closed in my face," she recalls. "They told me they didn't want anything contaminated by my hands." Baha'i doctors and nurses have been fired from understaffed hospitals rather than be allowed to tend sick Moslems. A letter from the Islamic Committee of the Alyaf Company, which manufactures thread for textiles, informed its Baha'i employees, "In accordance with the beloved Islamic regulations and in the light of frequent protests from some dear colleagues regarding the cafeteria, a separate eating place has been assigned to you. However, in order to partake of the cafeteria food, you must bring your own dishes." Even in prison Baha'is are often kept apart from Moslems, and sometimes assigned separate plates, glasses, and bed sheets so that Moslems will not be offended by their touch.

Manouchehr Derakhshani, the director of the Iran-American Affairs Office of the Baha'i Community of the United States, whose headquarters are in Wilmette, Illinois, says, "They have not systematically set out to kill every Baha'i, but they are clearly trying to crush the Baha'is in ways that will not attract much attention abroad. They can't afford a massacre. But if they can destroy the Baha'i identity without that, they will have accomplished their purpose just as well."

BAHA'IS TODAY NUMBER about 3.8 million, including about 100,000 in the United States, and they reside in more than 160 countries. The religion was established in the mid-nineteenth century by Baha'u'llah, a Persian prophet who preached the unity of all nations and races, the abolition of extremes of wealth and poverty, universal education, the equality of men and women, belief in an "unfettered search for truth," and a willingness to embrace modern science. Baha'is regard as sacred the holy scriptures of most world religions, including the Koran.

The Baha'i faith offended orthodox Moslems with its belief that the line of prophets which includes Moses and Jesus did not end with Mohammed but included Baha'u'llah and prophets in ages yet to come. By implication it struck at the roots of Islam's claim to be the perfect culmination of revealed religion.

"The Baha'i faith's belief in free choice and in the importance of each individual's understanding God in his own way ran against much of Iranian Islam's stress on obedience to authority," says Farhad Kazemi, an expatriate Iranian who is the chairman of the politics department at New York University. "The Baha'i faith also posed a threat to Moslem hegemony by attracting adherents from almost every class of society. Its rejection of hierarchy and priesthood, moreover, threatened the hegemony of the Shi'ite mullahs." As a result the Baha'i faith was persecuted almost from its inception, in 1844. During the next fifty years 20,000 Baha'is died at the hands of

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Shi'ite fanatics. Baha'u'llah was eventually exiled to Ottoman-controlled Palestine, where he died a prisoner in 1892. At his instruction the Universal House of Justice, an elected council that oversees worldwide Baha'i affairs, was established in nearby Haifa.

The status of the Baha'is during the regime of the late Shah was ambiguous. Although Baha'i literature could not legally be published, Baha'is were able to avoid persecution largely through their ability to adapt to modern technology and management. By the 1970s the rate of literacy among Baha'is was 80 percent, more than double that among other Iranians. "At a time when the country was expanding, the Baha'is had the skills that were needed and they did quite well," Kazemi says. "Without repression the Baha'is possibly would have increased in number even more."

Iranian officials maintain that since the Baha'i faith is not recognized as a religion, the problems of the Baha'is in Iran cannot be termed "religious persecution." Most Iranian Baha'is are descended from converts from Islam; orthodox Shi'ites regard Baha'ism as no more than a Moslem heresy. According to Islamic law, the punishment for heresy is death, and the Iranians appear to consider themselves lenient in not always imposing it. "It would be illegal to recognize as a religion any sect which is not recognized in the Koran," Javad Zarif, a political adviser to the Iran Mission to the United Nations, says. "Some Baha'is have been tried and convicted of certain crimes, and they have received the appropriate punishment. But no one in the history of the Islamic Republic has ever been punished or executed solely on the basis of his religion." The regime professes not to consider its expulsion of Baha'is from administrative positions a punitive act. "The appointment of a non-Moslem to a high office in a country where ninety-eight percent of the people are Moslem was greatly resented by the public," Zarif says. "Every country has qualifications for entering the civil service; one of ours is religion." The regime justifies other measures that have been taken against the Baha'is by portraying the religious minority as a threat to public morality and national security.

The Iranian government claims the Baha'i faith was founded by czarist spies, taken over by the British Empire, and then used by Israel and the United States as a "tool" to "sow division" in the Moslem world. A government pamphlet produced to counter Baha'i charges of persecution accuses the Baha'is of "propagation of corruption, prostitution, and sin in the Iranian community," economic exploitation of Iran under the Shah, providing "economic and moral assistance to international Zionism," and "direct participation in most of the shah's crimes, slaughter and torture of Muslims, and the management of the dead shah's hellish SAVAK."

"Since their inception the Baha'is have followed the explicit orders of foreign powers," Zarif asserts. "Members of their Spiritual Assemblies were trying to create shortages of essential goods. The Shah's Prime Minister, Amir Abbas Hoveyda, was a Baha'i, and his government destroyed our agriculture and economy. The head of the secret police was a Baha'i. The Minister of Education was a Baha'i, and her goal was to immoralize our whole system of education."

The charges leveled against the Baha'is rest almost exclusively on a mixture of deliberate falsehood and ignorance of the Baha'is' actual beliefs. "The politics of the Baha'i are the politics of unity," Gerald Knight, the Baha'i representative to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, in Geneva, says. "Baha'is are permitted to take any administrative position other than one that leads them into even potentially divisive situations." Baha'i ethics require absolute obedience to civil government, a principle that was essential to the faith's survival after the pogroms of the nineteenth century. "No matter what the Iranians do, the Baha'is will not pick up arms against them," Knight says. Such scruples have, however, put many Baha'i draftees in the cruelly ironic position of defending the Khomeini regime in the Iran-Iraq war. "We believe that obedience to government is necessary for the protection of society," Derakhshani, of the Baha'i Community of the United States, says. "Even if a government is against the Baha'is, that does not absolve us of obedience to our own principles. To reject military service would lead us into political struggle, which our faith rejects."

Allegations of "prostitution" arise from the fact that Baha'i marriages are not recognized by Islamic law; therefore, in Shi'ite eyes, Baha'i couples are technically adulterous. Although Prime Minister Hoveyda's family was Baha'i, his father was expelled from the religion for engaging in partisan political activi-

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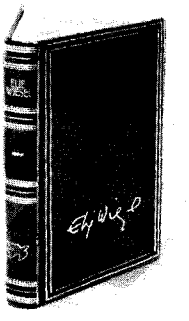

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ties. Hoveyda himself was raised a Moslem. Baha'i spokesmen vigorously deny that either any SAVAK officials or the Minister of Education were members of their faith.

THE IRANIAN GOVERNMENT maintains that Baha'is in Iran are living "a normal and ordinary life." Baha'i refugees without exception, however, say otherwise. "You never know what will happen," says a thirty-two-year-old Baha'i engineer who spent ten months in prison without formal charges, and whose father and brother were condemned to death by Islamic courts. "Things will be quiet for a while. Then all of a sudden there are arrests and people disappear. You go to visit your relatives in prison. One time they're okay. The next time they have no teeth. When you're arrested yourself, you never know if you'll leave prison alive." Baha'is who retain property are subject to its instant and arbitrary confiscation. Although some schools have turned a blind eye to the presence of Baha'i students, the education of tens of thousands of young Baha'is has been disrupted or aborted by discrimination. "There are no more formal Baha'i activities in Iran," Derakhshani says. "Baha'is are not allowed to gather together. They can't even conduct marriages."

Countless Baha'i families have been stripped of their livelihood, and many former professionals have been forced into marginal occupations. Even these often depend on a Baha'i's managing to keep his religion secret. "In Tehran you now have to prove you're a Moslem just to get a taxi-driver's license," says an urbane doctor who drove a cab after he was fired from his position at a hospital. When Z'eheydoon and Shahla Samali lost their jobs with the government, they used their savings to open a small shop selling music cassettes. They lost all their stock, however, when the regime banned music as "un-Islamic." The Samalis then scraped together money to open a shop that sold photographic supplies. "Then fanatics in the local merchants' association got our trading license revoked because we were Baha'is," Z'eheydoon says.

Baha'i representatives estimate that approximately 30,000 Baha'is have fled Iran, mostly in the months immediately following the Islamic Revolution. The outflow slowed to a trickle when the Khomeini regime ceased issuing exit visas to Baha'is, in the early 1980s. In recent years about a thousand Baha'is a year have managed to escape across Iran's borders, usually into Pakistan, where about 1,200 are currently being supported by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees. The largest number of Baha'is fleeing Iran have settled in the United States, which has recently granted them refugee status as victims of religious persecution. Statistics are hard to come by, since many Baha'is have been admitted as relatives of American citizens rather than as refugees per se; informed estimates suggest, however, that 6,000 to 10,000 Baha'i refugees have entered the United States since late 1978. Significant numbers have also been admitted to Canada, Australia, and the United Kingdom.

The Samalis, like most refugees, had to hire professional smugglers to guide them across the border. On their first attempt to escape Iran the car in which they were traveling with their three small children and four other Baha'is was fired upon and halted by Revolutionary Guards who had pursued them into Pakistan. All the Baha'is were then blindfolded and taken back across the border into Iran, where they were jailed for eight days with common criminals and drug addicts. "They took all the valuables we had left, including the children's rings and bracelets," Z'eheydoon says. The Samalis were released when relatives agreed to pay a fine of 400,000 tumans ($5,700). "By that time we didn't care anymore whether we were caught, or shot, or killed," Z'eheydoon says. "We just couldn't bear staying in Iran any longer." The Samalis found other smugglers to guide them, and in the spring of last year they tried once again to cross into Pakistan. This time they succeeded, though they arrived with only the clothes they wore and two cups and a spoon.

Most refugees spend about a year in Pakistan waiting for admittance to other countries. Because of Z'eheydoon's crippling eye injury and his need for medical treatment, the Samalis' application for immigration to the United States was processed quickly. The UNHCR furnished them with airline tickets, the cost of which the Samalis are determined to repay. They now live in a northern New Jersey community. Hampered by their lack of English and Z'eheydoon's injury, the Samalis rely emotionally and to a small extent financially on fellow Baha'is and various groups that support refugees. Shahla is currently looking for work, while Z'eheydoon is undergoing extensive job training. They are still numbed by what they experienced during the last six years of their life in Iran. "We didn't know how to function in freedom," Z'eheydoon says. "The children were so frightened that they would jump and huddle at the sound of a car's horn."

MOST BAHA'IS REGARD their persecution as a tragic part of the world's evolution toward a more just and benign society. "It might appear that we are the victims," a young woman who escaped to Canada says. "But what is happening to us cannot last forever. I feel pity for those who were so cruel to me. The real victims are Islam and the Moslems." Many Baha'is, choosing not to flee, have accepted their fate with remarkable serenity. "My brother talked about dying, and he knew he might be killed," recalls a businessman who left Iran in 1981, and whose brother was later executed by Revolutionary Guards. "He said that if he were arrested, then at least he would have an opportunity to tell the story of our faith to the mullahs."

Random mob violence against Baha'is has increased. "The attacks are more and more often made by ordinary people, because they know they aren't going to be punished for it by the authorities," says Mary Hardy, a spokesperson for the Baha'i International Community in New York. Although official executions appear to be taking place less frequently than they did a few years ago, the Iranian government has shown no sign of reining in its broader program of harassing the Baha'is. Iran has explicitly repudiated the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to which it and most other nations are signatories, and which bans summary execution, torture, and the denial of freedom of religion.

"We are therefore committed to the Islamic law and nothing else," Said Rajaei-Khorassani, Iran's ambassador to the United Nations, stated in a speech to the world body. "In our view, international conventions, including the Universal Declaration of Human Rights . . . remain valid only to the extent that they are consistent with Islam. . . .

"The Declaration of Human Rights is a document which represents secular understanding of the Judeo-Christian tradition by a very small group of people. It is a self-contradictory document and therefore cannot be implemented by the Moslems even if they wanted to

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implement it. We therefore should not waste any time on it. . . . Of course we violate what must be violated without any hesitation."

"In the future, the policy of the Islamic Republic will continue," Zarif says. "We shall not allow anyone to violate our laws or disturb the fabric of our society. The Baha'is will not be exempt from justice." Indeed, the Baha'is serve a convenient political purpose in Iran. They provide a focal point for overlapping fantasies of Zionist and imperialist conspiracy, and thus unify divergent fundamentalist factions around a common hatred. In the event of an economic collapse in Iran or a decisive setback in the war against Iraq, the Baha'is could be further exploited as a scapegoat to deflect popular frustration from the government. A danger persists, however, that the currents of radical fundamentalism flowing throughout the Islamic world may carry anti-Baha'i propaganda and persecution to countries where Baha'is have lived in comparative peace until now.

Through diplomatic channels a number of Western governments have protested the persecution of the Baha'is; none, however, has had any influence with the Khomeini regime. The Baha'is have placed their hopes mainly on the United Nations, which they regard as a concrete expression of their own internationalist ideals. "The only thing that can help the Baha'is is the moral support of the outside world," Derakhshani says. In both 1985 and 1986 the United Nations Commission on Human Rights appointed a special investigator to report on conditions in the Islamic Republic. Iran has so far refused even to permit either investigator to enter the country. In response to lobbying, mostly by Western nations, a slim majority of the United Nations General Assembly in 1985 passed a resolution that expressed its "concern" over the human-rights situation in Iran, the first time the assembly had ever so cited a Moslem state. A similar resolution was passed, again by a slim majority, during the assembly's 1986 session, although few observers anticipate that it will have much effect on Iran.

"All we can do is to try to bring the Baha'i problem to public attention," says an American official who closely monitors events in Iran. "We can't go in and get these people out of Iran. If the killing gets worse, I don't think we'll be able to stop it."

—Fergus M. Bordewich

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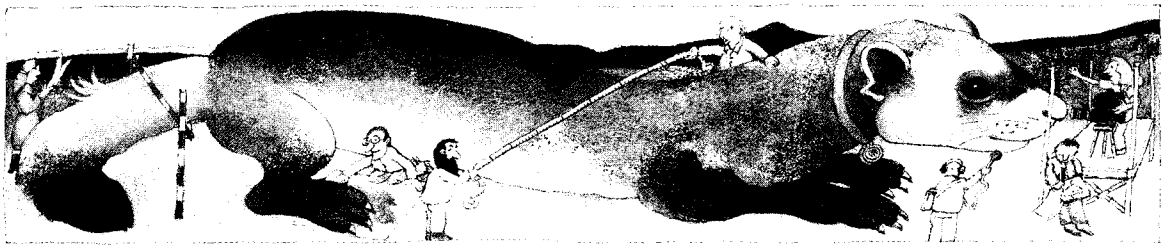
YET ANOTHER TRUE STUDY OF MANKIND

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

• • •

In Meeteese, Wyo., researchers studying the world's only known colony of black-footed ferrets will do a study to find out if current studies are disturbing the species. —USA Today



"Do you think we're *disturbing* these ferrets?"

"Mmm, it's a question that merits
A study. Let's get it funded."

"But what if it undid
All we have learned up to now?"

"I don't see how.
I mean they look all right to me.
How undisturbed can a ferret be?"

"But what if we came to determine—
There, look at that one."

"That one's an ermine."

"Oh. But what if we ferreted out
A factor that made us doubt
That ferrets while we are seeing them
Are ever ferrets being them-
Selves?"

"Oh, we know about that."

"We do,
Do we? And they do too?"

"Who?"

"The *ferrets*. The *ferrets*.
Sometimes, with you, I swear, it's—"

"No, ferrets who knew what
We know would not
Be ferrets, as we know them."

"Why don't we put them in cages and *grow* them?"

"Wouldn't be the same."

"Well, neither is this."

"Exactly our hypothesis.
We'll draft an act of science,
Demonstrate ferrets' compliance,
And name it after us:
The Mirabeau-Lapidus—"

"Or Lapidus-Mirabeau."

"No,
The last one was Lapidus-Mirabeau."

"Which one?"

"The one this next one refutes."

"*What?* The last one was *newts*."

"The Mirabeau-Lapidus Rule of Vexation."

"All right, *you* fill out the application."

"Don't be a child."

"You are driving me wild."

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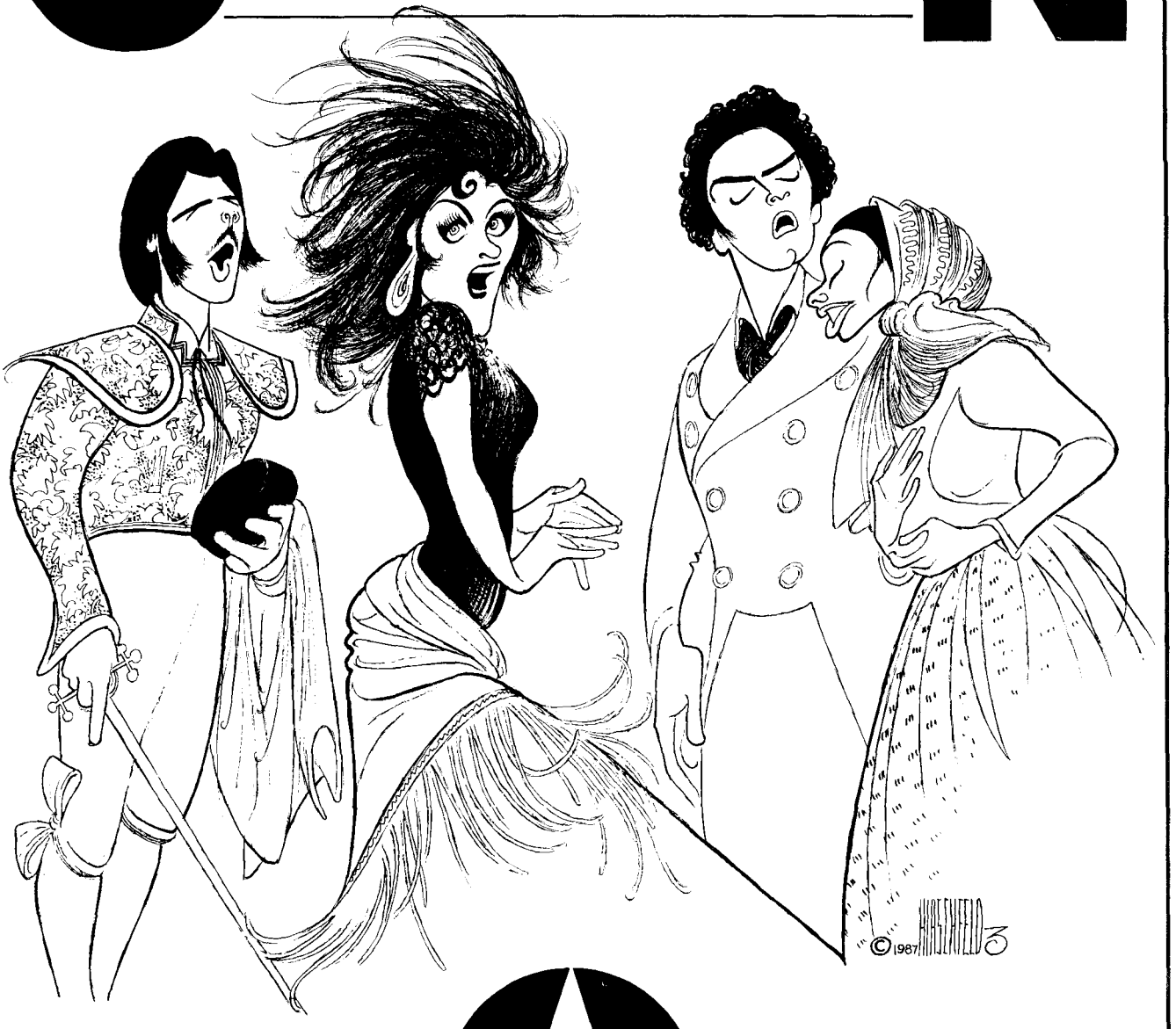

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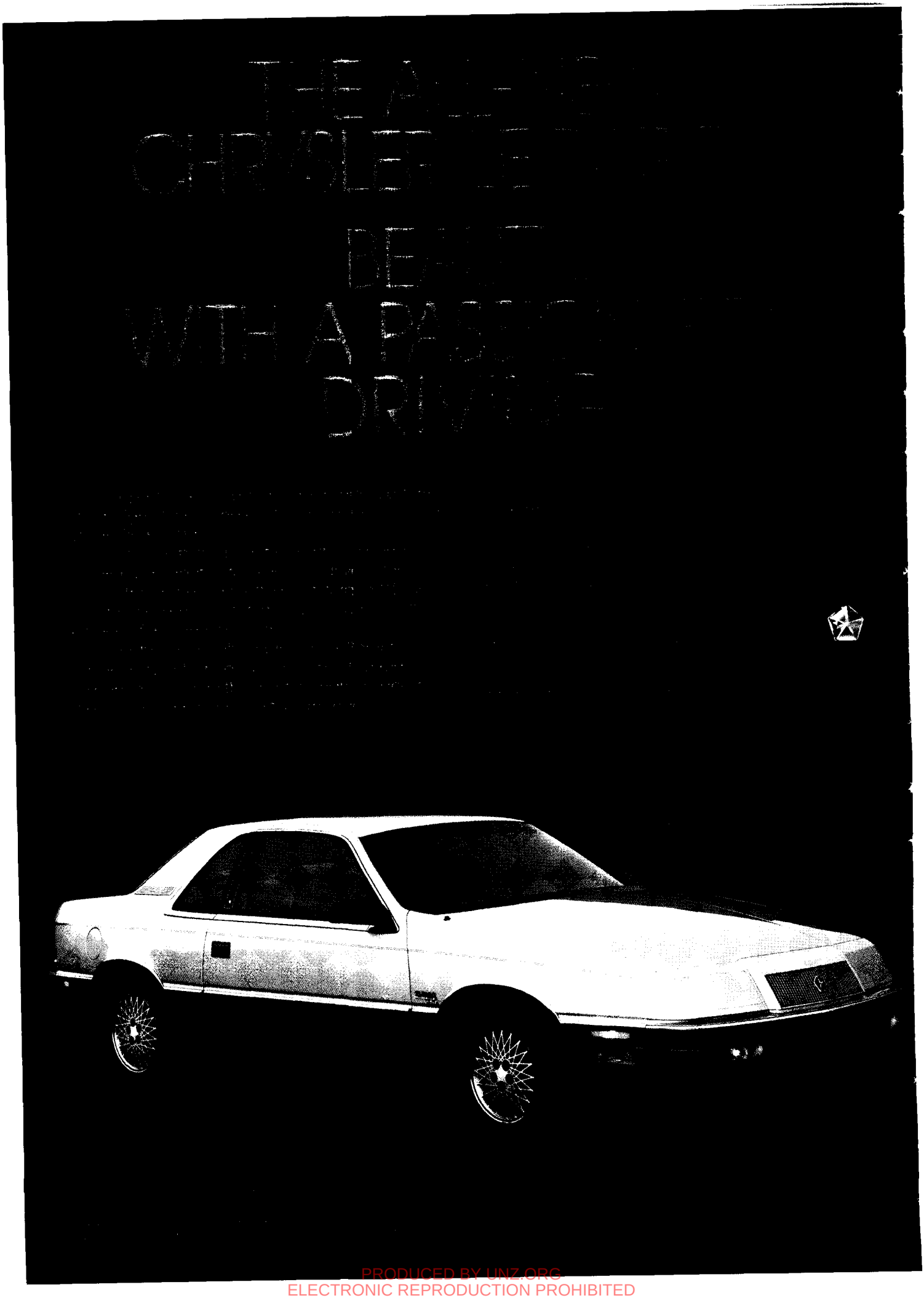

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The party's possible candidates divide into four categories—rejuvenators, revisionists, reconstructionists, and revivalists

THE DEMOCRATS IN '88

BY WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

IN THE THREE-WEEK PERIOD BETWEEN NOVEMBER 4 and November 25, 1986, the 1988 Democratic nomination for President appreciated considerably in value.

First came the Senate. On November 4 the Democrats scored a net gain of eight Senate seats, twice as many as they needed to regain majority control of the Senate. Then came the Iran arms deal. Then the contra connection. And then the twenty-one-point plummet of Ronald Reagan's approval rating, the sharpest one-month drop ever recorded for any President. The message to Democrats was, "Let cautious optimism be unconfined."

In 1983 the political scientists Richard A. Brody and Lee Sigelman demonstrated that 50 percent is, historically, the break-even point for a President's approval rating. Below 50 percent a President is unlikely to be re-elected or succeeded by another President of the same party. The early 1987 polls showed Reagan right at the 50 percent mark. The basis of Democratic optimism is the mounting evidence that the 1988 electorate will be in a mood to buy what the opposition party has to sell—namely, change. Caution is advisable, however, because it is not yet clear how much or what kind of change the voters will be interested in.

How much change the Democrats offer in 1988 may depend in large part on what happens to the nation's economy. Recessions pull Democrats back to the Old Politics; they want government to do what it did in the past, which was protect people from economic adversity. Economic stability or a renewed recovery would allow Democrats to feel more confident about the future and might entice them to try a more "pragmatic" approach—*pragmatic* being this season's Democratic code word of choice for market-oriented, rather than government-oriented, solutions.

Democrats will have a good number of pragmatic approaches to choose from. Some prospective presidential candidates see the Baby Boom generation as the Democratic Party's salvation. These Democrats—the rejuvenators—want to reawaken the spirit of liberal idealism in younger voters while appealing to their economic pragmatism. Another group of Democrats, many of them associated with the Democratic Leadership Council, are revisionists. They believe the party can survive only by regaining its competitiveness in the South and West. And to do that, these Democrats feel, the party must acquire a more centrist—that is, less ideological—image. A third approach is that of the reconstructionists, who believe that the party must offer the image of competence in 1988. After the failures of the 1960s and 1970s the Democrats have to prove that they can manage the economy and foreign policy. The reconstructionists, unlike the revisionists, aren't interested in an ideological showdown with the left. Their message is, "Forget ideology; the voters will be looking for a candidate who has demonstrated an ability to 'make it work.'"

Finally, there are those Democrats who continue to preach the old party faith—sharing, equity, compassion, and fairness. These themes are often linked to big government, although even Old Politics Democrats realize the necessity of coming to terms with the Reagan revolution. What Jesse Jackson and (non-candidates) Edward Kennedy and Mario Cuomo have in common is that they turn conventions into revival meetings. They preach the old-time religion, even if they don't always practice it. They reaffirm the party's roots. They are revivalists.

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The Rejuvenators

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE ATTRACTED TO GARY HART speak their own rather special language. Last year I sat in on a board meeting of Senator Hart's Center for a New Democracy, which describes itself as "a nonpartisan, non-profit educational organization . . . seeking answers that transcend traditional liberal and conservative post-war orthodoxies." The following words kept coming up: *parameter*, *interactive*, *consensus*, *instrumental*, *modernize*, *transition*, *dialogue*, *strategic*, *agenda*, *investment*, *decentralize*, *empowering*, *initiative*, and *entrepreneur*. The word of the day, though, as I discovered after keeping count for a couple of hours, was *pragmatic*. "Be pragmatic in all things" seemed to be the group's motto. "Be not ideological."

Hart himself would clearly rather reason things out. At one point in our conversation he told me, "I am anti-political. I got into politics resenting traditional politics." What he means by "traditional politics" is interest politics, the use of bargaining and compromise to reconcile conflicting claims. Hart sees politics as problem-solving. The role of government is to stimulate innovation, not to advocate interests. "Roosevelt never intended the New Deal to be a cathedral where Democrats were to worship," he told me. "We are going to have to be as innovative and experimental in terms of solving this new generation of problems as he was in the 1930s."

According to Hart, "the best politics is the best policy." What the New Politics means is, "You have to win votes the old-fashioned way. You have to earn them. You earn them intellectually. You earn them by laying out what your policies are. That is the key." He even became a little, well, impassioned in discussing his rationalistic approach to poverty: "Talking about the problems of the poor has never, never helped one poor person. Getting up and giving these impassioned, red-faced, bulging-veined speeches about poverty in America has never helped anybody out of poverty. The question is, What are your programs? I would say this to Jesse Jackson: 'Jesse, what are your policies? More of the same? More maintenance? More handouts?' What are the programs that help people climb the ladder? How do they work? How do you finance them?"

Since 1984 Hart has exerted no small amount of energy in defining what his programs would be. "Where's the beef?" Walter Mondale taunted during the 1984 primaries. Hart has by now developed detailed proposals to reform the conventional military forces; to improve education in mathematics, science, and foreign languages; to make capital available to new and small businesses; to rebuild the nation's public-works infrastructure; to create a secondary market for industrial mortgages; and to finance retraining for workers in declining industries. *There's* the beef.

Hart's idea for industrial-modernization agreements illustrates his approach. He calls for "an activist President being the broker among management, labor, and private capital." Here is how the idea works: "Management will direct a certain percentage of its profits, which the government guarantees, into specific planned modernization, new equipment, and worker training, according to a targeted strategy. Labor conditions its wage demands, in exchange for long-term job guarantees, on profitability and productivity. And private capital is induced to lend based on the government guarantees. There is something in it for everybody."

What if everybody says no? That's where politics comes in. "I say the President of the United States has only one recourse. That is to go on national television and say, 'Folks, the management of the steel industry in this country doesn't want to make steel anymore. I am not going to protect their industry. We are as of tonight pulling down all trade barriers, all trade restrictions, and, in effect, to hell with them.'"

Hart insists on complete intellectual honesty in himself and others. It is his most attractive characteristic. In our discussion of tax reform, which Hart supported, I pointed out that taxes are often used as an instrument of social policy as well as a way to raise revenues. Could there have been a hidden agenda behind President Reagan's tax-reform proposal—eliminating taxation as a tool of social policy?

Hart said, "That presumes the only way you can get social change in the country is through the tax laws. You don't have the courage to make the case above the board. So you make the case, in effect, below the board." I suggested that offering tax incentives to developers to build low-cost housing is a good way to get housing built for low-income people. "The acid test of the argument," Hart responded, "is whether there will be Democrats in the future who go to the American people and say, 'We need a housing program for this country and we are going to have to pay for it.' The hand that can give the housing developers a tax incentive is also the hand that can slip something in for an individual company or special interest." Government, Hart says, "is going to require a kind of intellectual honesty of politicians in the future. If it is good for the society to do something, then take the case to the American people."

HART'S VIEW OF HIS PLACE IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is revealing. According to Hart, "there have been two liberal wings in the Democratic Party for three or four decades." One is the "Eleanor Roosevelt wing," which included Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey, and Walter Mondale. "The other liberal wing," Hart said, "is more pragmatic, less doctrinaire. It doesn't worship at the cathedral of the New Deal. That was the wing that John F. Kennedy created. He created it with my generation."

Moralistic, doctrinaire, ideological liberals who worship at the shrine of the New Deal—Hart is not one of them. In fact, he is contemptuous of ideology. He discounts it even in the case of Ronald Reagan. "No one thinks Reagan believes that horse manure he puts out to the right wing all

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the time. Everybody believes that he goes back to the White House, slams the door, and says, 'God, I'm glad I got that out of the way.' Everybody knows it is cynical. He is basically a pragmatic guy. Look at how he has reversed himself on about twenty major issues."

Hart's anti-ideological vision is, he believes, the key to winning the support of the Baby Boom generation, just as a pledge to "get the country moving again" was the key to Kennedy's winning the Second World War generation. Last year Hart characterized his generation of Democratic leaders as "more market-oriented in economics" and less protectionist in trade policies than traditional Democrats. He called them "pro-choice on social issues" and said that they "have a new and different interest in defense that hasn't quite jelled yet—pro-defense without giving the Pentagon everything it wants." Hart sees the same generation gap in the press. "The reporters who understood what I was saying were journalists under forty years of age. Maybe even under thirty-five. The establishment press, the old-timers, never quite understood."

I asked Hart about "Where's the beef?" Why did that crack revive Mondale's candidacy just at the point when he was virtually down for the count? "My problem was that I got famous too fast," Hart replied. "I think if I had moved up gradually, that charge would not have worked." There may have been more to it, I suggested. Mondale wasn't challenging Hart to come up with detailed policy proposals. He was challenging him to tell Democrats whose side he was on and what principles he stood for. In the end, politics is more than problem-solving. There is also an element of moral advocacy, of "us" versus "them." When Mondale voters asked, "Where's the beef?" they were demanding to know, "Is this guy one of us? What's he going to do for us?"

It is possible to believe that special interests have a legitimate place in the political process. When I interviewed Walter Mondale during my recent meetings with Democratic leaders, he offered a forceful defense of advocacy politics. "I have a theory," he said. "It's not a theory, it's a reality. Our nation is full of all kinds of powerful interests. They're there, they're influential, they're working all the time. Labor, minorities, women, the poor, and so on are in a disadvantageous position, because they have inadequate power. I therefore felt honored by their endorsement. I tried to shape a strategy that would not only help me get nominated but would also provide a political base for the things I wanted to do for those people. I'm proud of their support. I think they're entitled to a voice." Hart rejects that approach and doesn't readily acknowledge its legitimacy in others, even in Ronald Reagan, whose success was greatly dependent on moral advocacy.

Reagan's ideology has now become the source of his undoing. By 1988 the country may be exhausted with ideology and ready for a technocratic regime. The winner may argue that there is no right-wing or left-wing way to make the country strong and competitive again, only an effective way or an ineffective way. John F. Kennedy was a problem-solver. He gathered "the best and the brightest" and asked them to solve the nation's problems. It is widely believed that this technocratic approach is what got us into the Vietnam War. I pointed this out to Hart. His response was, "The difference between my approach to government and Kennedy's is, Kennedy relied on the Boston-Washington elite, the old-boy network. My sense is that the answers to problems in this country are not primarily going to come from people in the traditional corridors of power." "Isn't that what Jimmy Carter said?" I persisted. "Yes," Hart replied. "He said the old elites are the problem. I don't say they are the problem. I think they are simply irrelevant." The ultimate put-down of the old by the young: they are not wrong, they are irrelevant.

Hart is sensitive to the charge that he is an isolationist, leveled by critics who cite his anti-war background and anti-interventionist positions. He delivered three detailed, heavily footnoted lectures at Georgetown University last year elaborating a foreign policy of "enlightened engagement," which he believes should replace what he calls the outmoded containment policy of the Cold War era. In Hart's view, "the diffusion of economic, political, and military power" is "the defining reality of our age." The United States is no longer the pre-eminent world power it was at the end of the Second World War. To act as if it were by retreating into unilateralism is, Hart said, a form of isolationism. He went on to outline seven guidelines for deciding how and when to use military force; among them were protection of our security interests, clear and achievable objectives, exhaustion of nonmilitary options, and "the most important guideline . . . the support of the people." Conservatives suspected that these conditions were just a way of guaranteeing inaction. But Hart's speeches were taken seriously by many commentators and have raised the level of the foreign-policy debate above the mindless name-calling that took place during the 1984 campaign.

Hart is often accused of being aloof and bloodless. His speeches have an abstract, analytical quality that can—and sometimes does—leave audiences cold. That is the price he pays for being a rationalist. One to one, however, he tends to open up. "In company he's a loner; alone, he's gregarious" is the way I once heard someone put it. Hart strenuously denies that he is a man without passions. "I am not a Democrat by accident," he told me. "I could not be a Republican. I think I come across more bloodless than I really am. I have some deep passions. I feel strongly about some things. And I chose the Democratic Party because of those beliefs."

The problem is, he rarely talks about those passions. He told me of one time he did, at the end of the 1984 campaign: "I interrupted my own speech and said, 'Let me tell my friends in this audience who are for labor that if I get to be President, I could be one of the best labor Presidents this country has ever had.' And I meant it. I am going to have a very strong NLRB. We are going to strengthen the collective-bargaining system. I am going to be a very

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strong environmental President. We are going to clean up the toxic-waste dumps. I am going to be one hundred percent for civil rights. We are going to have judges on the court who do not pass litmus tests on abortion or school prayer, but who are absolutely committed to upholding and enforcing equal rights and justice."

He went on. "You ask me, What do you feel passionately about? Those are the things I feel passionately about. The difference is that other people *talk* about how passionate they feel. I will *do* it."

When Hart's passion does show, it tends to come out depersonalized. Hart's passions don't seem to come from anywhere, because he is uncomfortable talking about himself in public—unlike, say, Senator Joseph Biden, of Delaware, a potential competitor who specializes in personal and emotional speeches. Here is how Hart analyzed the difference between Biden and himself: "He tries to do it directly, by talking about it. I am here to reawaken their idealism. We are doing the same thing. But I do it indirectly." Hart says he prefers that other people talk about him. "Go back and find out how many times John Kennedy talked about himself, or even his war experience. Others talked about him. They got the message out. I want people talking about who I am."

That is exactly what happened in 1984, and it didn't help. The name change, the questions regarding the date of birth, the signature problem, the marital difficulties, were important because they seemed to symbolize a lack of authenticity. To many Democrats, Gary Hart was a mystery: the self-invented person, the man who fell to earth. Hart has the true academic temperament. He analyzes everything. I suggested to Hart that he is perceived as having no roots. "You don't have roots," I said. Hart replied, "Well, I have roots. I just don't talk about them." He has decided to change that, however. He has written a 5,000-word autobiographical essay. He asked the Library of Congress to research his genealogy, and he intends to take his son on a trip retracing his family history. "I will probably take a reporter along," Hart added. In other words, he is offering an intellectual solution to a problem that isn't fundamentally intellectual.

HART'S ADVANTAGES for the 1988 race are clear enough. He has name recognition. He has cadres of supporters all over the country, ready to do battle for the nomination that was "stolen" from him four years ago. And he has an implicit moral standing among Democrats, as the man who can say "I told you so." In 1984 Hart told Democrats, "If you nominate Walter Mondale, it will be a disaster." They did, and it was.

Hart's greatest challenge may be to figure out how he can succeed in 1988 without Walter Mondale on the ballot. There is no question that most of the votes Hart got, at least in the early primaries, were anti-Mondale votes. When attention started to focus on Hart as a potential President, he began to lose support. More than a few Democrats wondered, "Is this guy a phony?"

Blacks seemed to feel that way. Carrying just three percent of the black vote in 1984 suggests that Hart might have a problem with a group that has become an essential part of the Democratic Party's base. According to the conventional wisdom, Hart is invisible to black voters; they just don't see anything there. Recent evidence suggests that Hart's black problem is not so serious, however. Last September the Gallup Poll ran a trial heat between Hart and Jackson for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination. "Perhaps surprisingly," the poll reported, "blacks in the new survey—as in a similar test in June—split their votes evenly between Hart and Jackson." A poll taken last July by *The Los Angeles Times* asked respondents whether they would be "inclined" or "disinclined" to support various candidates for President. By 42 to 12 percent, blacks polled indicated that they would be inclined to support Gary Hart. Jesse Jackson elicited a stronger positive response from blacks (61 percent) but also a stronger negative response (25 percent). (As for Mario Cuomo, interestingly, the black response was essentially indifferent—18 percent positive, 16 percent negative.) Thus black Democrats seem to respond to Hart more or less the same way that other Democrats do.

One thing Hart has going for him in 1988 is an impeccably liberal voting record in Congress. Hart has always been ranked as a liberal, and according to *National Journal*, his was the most liberal voting record in the Senate in 1985.

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Having decided not to run for re-election in Colorado, Hart was finally free to support gun-control legislation. Unlike many liberals, including Edward Kennedy, Hart voted against the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings deficit-reduction bill and became one of the leading critics of the measure. Hart's record is clean on Reaganomics as well, since he voted against the 1981 tax cut. In short, Gary Hart has no litmus-test problems in competing for the Democratic nomination. Has the pragmatist suddenly become an ideologue? Hart has been through two presidential campaigns. He knows what kind of people participate in Democratic caucuses and primaries. He knows he cannot leave himself vulnerable to an attack from the left. That is not ideology; that is pure pragmatism.

GARY HART, THE SELF-DESCRIBED "ANTI-POLITICAL" candidate, is something of a policy wonk, the kind of person who loves to talk about investment-training accounts. Senator Joseph Biden is just the opposite. He is a completely political creature, in the best sense of the word. He understands the poetry of politics. Like Mario Cuomo, Biden is an accomplished speaker who knows how to use imagery and symbolism to move his audiences. But talk to Washington insiders about Biden's record and you will hear things like "a guy with unrealized potential," "unfocused," "has yet to demonstrate he's a political heavyweight," "questionable attention span," and "jumps quickly from one hot issue to another." The question "Is Joe Biden 'substantive' enough?" is, Biden himself acknowledges, his political Achilles heel.

Biden's decision not to run in 1984 cleared the way for Hart to use the generational theme, sold to him by Patrick Caddell, Biden's friend and adviser. Biden's decision for 1988 is even more difficult. Not only does Hart have a prior claim on the Baby Boom constituency but Biden would have to give up his newly acquired chairmanship of the Senate Judiciary Committee—in other words, sacrifice substance for politics. It is a decision that Biden does not take lightly, and he has been wrestling with it ever since the Democrats regained control of the Senate. Even if he doesn't run in 1988 (at this writing he is still making up his mind), at age forty-five and with a major Senate chairmanship in his grasp, Biden seems destined to wrestle with the same decision in many presidential elections to come.

On many issues Biden sounds a lot like Hart, particularly when he criticizes the role of special interests in the Democratic Party. But there is a lot more feeling in Biden's critique. Biden has become something of a contrarian in the party. He goes before labor groups and women's groups and peace groups and Democratic Party groups and says, "I want to say some things to you today and some of it you may not like." Sometimes it works, and he gets credit for being candid and outspoken. Sometimes it doesn't work, and his audiences feel insulted. The most widely publicized instance was when Biden criticized Jesse Jackson before an NAACP convention in Baltimore last year. He urged the audience to "reject the voices in the movement who tell black Americans to go it alone . . . that whites and Catholics and Jews no longer care about the problems of black Americans, that only blacks can represent blacks." Some thought the criticism was too mild and indirect. Others thought it was rude to criticize Jackson before a black audience. And others thought the statement was just right. But it did what Biden does very well. It got attention.

Like Hart, Biden puts arms control at the top of the Democratic agenda, and he calls Reagan "the most anti–arms-control President since . . . Christ, period." His analysis of the Strategic Defense Initiative reveals shrewd political insight. "It was a conservative answer to the freeze movement," Biden told me when we talked recently. "They took the freeze movement, oversimplified the arms-control debate for political reasons, caused a great breach for the first time between popular support for arms control and the arms-control community, and consequently guaranteed that no reasonable opposition could be mounted politically to the President's lack of foresight on nuclear weapons."

Again like Hart, Biden aims his pitch at the Baby Boom generation. His appeal, repeated in almost every major speech, is moving and evocative: "The cynics believe that my generation—having reached the conservative age of mortgage payments, pediatricians' bills, and saving for our children's education—are ripe for Republican picking. These experts believe that, like the Democratic Party itself, the less-than-forty-year-old voters are prepared to sell their souls for some security, real or illusory. They have misjudged us. Just because our political heroes were murdered does not mean that the dream does not still live, buried deep within the broken hearts of tens of millions of Americans." At more than one Democratic forum that passage has brought down the house.

Biden says he was advised against making such a direct generational appeal. His instinct, however, was that the feelings he was evoking were universal ones. The basic experience of his generation, as Biden describes it, is universal—a disillusionment with government. "My generation started the process. I got involved in politics because of the civil-rights movement. I was just one of thousands." What he and others learned from the civil-rights movement was that government could make a difference. "When bad things happen, you go to the government, you make them change it. Going to the federal government was almost anti-establishment." And then, he says, "It flipped. We really got bogged down, beginning with Vietnam . . . Watergate . . . the energy crisis. Government was making the wrong decisions." Inflation was the final straw. "As much as five or six percentage points on the inflation rate were due to oil. Another five percent was due to Vietnam. And so you have ten or eleven percent on top of the inflation that had accumulated since 1932, as conservatives had predicted, and *bam*—everything's gone."

What Biden does, probably better than any other national Democrat, is articulate issues from the ordinary vot-

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er's point of view. Reagan often does that too, but very few liberals can do it anymore. Here, for instance, from a *National Journal* interview, is Biden on the Democratic Party:

> There is a consistent pattern that crept into the Democratic Party in the late 1960s and through the 1970s: We forgot who our people were. Our main concern has been the poor. Our people were the middle class. The moral business of this country is not the way liberals think of it. The moral business of this country is securing the middle class as well as taking care of the poor.

Or, as he told me, "The Democrats have miscalculated the American character. All through the seventies they talked about how we've got to live with a smaller world, that small is beautiful. Americans didn't buy any of that stuff. They don't buy small. They don't buy no growth. They don't buy limits."

Sometimes he talks too much the way people think, and one can't be sure, as Steve Allen used to say, that his head knows what his mouth is saying. "The Democratic Party succeeded as long as the pie kept growing and everybody could participate in it. At one point, when the pie stopped growing, some segments of the population began to eat the other segments' piece. And the piece that was eaten continued to feed the appetite, if you will, to keep this stupid analogy going . . . " Well, you get the point. Still, as the *Washington Post* columnist Michael Barone wrote, "The emotional outbursts, the intensity of his speaking seem not contrived or cynical but to spring from his own conviction that he represents and must articulate the deep feelings of the ordinary decent people he represents."

CONSIDER TWO ISSUES THAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is going to have to deal with in 1988—protectionism and isolationism. Neither of these positions can be taken in polite company. Any mainstream politician who makes a protectionist-sounding speech—as John Connally did in 1980 and as Walter Mondale did in 1983—is immediately pounced upon by the establishment press for catering to special interests (big business in Connally's case, big labor in Mondale's) or for pandering to popular prejudice. As it happens, the public does support protectionism. Polls show that even if you explain that tariffs and import quotas raise consumer prices, the public will say that we should restrict foreign goods. The underlying sentiment seems to be moral: I should not benefit as a consumer at the expense of American jobs. The catch is that people's political views are affected by these sentiments more than their economic behavior is.

Reagan's free-trade position is a definite political liability. But it is not respectable for Democrats to be protectionist. Their solution has been to talk about "competitiveness"—making American industry more competitive with foreign industry. As Biden sees it, "You can do a lot without becoming protectionist, but you're going to have to sing from a different hymnal than the Republicans sing from. First of all, you have to demonstrate to people that you care about what is happening to them. The problem with my technocratic friends is that they have such an antiseptic way of presenting what is, in large part, a correct answer. Competitiveness doesn't mean a Goddamned thing to that guy in the small textile town that's going to go belly-up. Really, what they're asking him to do, in his mind, is to accept ninety-four cents an hour. You're going to have to demonstrate to those folks that there are alternatives to protectionism, that they have other options."

Interventionism is also a political liability for Republican candidates. The public agrees that a Communist regime in Central America represents a threat to the vital interests of the United States. But people refuse to draw the conclusion that military support for the Nicaraguan "freedom fighters" is the best way to counter such a threat. To most Americans, that kind of policy does not sound like decisive action to protect our national security. It sounds like getting involved in another country's problems. That is one of the lessons of Vietnam and of Iran. When we get involved in foreign conflicts, even with the noblest of intentions, we usually end up making the situation worse and getting ourselves in trouble—or so it is widely believed. Better to stay out unless our national interests are directly threatened.

Biden articulates this view very effectively. "My generation comes out of Vietnam scarred," he told me, "and learning the wrong lessons [by which Biden means isolationism]. The right lesson from Vietnam is that when you make an unwise investment, you should cut your losses and move on." Biden has little patience with the left on this score. "We have an interest in Latin America," he said. "We have a right to intervene if our legitimate interests are put in jeopardy. But we have an obligation to act with some sense." His criticism of Reagan's policy is on exactly that point. "Even if you buy all of what Reagan says, his policy is not smart. It is not going to accomplish what he sets out to do. At every opportunity where there has been a chance to make a reasonable choice to mitigate the difficulty we face in the region, he has made the wrong choice." Biden's description of the current polarity in foreign policy is apt. "Today Republicans are mobilized by simplicity and Democrats are immobilized by complexity." Once the phrasemaker gets going, it's hard to shut him off. With Jimmy Carter, "we ended up with a very smart man who was not particularly bold," Biden said. "Then, with Reagan, we had a very bold man who was not particularly smart. It would be nice to have a bold, smart person," he added, flashing his Jack Nicholson smile.

AS A STUDENT, BIDEN WAS A CIVIL-RIGHTS ACTIVIST. His relationship with the anti-war movement was complex—and is revealing. He calls it his "problem with Vietnam." "Was I against the war?" he asks rhetorically. "Yes, I was against the war. Was I involved in the peace movement? No, I was not involved in the peace

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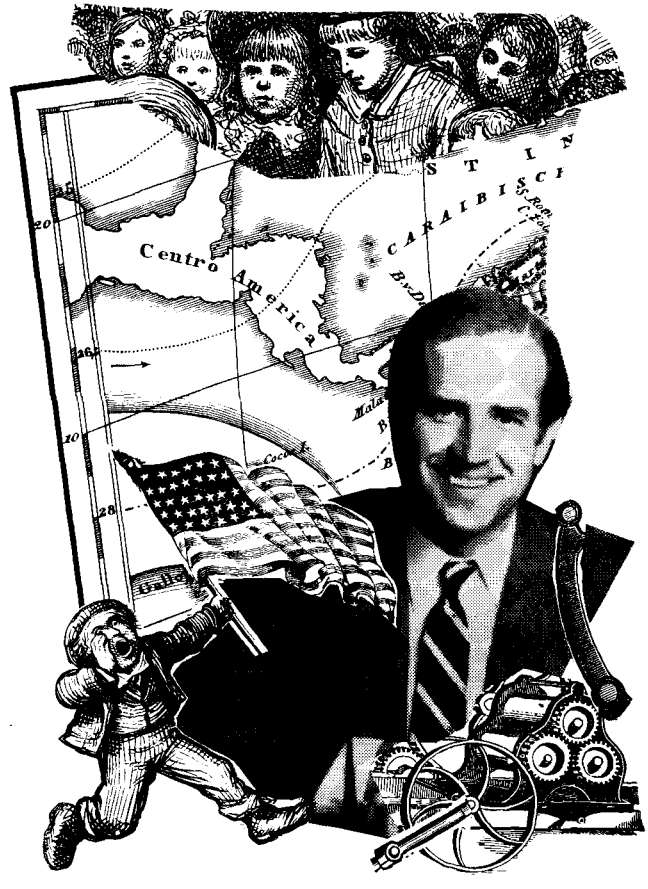
movement. The reason I was against the war was that it was stupid. But I could never bring myself to accept the proposition, nor do I to this day, that we were on the wrong side." Biden's innate populism came through when I asked him if he thought that the Vietnam War was, as Reagan once described it, "a noble cause." "I think it is inappropriate for me as a prospective political leader to go back and be judgmental about a time when people genuinely and deeply believed in what they were doing. They truly thought they were doing something noble. The cause itself was much more cynical in terms of why people got us involved there."

Biden does not represent the activist element of the Baby Boom generation. He identifies with the much larger constituency that was passive but not untouched by the events of the late 1960s. "Most kids growing up in that generation were like me," he says. "I'll never forget, my first year in law school, when the students took over the chancellor's office and were hanging out the windows. We were coming out of class for lunch and walking by. There were seventy-five students in the building. There were three hundred students around the building, cheering them on. There were twenty-eight thousand of us walking by, saying, 'Look at those assholes.' We were not moved by the same things that the activists in our generation were moved by." The majority's view, he said, "did not have an ideological or even a political thrust to it." I suggested calling it anti-establishment, and Biden agreed. "I wouldn't have thought of that," he said, "but that's exactly what I would call it. It's an anti-establishment attitude, but there is an establishment cast to it now." Biden speaks for those Baby Boomers who never caught the Big Chill.



Biden's relationship with liberals has always been a bit uneasy. He says he found himself uncomfortable with the people he agreed with on the Vietnam War—Eugene McCarthy and Allard Lowenstein and George McGovern. "I disagreed with the people I felt culturally and politically more comfortable with." Biden still espouses traditional values and criticizes the countercultural influences in the Democratic Party as "intellectual snobbism." Having to cope with profound personal tragedy in his life has added a depth of conviction to his talk about family values. One month after he was first elected to the Senate, in 1972, when he was twenty-nine, his wife and baby daughter were killed and his two sons seriously injured in an automobile accident. Since then he has commuted nearly four hours every day between Wilmington and Washington in order to be with his family (he remarried in 1977).

Biden has a strongly liberal voting record. During the Carter Administration he led the fight in the Foreign Relations Committee for the ratification of SALT II. As a member of the Judiciary Committee, he fought against the confirmation of Edwin Meese as Attorney General and of William Bradford Reynolds as Associate Attorney General. But he is no litmus-test liberal. On a number of key issues Biden has gone his own way. He is a leading critic of school busing for purposes of racial integration. He supports freedom of choice on abortion but opposes federal funding of abortions for poor women ("If you say government should be out, then government should be out"). He has supported a crackdown on crime, a line-item veto for the President, an across-the-board freeze in federal spending, and the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings automatic deficit-reduction plan. All these positions are closer to those of ordinary voters than to those of Democratic activists.

In 1985 Biden made an impassioned plea to his fellow Democrats to allow Edward Kennedy to serve on the Senate Judiciary Committee (Kennedy was already serving on two other committees, normally the maximum allowed). Biden argued that Kennedy "*is* civil rights" and the embodiment of hope to millions of black and Hispanic Americans. Many people saw Biden's action as selfless and somewhat foolish, since it would enable Kennedy to become chairman of the Judiciary Committee if the Democrats regained the Senate. They did just that, but Kennedy chose to become chairman of the Labor and Human Resources Committee instead. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Biden may now be able to make a name for himself as the leader of the resistance to Reagan's judicial nominees.

Biden is known less as a legislative leader than as a consensus-builder. On several major issues he has played a key role in negotiating compromises between liberals and conservatives and forging a winning coalition. Those issues include the rewriting of the federal criminal code in

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1984, the defeat of the U.S. District Court nominee Jefferson B. Sessions in 1985, and last year's anti-drug bill. But Biden is not a policy specialist and does not favor a programmatic approach to presidential campaigns. In a thinly veiled dig at the front-runner, Biden has said that the Democratic Party is "not a coalition of programmatic initiatives. We are about opportunity, passion, excitement, and a sense of adventure—and real heart."

In short, Joe Biden's virtues and faults are sometimes one and the same. He is straightforward and blunt. (A Senate colleague reports that Biden once said to Georgi Arbatov, the director of the Soviet Union's Institute on the U.S.A. and Canada, "All right, Georgi, cut the crap. Your economy is in a desperate situation, your philosophy is dead, no one's buying that song and dance anymore.") He is passionate and aggressive. (Many observers thought that Biden's reprimand of Secretary of State George Shultz at a Senate hearing on South Africa last summer was shrill and disrespectful.) His loquacity is sometimes unintentionally self-revealing. (Referring to his controversial political adviser, Biden once told *The Washington Post*, "Sometimes I don't know where Pat's [Caddell's] thinking stops and mine begins.") Still, in a straw poll taken last December at a meeting of the American Association of Political Consultants, Biden was rated the front-runner for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination.

IN 1988 BABY BOOMERS WILL MAKE UP ALMOST HALF OF the electorate. For years politicians, advertisers, and media programmers have known that winning the Baby Boom means controlling the market. So far, no one in politics has figured out how to reach the Pepsi generation. Many have tried, with limited success: George McGovern, Jerry Brown, John Anderson, Gary Hart, even Ronald Reagan. One of the most striking facts about the 1984 presidential election is how undistinctive younger voters were: they voted 59 to 41 percent for Reagan over Mondale, which is the same way everyone else voted.

Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have a particular advantage among Baby Boomers. The Baby Boom generation parts company with the rest of the electorate less over ideology than over political style. This difference stems from the Baby Boomers' particular generational experience. The simplest way to characterize that style is as anti-establishment. Baby Boomers grew up in an era when nothing worked the way it was supposed to—not government, not business, not labor, not the military, not religion, not even education. To Baby Boomers, the great Depression happened in the 1970s, not in the 1930s. That is one reason why they responded with some enthusiasm to Ronald Reagan. He turned the economy around. But Baby Boomers' distrust of government is not quite the same as Reagan's ideological conservatism. The spark of idealism and the passion for social justice are still there. They show up in all the polls. But the bitter experiences of the 1960s and 1970s have created widespread suspicion of traditional Democratic solutions. Baby Boomers became distrustful of parties and ideologies. First their music and later their politics gave them a sense of generational distinctiveness, of seeing the world as "us" and "them." Both Hart and Biden claim to have roots in this special generational experience, enabling each to say "I am one of you. I experienced the same frustrations and failures that you did. I share your longing for the idealism we once knew." To Baby Boomers, "they" have been running the country for forty years now. Soon, perhaps very soon, a politician will connect with them and lead them to power under the banner "Now it's our turn."

Revisionists and Reconstructionists

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP COUNCIL WAS ORGANIZED in 1985 to reclaim the party from the liberal ideologues and interest groups who seemed to have gotten a stranglehold on Democratic presidential nominations. Among the founders were several Democrats with national aspirations of their own: Governor Charles Robb, of Virginia; Governor Bruce Babbitt, of Arizona; Representative Richard Gephardt, of Missouri; and Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, all of whom are on the organization's board of directors (Robb is the chairman).

Nunn defined the DLC's mission as follows: "To lay a foundation, intellectually and politically, on which a moderate Democrat can run for President in 1988 . . . [and] to make it safe for candidates at the state and local level to run as Democrats." Accordingly, the DLC has tried to involve state and local officials in an effort to define a new and more pragmatic national program. DLC leaders also made campaign-style swings through various Sun Belt states—Florida, Texas, California, North Carolina—in order to persuade dubious local Democrats that there was some vitality left in the national party. Predictably, the organization got labeled "the white-male caucus" by party liberals, who saw it as an effort to pull the party to the right and offer a "me-too" alternative to the Republicans.

Charles Robb epitomizes the kind of Democrat the DLC is trying to appeal to—and create. He won the statehouse after three Republican victories in a row and had a markedly successful term in office. Robb was prohibited by the state constitution from running for a second term, but in the wake of his popularity the Democrats swept the three top statewide offices in 1985; a black was elected lieutenant governor and a woman was elected attorney general, both firsts in Virginia. His marriage to Lynda Bird Johnson authenticates his Democratic heritage. And the fact that he is a Vietnam War veteran locates him squarely within the experience of the Baby Boom generation. That résumé makes Robb the front-runner for the 1988 vice-presidential nomination, assuming the party doesn't nominate a southerner for President.

Robb's revisionist notion, as he described it to me not long ago, was that the Democratic Party should become "the party of change, the party of economic opportunity

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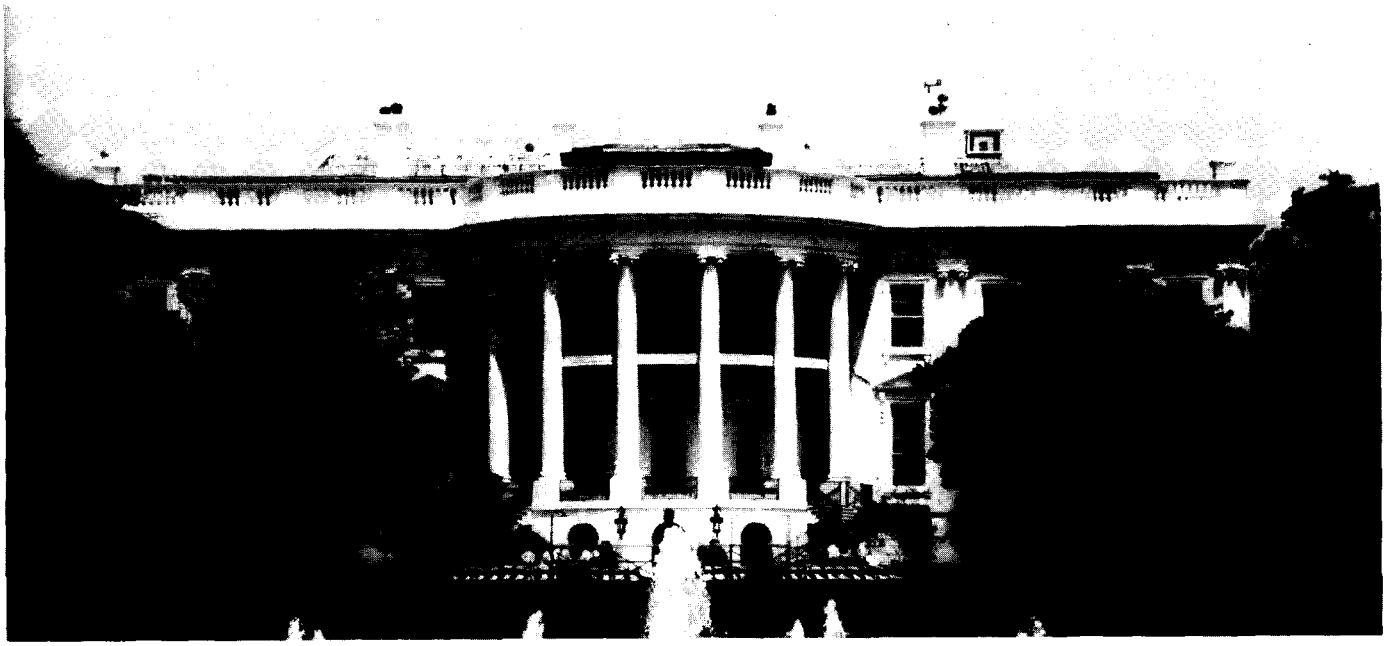

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and growth, the party of strength and resolve and willingness to defend basic American values and freedom, and hopefully—this might be a new part of the equation, one that has been presented to us by the Republicans—the party of fiscal responsibility."

I asked him what he made of the criticism that fiscal responsibility, economic growth, and the defense of American values and freedom was essentially a "me-too" platform. In his answer he explained centrism as a political strategy. Robb said, "If you don't represent those values at least credibly, then the electorate is going to turn elsewhere. We're competing ultimately for the same turf, for the same value system." Centrists define their program in terms of *consensual* values, values shared by the whole of society—peace, prosperity, growth, national security, freedom. An ideological program bases its strategy on *conflicting* values, issues that pit "us" against "them"—liberal versus conservative, populist versus elitist, Sun Belt versus Frost Belt, haves versus have-nots. The key element in Robb's—and, by implication, the DLC's—political thinking is resistance to conflict and division, to the ideological style of politics.

The idea is to define a more inclusive politics of the whole. "We're not abandoning constituencies as such, but we are going to appeal to constituencies not on the basis of litmus tests or individual narrow agendas but on the basis of a broad national agenda."

Robb's criticism of the Democratic nominating process was both insightful and revealing. He voiced the standard complaint that Iowa and New Hampshire play too prominent a role and supported the idea of a southern regional primary, but not because the early states are too liberal. His complaint was that a candidate "knows the players" when he goes into Iowa and New Hampshire. "You don't present a broad national agenda. Every single candidate that I've talked to tells me he goes into Iowa and gets presented with these non-negotiable demands for support. It's small enough and controllable enough and manipulable enough that they can get away with it." What Robb wants is "a broad test—it doesn't have to be southern." Although he supports a southern primary, he says, "It's not the South I'm concerned about. You're really asking, 'Can this candidate win a general election in November?'" Southern Democrats range from blacks on the left to fundamentalists and unreconstructed racists on the right, along with some urban liberals, yuppies, union voters, farmers, and country-club conservatives thrown in. As Bert Lance, President Carter's budget director, and a key architect of the southern regional primary, pointed out in a speech last year, "The South is diverse. . . . If one could hammer out a consensus of support in the South, then one could hammer out a consensus in the West or the East or in the Midwest."

BEFORE JUMPING TO THE CONCLUSION THAT AN EARLY southern regional primary will be decisive in 1988, consider these statistics: Turnout in southern presidential primaries dropped from an average of 18 percent of the voting-age population in 1980 to 14 percent in 1984. And blacks, who make up a quarter of southern Democrats, were overrepresented among those who voted in the 1984 southern primaries (averaging 30 percent, according to exit polls).

These figures suggest that white southerners had little interest in any of the 1984 Democratic candidates and stayed home in droves. That was a blow to Senator John Glenn, who presented himself as a centrist Democrat and looked to the southern primaries to revive his candidacy. Actually, southern Democrats voted just like non-southern Democrats in 1984, with the three liberal candidates—Mondale, Jackson, and Hart—easily outpolling Glenn. Democratic contenders who are thinking about pursuing a moderate "southern strategy" in 1988 should take Glenn's experience as a caution. Next time it may be even more difficult to get southern whites to participate in the Democratic primaries, since there is likely to be a hot contest on the Republican ballot.

The South is the poorest region of the country. Politically it is the most populist. Southern populism has traditionally been radical on economic issues but socially and culturally reactionary. Polls from the 1930s reveal that New Deal economic policies were supported more strongly in the South than in any other part of the country. During the 1960s, however, the South was a hotbed of racial reaction and

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law-and-order backlash. Since the 1960s two changes have moderated the profile of southern Democrats. One was the departure of economic conservatives, the so-called Bourbon Democrats, who were never comfortable with the New Deal and who have now found a secure base in the southern Republican Party. The other was the departure, or reconstruction, of the hard-core racist element formerly led by Alabama Governor George Wallace. Today white racism has been reduced to a minor, dissident influence in southern Democratic politics. But southern Democrats have retained their populist economic heritage.

Democratic centrists aren't nearly as much of a presence as they used to be in southern Democratic primaries. And centrist candidates are not likely to do much better than John Glenn did in 1984. Bert Lance put his finger on Glenn's problem. "Glenn's problem was Ronald Reagan," Lance explained to me recently. "When the people in the South looked at Glenn's candidacy, those who were going to be for Glenn really preferred Ronald Reagan." In other words, southern centrist voters may have drifted over to the Republican Party, thereby leaving southern Democrats less distinctive and less diverse. It is at least plausible to argue that economic populism, not centrism, may be the key to victory in the southern regional primaries in 1988.

Nor will the southern regional primary necessarily diminish the influence of Iowa and New Hampshire. Just the opposite, in fact. A regional primary is, by definition, a media primary. Candidates will need to do well in Iowa and New Hampshire in order to raise the money they need to run a serious campaign from Baltimore to El Paso. It should be recalled that Gary Hart won the 1984 Florida Democratic primary just two weeks after New Hampshire and with minimal organization and resources. It may turn out that the best way to impress the South in 1988 is the old-fashioned way—by first winning the New Hampshire primary.

FORMER GOVERNOR BRUCE BABBITT, OF ARIZONA, another DLC board member, can make one compelling argument for attaining national leadership: he knows how to govern in a Republican environment. He served almost nine years as governor of Arizona, the quintessential Sun Belt state and one of the most solidly Republican states in the country. Elected state attorney general in 1974, Babbitt succeeded to the governorship upon the death of the incumbent, in 1978. He won election by a narrow margin in 1978 and was subsequently re-elected in 1982 with 62.5 percent of the vote—the highest margin of any Arizona governor since the Second World War. Like other western Democratic governors, Babbitt got along with a Republican electorate and a Republican-controlled legislature by adopting a distinctively non-ideological approach to politics.

Non-ideological, but hardly quiet or unassuming. He has taken a provocative stance toward the national Democratic Party. "Liberalism is in danger of extinction because of its inability to make choices," he told me when we spoke not long ago. "Liberals are simply defending everything and therefore endangering everything. They're saying all programs are equal." He elaborated his message in a Chubb Lecture titled "The Soul of a Democrat," delivered at Yale University in December of 1985. "I believe it is time for a radical new look at the social goals of government," Babbitt said. "First, we must set limits, and therefore priorities. That means we must target our spending more closely on some measure of need. Second, we must buy opportunity and not dependence. Third, we must affirm that the benefits paid to our citizens bring reciprocal duties to the society which foots the bill."

The most provocative of all Babbitt's ideas is means-testing, the notion that all government support—Social Security and Medicare benefits, tax deductions, farm subsidies—be targeted on the basis of need. That is an extraordinarily risky idea for Democrats, who have found over the years that the most successful social programs—Social Security, Medicare—are those that provide universal coverage. Many Democrats fear that Babbitt's policy would turn every federal social program into "welfare" and alienate the middle-class constituencies whose political support is essential. Babbitt's counterargument is simple: we, as a society, cannot afford to continue buying off the middle class in order to retain government subsidies for the "truly needy." When I interviewed him, he said, "Targeting benefits allows us to move away from the notion that the only way you can expand the safety net is by buying everybody off in equal measure."

Babbitt argues for means-tested benefits through an analogy with progressive taxation. "As we have progressive taxation," he explained, "we will also have progressive benefits in society. The concepts are mirror images of each other. You can paint a catastrophic picture of either one. Progressive taxation carried to its limit would be confiscatory. Progressive benefits carried to their limit would destroy popular support because it would be reverse confiscation." Means-testing enables Babbitt to be two things at once. Because it saves money (by cutting benefits to people who don't need them), means-testing is fiscally conservative. Because it targets benefits on the basis of need, means-testing is socially progressive. Not surprisingly, that is how Babbitt describes himself. "I would say I am made up of two halves," he explained. "My economics are fairly conservative. But on the social welfare, equity, and civil-rights issue, I am a liberal in the most traditional sense. Means-testing is a nice example of my effort to reconcile the two. Average the two together and you get a centrist. I am a moderate of immoderate parts."

Babbitt's record as governor shows him to be something of an innovator. His groundwater-management program, developed in 1980, is generally regarded as his most important achievement. To handle this delicate issue he set up a special commission with himself as chairman, and then presented it to the Republican legislature as a fait accompli. He is an avid environmentalist and outdoorsman,

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and the groundwater bill helped his environmental credentials. Babbitt also designed an experimental Medicaid program that signed recipients up for prepaid health-maintenance organizations at a fixed cost. Although there were problems in administering the program—the private health-care contractor backed out—Babbitt says that "our Medicaid program is the model of what will happen in government health care." The Governor, who speaks fluent Spanish, also brought members of Arizona's large Hispanic minority into positions of power.

Babbitt's critique of liberal programs is based in part on experience. He worked in social-action programs in Latin America and was active in the civil-rights movement in this country. He was also a foot soldier in Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, setting up community-action agencies under the auspices of the federal Office of Economic Opportunity. Later Babbitt became active in Arizona's legal-services movement and ended up working in behalf of Navajo Indians. "What I learned was, you can't force thoroughgoing social change from the top down," Babbitt said in 1985. "The whole war on poverty had a certain kind of arrogance." Babbitt had another sort of experience as governor, with organized labor. In 1983 he called out the National Guard to protect non-union workers during a copper strike. Babbitt argues that he was protecting public safety against the threat of mob violence. But labor groups around the country have continued to boycott Babbitt's appearances.

Babbitt told me that as a Democrat, he supports an activist role for government. As a DLC Democrat, he believes that "social justice and equity are only on the table for discussion in the context of economic growth." He believes that the top priority for Democrats must be "to reclaim the flag of economic growth." Here, however, Babbitt rejects the typical neo-liberal argument for a national industrial policy.

Instead, Babbitt believes, "the payoff is in the international economic arena." What he wants to do is "step up to the chaos and reinvent the international economy in the same way that Woodrow Wilson and FDR did with the domestic economy, when they put together the Federal Reserve System, the FDIC, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and all of that." Babbitt's ambition is to undertake "a grand re-examination" of international economic policy to correct the misalignment of exchange rates and trade balances. Can a candidate really use international economic reform as a main issue of his campaign? Babbitt thinks so. The international economy "is just like the domestic economy was in the nineteenth century," he explained to me. "The difference is, now we are directly affected by it. The survival of our social-welfare system and the rules of equity are being put at risk in an international economic jungle where there are no governing principles that relate the countries that do business with each other."

Last year Babbitt raised eyebrows when he suggested that some members of the Reagan Administration were hoping for a fatality among U.S. National Guardsmen training in Honduras, in order to provide a pretext for a full-scale invasion of Nicaragua. Babbitt has, in fact, been critical of U.S. military aid to the contras. But he is no left-winger on foreign policy. "What is necessary," he said, "is a clear rejection of isolationism. Internationalism does require a conclusion. If not every sparrow that falls out of a tree is our concern, many of them are, and we must have an aggressive, vigorous view of how our interests are faring around the world." Babbitt feels that Democrats have "a healthy sense of limitation" about U.S. power, and argues that "the world is not a bipolar world of Russian surrogates and American allies; it is a pluralistic world full of many different camps and national objectives." At the same time, he says, he "wouldn't be too critical" of Reagan's interventionist policies. "Our actions in Grenada and Libya have demonstrated that our allies don't disappear forever when you take determined action," Babbitt told me. "That's a useful lesson for Democrats."

When I spoke to him, a profile of Babbitt, with the headline "BABBITT DELIGHTS IN DETAILS," had recently been published in *The Washington Post*, and he felt defensive about it. Babbitt told me, "If you belong to the party of government, you have to be interested in detail. You have to make things work, because the alternative to making them work is having them discredited, which is precisely what conservatives want." Sound familiar? Jimmy Carter was also interested in details. Babbitt "reminds me of Carter in a lot of ways," one Democratic operative told *The New Republic*. "The negative ways are he's kind of sanctimonious—he acts as if he's the only person in politics for the right reasons. . . . But he's like Carter in some good ways, too. He's fresh and hasn't been beaten down. He comes with an outside-Washington perspective, which is always appealing." It may be especially appealing if, after the Iran-contra scandal, the voters are looking for another outsider to go to Washington and clean up the mess. Babbitt's problem is that he has challenged the Democratic Party on its most sacrosanct issues—namely, Social Security and Medicare. In the context of Democratic Party politics, that's like committing murder in order to get your name in the papers.

MICHAEL DUKAKIS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, ANOTHER Democratic governor, has a message similar to those of Robb and Babbitt, but with a difference in emphasis. Dukakis is not a member of the Democratic Leadership Council. He is a reconstructionist, not a revisionist. His argument is by example: Look what we've done in Massachusetts. In just over ten years the Massachusetts economy has lost its high-tax, slow-growth, high-unemployment stigma to become the most robust economy of any industrial state. And it was done, Dukakis argues, through the aggressive and innovative use of state-government power.

Both Massachusetts and Dukakis himself have under-

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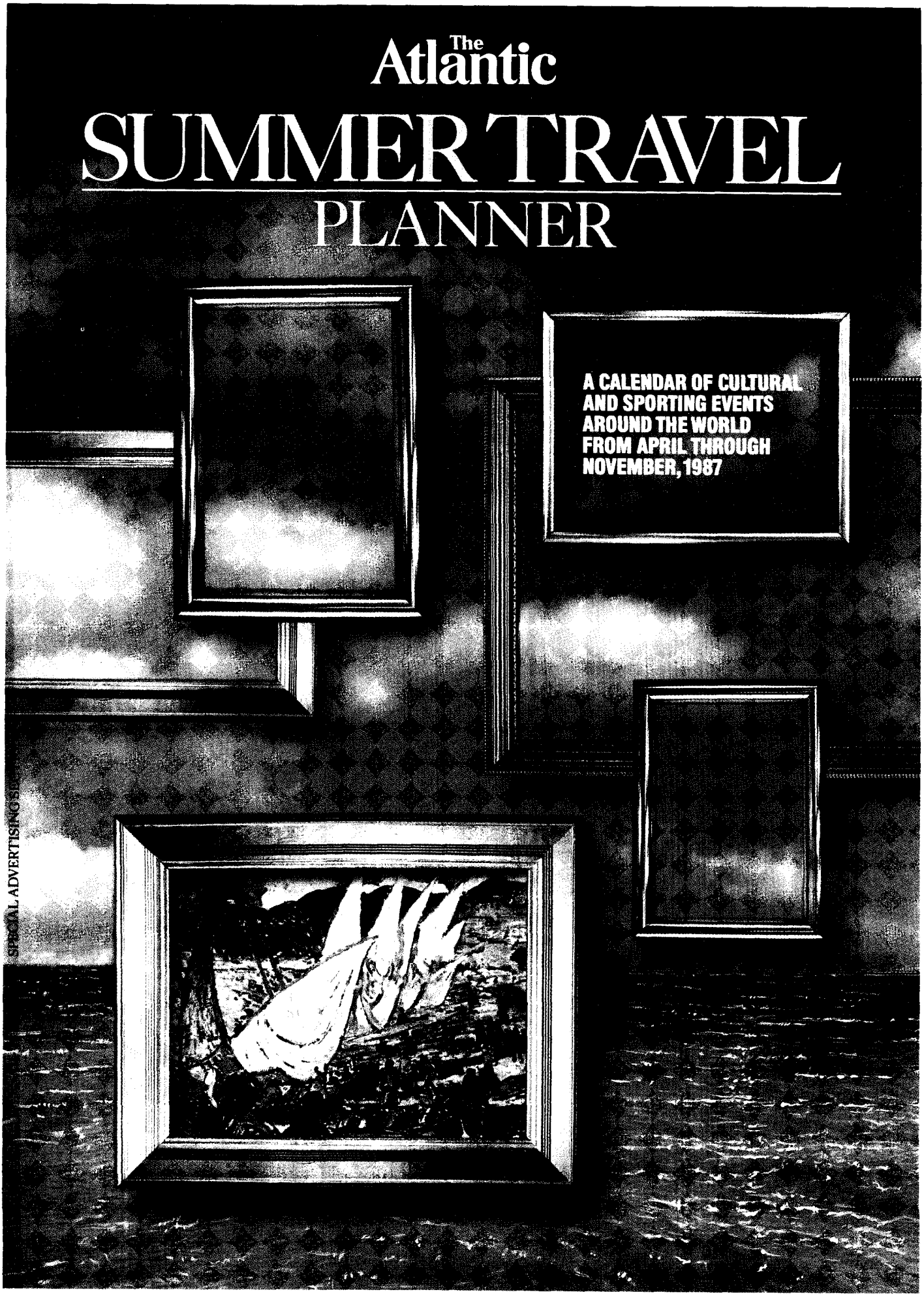

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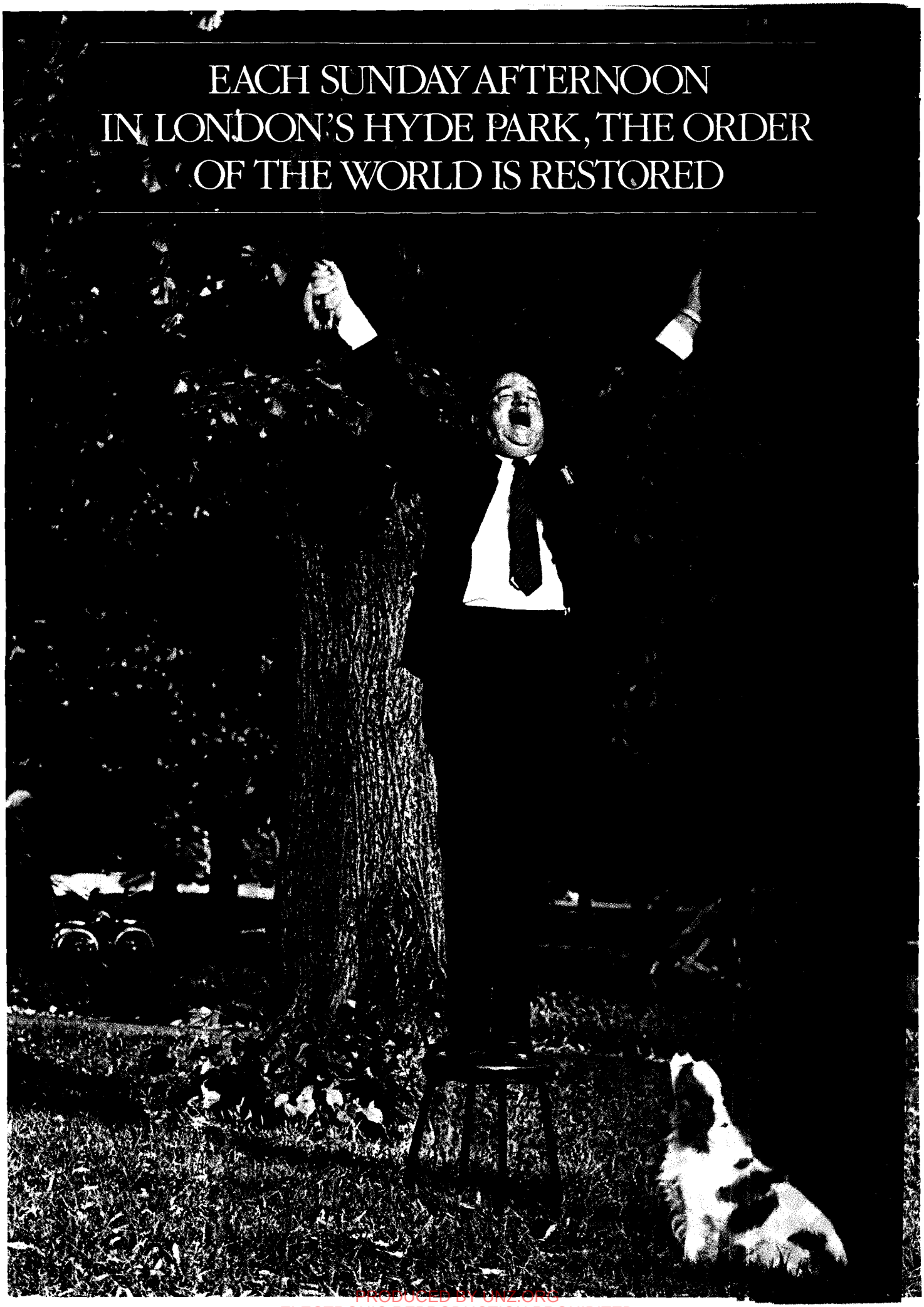
EACH SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK, THE ORDER OF THE WORLD IS RESTORED



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National, state, and provincial tourist boards have been our first resource in compiling the listings in this guide. In most cases these agencies stand ready to advise you of package tours that may be associated with events, to explain procedures for reserving tickets where it is necessary to do so, and to provide innumerable other kinds of help.

Many of the listings reflect preliminary information. Do confirm dates and programs before making final plans. Also, for many of the events tickets or hotel accommodations or both can be expected to sell out early, so do plan ahead.

Barbara Wallraff

The Atlantic SUMMER TRAVEL PLANNER

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Cover: Photo collage by Roy Wiemann. The painting is *Fishing Boats, Collioure* (1905), by Andre Derain, courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

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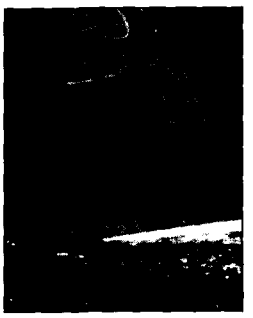

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TRAVEL NEWSLETTER

Europe and the United States have been opening, and planning to open, new cultural and recreational attractions faster than anyone can possibly keep up with. But if you'd like to try, here are some highlights:

In **Paris** the Beaux Arts Gare d'Orsay was reborn in December, after extensive renovation, as the Musee d'Orsay, a museum of 19th- and early-20th-century treasures. The airy new exhibition space contains, among many other things, the outstanding Impressionist collection from the Jeu de Paume, which is now closed.

In **Brussels** the ambitious new renovation project is the national opera house, the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie, which reopened in November. Now the decor of the 17th-century-style building is distinctly post-Modern, and the stage machinery electronic. Not everyone likes the changes; not everyone was expected to. Nonetheless, they suit the renewed sense of purpose that La Monnaie has gained since it acquired a new director, Gerard Mortier, in 1981.

Amsterdam's new Music Theater, to be used for opera and ballet performances, will get plenty of use this spring and summer, inasmuch as the city has been named the EEC Cultural Capital for 1987 (some of the special events planned are listed on page T-12). Also in the Netherlands, in **The Hague,** the Mauritshuis national gallery will reopen in June after years of restoration. The Mauritshuis is renowned for its collection of Dutch masters. And **Rotterdam,** the world's busiest port, has a new indoor-outdoor Maritime Museum.

For at least several weeks after a vast new structure containing the Museum Ludwig and the Wallraf-Richartz Museum opened in **Cologne,** West Germany, last September, it was drawing 25,000 visitors a day—nearly twice as many as any other cultural attraction in the world. The Ludwig 20th-century collection, which fills two thirds of the exhibition space, is generally acknowledged to be top-flight on the whole, though its donor, Peter Ludwig, who made his fortune manufacturing Lindt chocolate, attracts controversy the way sweets attract children. The Wallraf-Richartz collection is well regarded for its unusual medieval paintings and old Dutch and Flemish works.

However, starting this month **Berlin** can be counted on to upstage Cologne—at least—with its 750th anniversary celebration. A lavish program of special events is scheduled (see pages T-9 and T-10 for highlights). But permanent enhancements of the city have also gone forward, loosely under the rubric of the International Building Exhibition. Berlin's previous building exhibitions have resulted in demonstration projects by Alvar Aalto, Walter Gropius, Oskar Niemeyer, and Le Corbusier. This year more than 150 completed projects, great and small, will be on proud display. These include a new museum at the former Hamburger Bahnhof, redevelopment (on both sides of the Wall) of the once grand and lively Friedrichstrasse, and a new Chamber Music Hall, which will open in late October.

Here at home **New York City** has generated its share of news with the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Lila Acheson Wallace Wing for 20th-century art. The opening of the wing, in February, added 40,000 square feet (or nearly half the amount of space that the Museum of Modern Art has) to the amount of New York exhibition space dedicated to modern art. Another 10,000 square feet will be added when the wing's rooftop sculpture garden opens, next month. The Met's 20th-century collection is surprisingly large and fine, if eclectic. Also in New York the acoustics and the decor of Carnegie Hall were restored to their original, 1890s, glory during 30 weeks of renovation last year. New air-conditioning means that the hall will be able to remain open in summer.

The National Museum of Women in the Arts will open in **Washington, DC,** this month, with the exhibit *American Women Artists, 1830–1930*. Beyond Mary Cassatt and Georgia O'Keeffe, virtually none of the artists represented in the exhibit—or in the museum's permanent collection, for that matter—are household names. The museum's founder, Wilhelmina Holladay, believes that many of them deserve to be, and her persistence and strength of conviction have now won her a chance to prove her point. In late September a new, underground Smithsonian complex will open in Washington as well. It will be the new home of the National Museum of African Art and also the home of the new Arthur M. Sackler Gallery for Asian and Near Eastern art.

After decades of private ownership, Montpelier, James Madison's home, in Orange County, **Virginia,** has been turned over to the National Trust for Historic Preservation, which is restoring it. The mansion was opened to the public last month and will remain open while the work proceeds.

This month in **Chicago** the headquarters of the Terra Museum of American Art will move from Evanston to the heart of the city. The inaugural exhibit, *A Proud Heritage,* will include paintings from the collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, as well as works from the Terra's permanent collection, which is strong in American Impressionism. And next month Chicago will get a new Museum of Broadcast Communications. Innovative "decade rooms," covering the thirties through the eighties, will present programs typical of the periods in question, in settings also typical of them.

Next month in **Nevada,** near nothing much except the border with Utah, the new Great Basin National Park will be dedicated. The 76,800 acre park contains both Lehman Caves, a huge stalagtited and stalagmited limestone-solution cavern, and Wheeler Peak, soaring more than 13,000 feet high. The park is also home to a diversity of flora and fauna, including mule deer and golden eagles. Meanwhile in **Santa Fe,** New Mexico, a new Museum of Indian Arts and Culture is being readied for a June opening.

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art opened its Robert O. Anderson building in November, and the Museum of Contemporary Art took up residence in a new permanent building in December—a combination amounting to 85,000 square feet of new exhibition space for **Los Angeles**. The new wing of the LA County Museum is architecturally exotic, but from the start the focus of interest has been the contemporary art and special exhibits it's meant to house. It opened triumphantly with *The Spiritual in Art* (now on its way to Chicago); this spring and summer the LA County will present everything from *Treasures of the Holy Land* to *Avant-Garde in the Eighties*. Conversely, the Museum of Contemporary Art's building is so striking that it has attracted perhaps more attention than the inaugural exhibit, *Individuals: A Selected History of Contemporary Art, 1945-1986*, which will remain on view through the end of the year.

— Barbara Wallraff

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EUROPE

AUSTRIA

MAY 8–JUNE 22, VIENNA FESTIVAL. Including an open-air concert with Placido Domingo, among others, on May 15; world premieres, including *Marriage Play*, written and directed by Edward Albee; operas, musicals, concerts, and recitals by European and American guests and all the major Viennese groups; and a second season for *Anima*, by the Serapions Theatre, on the banks of the Danube June 10–July 25.

JULY 26–AUGUST 31, SALZBURG FESTIVAL. The cruel truth is that the major concerts were sold out by the beginning of the year. However, the Festival office maintains a list of tickets still available—and it has programs and ticket-order forms ready for all Salzburg Festivals through 1991.

AUGUST 25–SEPTEMBER 6, WORLD CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Vienna and Villach. The indoor events will take place in Vienna August 25-30; the outdoor events in Villach September 2-6.

SEPTEMBER 19–OCTOBER 31, STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL, Graz. With world premieres of *Die Rattenfanger,* by Friedrich Cerha, a co-production with the Vienna Staatsoper; *Tantzschul,* by Mauricio Kagel, produced by the Grand Opera de Paris; and *Die Suchtigen,* by G. M. Hoffmann.

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

BELGIUM

APRIL 24–MAY 10 AND JUNE 26–JULY 12, LA MONNAIE OPERA SEASON, Brussels. The last two operas of the first season for La Monnaie after extensive renovation will be Verdi's *Traviata* and *Falstaff*, both in new productions.

MAY–NOVEMBER, FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS, various cities. Two series of concerts by visiting orchestras are planned. In May the Polish Classical Philharmonic, the Concertgebouw Orchestra, and the Bamberger Symphony will be among those performing; in September and October the roster will include the Vienna Philharmonic, the Vienna Symphony, the Israel Philharmonic, the London Symphony, the City of Birmingham Symphony, the Philharmonia Orchestra of London, and the Leningrad Philharmonic. Also, a contemporary-music program in May, an antique-music program in July and August, and dance and film festivals in October.

Performers in the Folklore Festival at Straznice, Czechoslovakia

MAY 4–JUNE 11, QUEEN ELISABETH COMPETITION FOR PIANISTS, Brussels.

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.

BULGARIA

MAY 24–JUNE 20, SOFIA MUSIC WEEKS. The guests include the Cracow Philharmonic, the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, and various chamber groups and soloists.

For information: Bulgarian Tourist Office, 161 E. 86th St., New York, NY 10028. (212) 722-1110.

CYPRUS

JUNE 6-8, CATACLYSMOS, seaside towns. In all the harbors of Cyprus colorful street fairs commemorate the salvation of the biblical Noah and the mythical Deukalion—both survivors of Great Floods. Folk songs are sung, folk dances are danced, there are boat races and swimming competitions, and people throw water on each other, in a cheerful rite of purification.

For information: Cyprus Tourism Organization, 13 E. 40th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 213-9100.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

MAY 12–JUNE 1, PRAGUE SPRING. The Leningrad Philharmonic, the Bavarian Radio Symphony, Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, the Ballet du XXe Siecle, and the Tchaikovsky Ballet of Perm will be among the guests. Every afternoon (except the first) and evening there's at least one performance.

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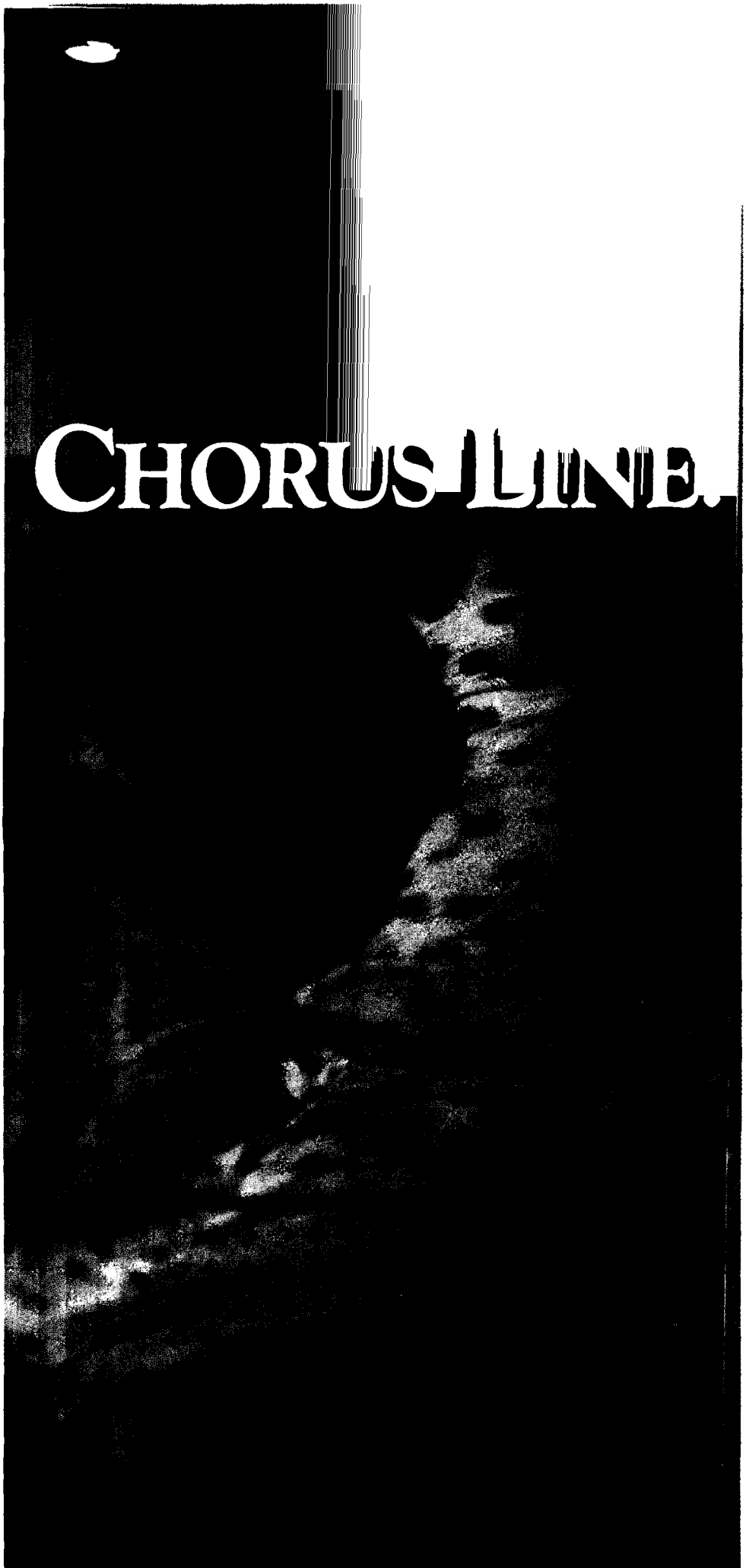

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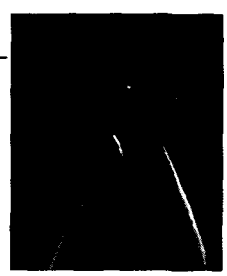

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EUROPE

JUNE 26-28, FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, Straznice. International songs and dances.

For information: Czechoslovak Travel & Hotel Corporation, 10 E. 40th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 689-9720.

DENMARK

MAY 15-23, DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL, Copenhagen. This festival was annual from 1950 to 1973. At last a 25th edition is being held—just in time for the 200th anniversary of the Royal Theatre premiere of the oldest preserved ballet known, *The Whims of Cupid and the Ballet Master,* and also the 150th of *La Sylphide* at the Royal Theatre. Both works will be presented, as will, at the opposite end of the temporal scale, works by Christopher Bruce and Alvin Ailey. The choreography of John Neumeier will be featured, in two ballets danced by his own Hamburg Opera Ballet and two by the Royal Danish Ballet.

JULY 3-12, COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL. Two to three dozen performances, in all styles, every day—many of them outdoors and free.

JULY 4, REBILDFEST, Aalborg. The 75th year of U.S. Independence Day celebrations at Rebild National Park.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FINLAND

JULY 3–AUGUST 2, SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL. In the courtyard of the medieval castle of Olavinlinna the resident company will perform Verdi's *Aida,* Sallinen's *King Goes Forth to France,* and Mozart's *Magic Flute;* the Estonia Theatre will perform Bizet's *Carmen* and Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina;* and the Finns and the Estonians will combine forces on Mahler's Symphony of a Thousand.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FRANCE

MAY 25–JUNE 7, FRENCH OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Paris. At Stade Roland Garros, 128 men and 128 women will compete in a Grand Slam tournament.

JULY 4-27, FESTIVAL DE LA CITE, Carcassonne. This orgy of music, theater, and dance at the town's medieval citadel peaks on July 14, Bastille Day: celebrants sing and dance in the streets, and fireworks light up the sky and the city's 50 or so towers.

JULY 9-19, GRANDE PARADE DU JAZZ, Nice. In a phrase, Europe's biggest jazz festival. The program will be available in May or June.

JULY 9–AUGUST 6, FESTIVAL D'AVIGNON. The population of Avignon, in Provence, doubles during the summertime avant-garde arts festival. The focus is theater, though there's quite a lot of music and dance as well.

JULY 26, FINISH OF THE TOUR DE FRANCE, Paris. The renowned bicycle race will start in West Berlin this year and proceed, as ever, to the Champs Elysees.

OCTOBER 4, PRIX DE L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE, Paris. The prestigious horse race, at Longchamp.

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

EAST GERMANY

THROUGH DECEMBER 31, 750TH ANNIVERSARY OF BERLIN. Including a special edition of the annual autumn Berlin Festival, September 25–October 25. The Bolshoi Theatre, the Opera of Bologna, the Philharmonia Orchestra of London, the Bavarian State Opera, the Peking Music Theater, the Yomiuri Nippon Symphony, the Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Belgian National Opera, and the Piccolo Teatro di Milano will be among the guests.

For information: Embassy of the German Democratic Republic, 1717 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036. (202) 232-3134.

WEST GERMANY

THROUGH DECEMBER 31, 750TH ANNIVERSARY OF BERLIN. What's actually being commemorated, it seems, is the first written reference to Berlin.

Through September 13, International Building Exhibition. Including museum exhibits and tours of new showcase architectural projects.

April 25–May 2, Weekend of Fine Arts, and

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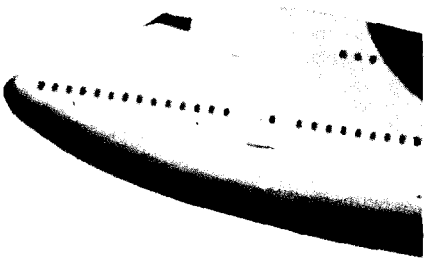

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Opening Cycle of Concerts. The unveiling of various visual-arts exhibits; the official opening of the celebration, on April 30; and three concerts, with the Berlin Philharmonic on May 1 and the Los Angeles Philharmonic on May 1 and 2.

May 31–June 7, German Gymnastics Festival. Some 60,000 athletes will take part.

June 13–September 12, The Myth of Berlin Exhibition. An outdoor exhibition at the site of the Anhalter Bahnhof: a locomotive turned on its back, "video gravestones," and the reception of a satellite impulse, among other things that represent various personages' conceptions of the stereotypes and myths associated with the city.

July 2, Start of the Tour de France.

July 15–August 30, Historical Fair. A large old-fashioned carnival, in Tiergarten park.

July 25-26, Berlin Regatta. Boats decorated by painters and sculptors, boats serving as floating stages for musicians and theater groups, and historical boats—some normally on view in museums—all cruising the city's rivers and canals.

August 7-29, SternStunden. Historical pageants, on the weekends, focusing on four grand periods in Berlin's history. At Tiergarten park.

August 30, Japanese Fireworks Display. The work of a year and a half by 20 Japanese fireworks craftsmen will be shot off in an hour and a half, at Tempelhof airfield.

September 1-27, Berlin Festival of the Arts. Starting with Mahler's Symphony of a Thousand, and proceeding to the world premieres of works commissioned for the celebration. Many of the other performances, by the Berlin Philharmonic, the Orchestre de Paris, the Philharmonia Orchestra of London, the Concertgebouw Orchestra, and additional groups, will present the work of "exiled" composers—those who were forced to emigrate from Berlin in the 1930s.

September 10–November 3, Berlin Hosts the World. The city will host (in addition to the orchestras participating in the Berlin Festival) the Israel Philharmonic, Israel's National Theater Habimah, the Vienna State Opera, the Royal Theatre of Brussels, La Scala, the Royal Ballet Covent Garden, and other groups.

October 28, Music Festival. The opening of Berlin's new Chamber Music Hall, and a concluding cycle of concerts.

For more information: (800) 237-5469.

JUNE 12–SEPTEMBER 20, DOCUMENTA, Kassel. A sweeping survey of contemporary—not to say avant-garde—visual arts, presented every five years.

JUNE 20–JULY 5, KIEL WEEK AND WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS IN SAILING. June 20-27, the prestigious Kiel Week races for all the Olympic one-design classes and for sailboards. June 26–July 5, the championships for the Soling, Tornado, 470 Men's and Women's, Finn, and Flying Dutchman classes.

JULY 6-31, MUNICH OPERA FESTIVAL. A new production of Verdi's *Falstaff* and works by Wagner, Puccini, Mozart, Strauss, Reimann, and Orff.

SEPTEMBER 19–OCTOBER 4, OKTOBERFEST, Munich. Beer, sausage, *gemuetlichkeit*, and *oompah-pah!*

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

At the Swiss Federal Yodeling Festival

GREECE

JUNE–SEPTEMBER, ATHENS FESTIVAL. The draw is ancient drama, presented in the ancient Herod Atticus amphitheater, at the foot of the Acropolis.

For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

ICELAND

SEPTEMBER, RETTIR, rural Iceland. The million sheep and many thousands of horses that have been grazing in the open all summer are driven into huge circular pens, where they can be sorted according to owner. Icelandic farmers turn this chore into a community celebration.

For information: Iceland Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

IRELAND

JUNE 16, BLOOMSDAY, Dublin. James Joyce fans wend their way along the route that took *Ulysses*'s Leonard Bloom a long day to complete.

JUNE 27, BUDWEISER IRISH DERBY, Curragh. The new incarnation of the Irish Sweeps, and the richest horse race in Europe.

SEPTEMBER 25-27, GALWAY OYSTER FESTIVAL. The city celebrates the beginning of the shellfish season with oyster-shucking championships and other lighthearted fun.

OCTOBER 21–NOVEMBER 1, WEXFORD FESTIVAL OPERA. The specialty is rarely performed works.

OCTOBER 23-26, GUINNESS JAZZ FESTIVAL, Cork. A great outpouring of jazz, in all styles, everywhere.

For information: Irish Tourist Board, 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 418-0800.

ITALY

APRIL 28–JUNE 30, MAGGIO MUSICALE FIORENTINO, Florence. The BBC Symphony, the Munich Philharmonic, and other groups, and a number of well-known soloists will be on hand for the 50th edition of Italy's most prestigious performing-arts festival. Anthony Burgess's musical *Blooms of Dublin*, and Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, Strauss's *Capriccio*, the Monteverdi/Henze *Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*, and Purcell's *Fairy Queen* are on the program.

JUNE 24–JULY 12, SPOLETO FESTIVAL. Now GianCarlo Menotti's festival empire encompasses Melbourne, Australia, as well as Charleston, South Carolina, and Spoleto, where it all began. Properly speaking, the event in each city is a Festival of Three Worlds. In Spoleto this year's operas will be Wagner's *Parsifal*, Graun's *Montezuma*, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, Honegger's *Roi David*, and Reimann's *Gespenstersonate*. The Stuttgart and Basel ballets will be among the dance groups. Also, concerts, plays, films, and art exhibitions.

LATE JUNE–MID-SEPTEMBER, BIENNALE ART EXHIBITION, Venice. A prestigious international survey of contemporary art.

AUGUST 29–SEPTEMBER 6, WORLD TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Rome.

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

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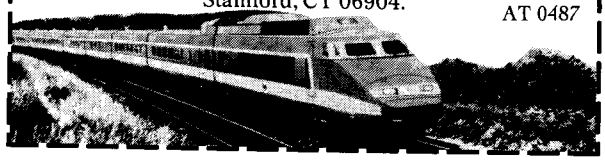

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EUROPE

LUXEMBOURG

MAY 30–JULY 3, ECHTERNACH FESTIVAL. Soloists and groups perform in the impressive settings of the Basilica, the Abbey, and the old church of Sts. Peter and Paul.

For information: Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-9850.

MONACO

JULY 21–AUGUST 18, INTERNATIONAL FIREWORKS FESTIVAL. Shows on July 21 and 25 and August 4, 11, and 18, over the harbor. Entries from countries on several continents will compete.

For information: Monaco Government Tourist and Convention Bureau, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.

NETHERLANDS

THROUGH DECEMBER 31, AMSTERDAM CULTURAL CAPITAL OF EUROPE. Each year the EEC designates a Cultural Capital, which is pleased to respond with a copious program of special events. Among Amsterdam's plans for its year in the limelight:

June 1-30, Holland Festival. A special edition of this annual arts festival (which extends beyond Amsterdam to The Hague and Rotterdam) will aim, ambitiously enough, to survey the performing arts of all Europe. The operas and operettas scheduled include Mozart's *Finta giardiniera*, Zemlinsky's *Florentinische Tragodie* and *Zwerg*, Puccini's *Rondine*, and Strauss's *Fledermaus*. Also, concerts by the Concertgebouw Orchestra and chamber groups, and dance performances.

June–December, 100 Years of Amusement in Holland. When the circus comes to town here, it comes to the Carre Theater, which happens to be celebrating its centennial. It will host a long season of circuses and circus attractions from nations around the world.

June 10-14, Art-RAI Exhibition. A contemporary-art fair, by 25 Dutch galleries and 25 galleries from other European countries, at the RAI Exhibition Center.

July 1-21, Summer Festival. Some 50 music, theater, dance, and mime groups will perform, indoors and outdoors, in an informal festival whose motto is "Language No Problem."

July–August, Summer Program of Contemporary Music. Outdoor performances.

July–August, Century '87 and All Eyes on Amsterdam Exhibits. The former exhibit will consist of environmental art at historic sites. In the latter the Belgian artist Bert de Keyser will place frames at appropriate locations around the city to capture scenes that Rembrandt painted, drew, and etched.

September 10-22, Cinema Europe. Screenings of the "top 40" post-war European films, and films by young European directors.

October 2–January 3, Our Masters of Landscape Exhibit. Landscapes by 17th-century masters of the art, at the Rijksmuseum.

October 17-23, October Jazz Festival. European and American musicians will experiment together at sessions (open to the public) during the day, and present the results at evening concerts.

November 1-10, Stage Door Festival. About a dozen theater groups from a similar number of nations will perform.

November 19-30, International Puppet Theater Festival. The work of 10 leading traditional-puppetry groups from nations around the world will be presented. An associated puppetry exhibition, at the Royal Tropical Museum, will open at the same time and run through 1988.

MAY 28-31, BREDA OLD-STYLE JAZZ FESTIVAL. The world's largest traditional-jazz gathering, and one of the best.

JULY 10-12, NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL, Scheveningen. Nearly a hundred performances each day, in all styles.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 576 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 370-7360.

NORWAY

JUNE 20-21, NORTH CAPE MARCH, Mageroya to the North Cape. If you kept going until the sun set, you'd be marching for weeks. So participants quit when they run out of land, after 42 miles. All finishers receive medals.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

POLAND

JULY 25–AUGUST 1, UNIVERSALA KONGRESO DE ESPERANTO, Warsaw. En 1987 la ciujara Universala Kongreso de Esperanto okazos en Varsovio, Pollando, hejmurbo de D-ro L. L. Zamenhof, kreinto

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EUROPE

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SEPTEMBER 1-10, WRATISLAWIA CANTANS, Wroclaw. Oratory cantatas.

OCTOBER 20-26, JAZZ JAMBOREE, Warsaw. With some 400 musicians.

For information about the Esperanto Congress: Esperanto League for North America, PO Box 1129, El Cerrito, CA 94530. (415) 653-0998.
For information about other events: Polish National Tourist Office, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601. (312) 236-9013.

PORTUGAL

JULY 5–AUGUST 15, COSTA DO ESTORIL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Classical-music concerts and so on, plus an open-air jazz series.

NOVEMBER 8-11, SAO MARTINHO FAIR, Golega. A renowned auction of Portuguese horses, plus displays of horsemanship, folk dancing, and fireworks.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.

SPAIN

JUNE 20–JULY 11, MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL, Granada. There are certainly places closer to home to hear Placido Domingo, a soloist on the festival's program this year. But who can imagine a more evocative setting than the Alhambra and the Generalife, where the concerts are held? The Orchestre de Paris and Vienna's Volksoper Ballet will be among the other guests.

JULY 6-14, SAN FERMIN FESTIVAL, Pamplona. The traditional daredevils' revel and running of the bulls.

AUGUST 1-31, SANTANDER MUSIC FESTIVAL. De Falla's *Atlantida* and Gluck's *Orpheus* will be presented. The Israel Philharmonic will be among the guest orchestras.

For information: National Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.

SWEDEN

JUNE 8–SEPTEMBER 3, DROTTNINGHOLM COURT THEATRE FESTIVAL, Stockholm. New productions of Gluck's *Paride ed Elena* and Mozart's

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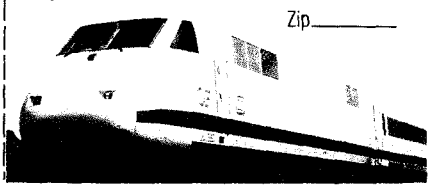

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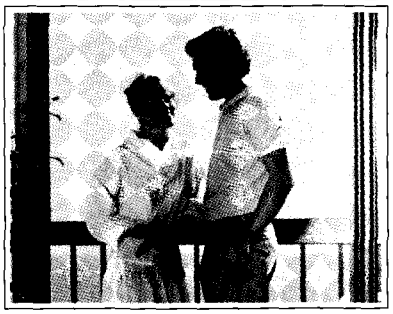

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EUROPE

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JULY 10-12, STANGASPELEN, Stanga. The annual Viking Olympics, on Gotland island. The games include *varpa*, which is something like horseshoes played with a 10-pound aluminum "stone"; *stangstortning*, which is much like the Scottish "tossing the caber" (in fact, the Stangaspelen and Scotland's Braemar Highland Gathering send athletes to each other's events); *park*, which is a bit like cricket, a bit like tennis, and a bit like soccer; leg-wrestling; and pillow-fighting on a suspended log.

For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

SWITZERLAND

JUNE 20–SEPTEMBER 30, THE GREAT THEATER OF THE WORLD PERFORMANCES, Einsiedeln. Annually since 1924 the townspeople have been staging this spiritual play, by Calderon de la Barca, in the great square in front of the monastery.

JUNE 26-28, SWISS FEDERAL YODELING FESTIVAL, Brig.

JULY 2-18, MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. The program will be available in late May.

AUGUST 17–SEPTEMBER 9, FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, Lucerne. The music of Ravel and Roussel, each of whom died 50 years ago, will be specially featured. Performances by the Israel Philharmonic, the National Orchestra of France, the Berlin Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the Orchestre de Paris, among other orchestras, and also chamber groups and soloists. The complete program will be available in early May.

AUGUST 25–OCTOBER 3, MONTREUX-VEVEY MUSIC FESTIVAL. With the Israel Philharmonic, the Prague Symphony, the Warsaw Symphony, the State Orchestra of Moscow, and an impressive roster of chamber groups and soloists.

For information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.

TURKEY

JUNE 15–JULY 31, ISTANBUL FESTIVAL. With orchestras including the Moscow Symphony and the Berlin Symphony (which will perform with the Istanbul State Opera Chorus); many chamber groups and soloists; Sankai Juku and other dance groups; jazz and pop musicians including Chick Corea and Gary Burton, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Ray Charles, Herbie Hancock, Sarah Vaughan, Joan Baez, and Tina Turner; and impressive programs of contemporary music, and folk music and dance, as well.

For information: Turkish Consulate General, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.

UNITED KINGDOM

MAY 22–JUNE 7, BATH FESTIVAL. The theme this year is the cultures of Italy and the USSR. Italian chamber groups, the Aterballetto contemporary dance company, and Teatro Gioca Vita, performing a 15th-century play with shadow puppets, will help realize the former part of that. Various Soviet musicians, including several presenting new Soviet music, will take care of the latter. Also, chamber music and recitals; Indian classical music and dance; jazz by artists including the Willem Breuker Kollektief and Hugh Masekela; and a contemporary-art fair on the first four days of the festival.

MAY 24–AUGUST 22, GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA. Opening with a new production of Verdi's *Traviata* and proceeding to Bizet's *Carmen*, Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, Strauss's *Capriccio*, new productions of Ravel's *Heure espagnole* and *Enfant et les sortileges* (in a double bill), and Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. Be advised that at Glyndebourne people wear black tie even for picnics on the lawn.

JUNE 22–JULY 5, LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Wimbledon. At the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, 128 men and 128 women will compete in a Grand Slam tournament.

JULY 16-19, BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Muirfield. The 116th edition.

JULY 30–AUGUST 8, MUMM ADMIRAL'S CUP YACHTING SERIES, Cowes. The big-boat championships.

AUGUST 9-31, EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. The Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama, which is the cornerstone of the Edinburgh Festival edifice, has taken the USSR as its theme this year (1987 marks the

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EUROPE

70th anniversary of the October Revolution): the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra and the actors of the Gorky Theater of Leningrad will be among the guests. Also, a highly various world-theater season, the Pittsburgh Symphony in residence, and performances by the National Opera and Ballet Company of Finland. The Edinburgh Book Festival runs August 8-23. The Edinburgh Jazz Festival—one of Europe's top traditional-jazz events—runs August 15-22. There's also a film festival, a TV festival, a splendiferous Military Tattoo (with guest bands from as far away as California and New Zealand), and, of course, the Festival Fringe, which is famed as the world's largest and most various celebration of the arts.

SEPTEMBER 5, BRAEMAR ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING. The Cowal Highland Gathering (August 28-29 this year) is bigger, but this is the one the Queen attends—not to mention a contingent of Gotlanders on exchange from Sweden's Viking Olympics.

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 West 7th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.

USSR

JUNE 21-29, WHITE NIGHTS, Leningrad. This is almost midnight-sun country. Leningrad celebrates the solstice with performances by various groups at the Kirov and Maly opera-and-ballet theaters.

SEPTEMBER 10-20, TASHKENT GOLDEN AUTUMN. Performances by the Bakhor Folk Dance Company, the Liazgi Song and Dance Company, and other groups.

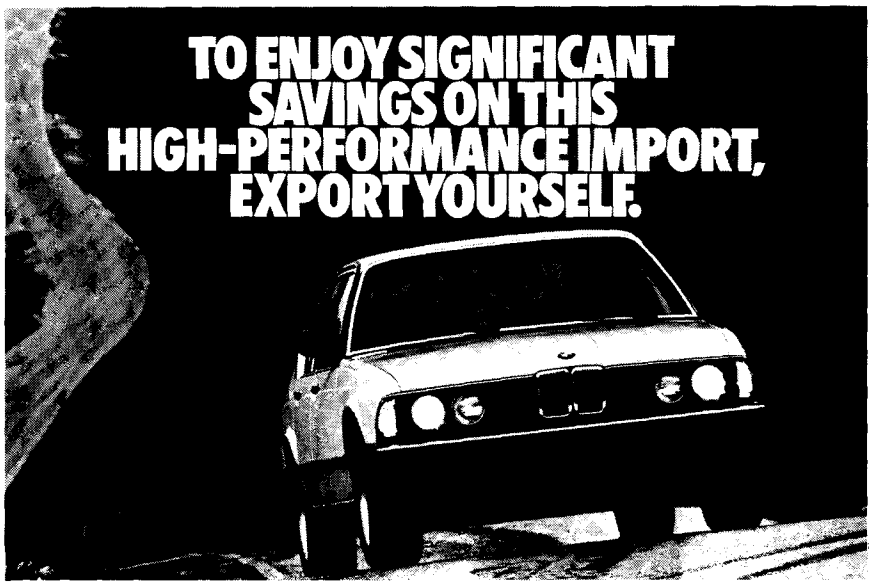
For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.

YUGOSLAVIA

JULY 10–AUGUST 25, DUBROVNIK SUMMER FESTIVAL. More than a hundred performances in the classical and folk arts, on 45 outdoor stages.

OCTOBER 7-19, BELGRADE MUSIC FESTIVAL. The Modern Ballet Theater of Leningrad and the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Leipzig are on the program this year.

For information: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-2801.



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CANADA

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ATLANTIC PROVINCES

JUNE 23–SEPTEMBER 5, CHARLOTTETOWN FESTIVAL, PEI. A music-theater series. Year after year people come back to see *Ann of Green Gables*, based on the novel by Lucy Maud Montgomery. For the full program or tickets: (902) 566-1267 or, from May 1 on, (800) 565-0278.

JUNE 27–AUGUST 8, INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS, throughout NS. The events begin with the Nova Scotia Tattoo, in which military and civilian performers sing, dance, and march together, for six days in Halifax. Then there will be 43 clan get-togethers and dozens of other events, such as Highland games meets, a fishermen's regatta, and Scottish concerts and dances. The ceremonies to close the Gathering will be held at St. Ann's, on Cape Breton, on the last day of that town's week-long Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod.

JULY 2-13, BAROQUE MUSIC FESTIVAL, Lameque, NB. Performers from near and far, in a church whose acoustics are splendidly suitable.

JULY 7-12, SHEDIAC LOBSTER FESTIVAL, NB. An enthusiastic and popular community celebration.

JULY 19-25, SAINT JOHN LOYALIST DAYS, NB. In celebration of the founding of Saint John, concerts and other entertainment, parades, and a re-enactment of the landing of the Loyalists.

AUGUST 5, ST. JOHN'S REGATTA, NF. This rowing competition on Quidi Vidi Lake is North America's oldest annual sporting event.

AUGUST 5-8, TYNE VALLEY OYSTER FESTIVAL, PEI. Including the Canadian Oyster Shucking Championships.

For information: Tourism New Brunswick, PO Box 12345, Fredericton, NB, Canada E3B 5C3. (800) 561-0123.

Newfoundland Tourism Branch, PO Box 2016, St. John's, NF, Canada A1C 5R8. (800) 563-6353.

Nova Scotia Dept. of Tourism, PO Box 130, Halifax, NS, Canada B3J 2M7. (902) 424-5000.

Prince Edward Island Visitor Services Division, PO Box 940, Charlottetown, PEI, Canada C1A 7M5. (902) 892-2457.

QUEBEC

MAY 22–NOVEMBER 8, LEONARDO DA VINCI EXHIBIT, Montreal. Manuscripts and drawings, and full-scale realizations of some of da Vinci's inventions, at the Museum of Fine Arts.

MAY 26–JUNE 7, THEATER FESTIVAL OF THE AMERICAS, Montreal. Nearly 20 plays from nearly as many countries in the Western Hemisphere. Tickets will go on sale in May. For the program or tickets: (514) 842-0704.

MAY 30–JUNE 20, BENSON & HEDGES FIREWORKS COMPETITION, Montreal. Pyrotechnic firms from around the world will compete in both "classical" and "pyro-musical" events.

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JUNE 4–SEPTEMBER 20, THE ART OF NEW TECHNOLOGY EXHIBIT, Montreal. A huge exhibition of computer imagery, at the Marine Terminal Louis Jolliet in the city's old port.

JUNE 26–JULY 5, MONTREAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Some 1,000 musicians, from 15 countries and playing all styles of jazz, will perform on three outdoor stages and in various indoor venues. The program will be available in May. For the program or tickets: (514) 289-9472.

JULY 9-19, JUST FOR LAUGHS FESTIVAL, Montreal. Comics from the U.K., the U.S., Australia, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Italy, as well as Canada. The program will be available in late June. For the program or tickets: (514) 845-3155.

JULY 9-19, QUEBEC SUMMER FESTIVAL, Quebec City. North America's largest francophone cultural event, in the streets and parks of Old Quebec.

AUGUST 8-16, PLAYER'S INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Montreal. The Canadian men's championship. To reserve tickets: (514) 273-1515.

SEPTEMBER 27, MONTREAL MARATHON.

For information: Quebec Government House, 17 W. 50th St., New York, NY 10020-2201. (800) 443-7000.

ONTARIO

APRIL 24–MAY 15, GUELPH SPRING FESTIVAL. With Mozart's *Finta giardiniera,* the 1987 National Vocal Competitions, and performances by various groups and soloists. For the program or tickets: (800) 265-7279.

APRIL 29–OCTOBER 18, SHAW FESTIVAL, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Plays by George Bernard Shaw and his contemporaries. On this year's program are *Major Barbara, Fanny's First Play, Augustus Does His Bit,* Noel Coward's *Hay Fever,* J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan,* and Cole Porter's musical *Anything Goes.* For the program or tickets: (416) 468-2172.

JUNE 1–NOVEMBER 1, STRATFORD FESTIVAL. The festival will open with the musical *Cabaret* and continue with Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage,* Richard Sheridan's *School for Scandal,* and Shakespeare's *Othello* and *Much Ado About Nothing.* For the program or tickets: (519) 273-1600.

AUGUST 15-23, PLAYER'S CHALLENGE TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Toronto. The Canadian women's championship. To reserve tickets: (416) 665-9777.

AUGUST 19–SEPTEMBER 7, CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Toronto. Canada's oldest and largest annual fair.

OCTOBER 9-17, OKTOBERFEST, Kitchener and Waterloo. North America's largest Bavarian festival.

For information: Ontario Travel, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ont., Canada M7A 2E5. (800) 268-3735.

MANITOBA & SASKATCHEWAN

MAY 6-10, SWAN LAKE PERFORMANCES, Winnipeg, Man. A new production of Tchaikovsky's ballet, by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Evelyn Hart will dance the principal role for some performances. For tickets: (204) 956-0183.

MAY 13-16, KINSMEN BAND FESTIVAL, Moose Jaw, Sask. More than 100 pipe-and-drum, marching, stage, and brass-and-reed bands, plus 50 choral groups.

JULY 3–AUGUST 23, SHAKESPEARE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN, Saskatoon. Performances of *Othello* and *Twelfth Night* in a festival tent on the riverbank. For tickets: (306) 652-7155.

JULY 30–AUGUST 2, NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL, Dauphin, Man. Everyone's favorite is the grandstand shows, featuring Canada's National Riding and Dancing Cossacks and Company, and traditional musicians.

JULY 31–AUGUST 3, PIONEER DAYS, Steinbach, Man. The Mennonite village just north of Steinbach (and less than an hour's drive from Winnipeg) is a living museum, complete with a working windmill. During this annual festival the local people demonstrate traditional skills, such as butter-making and threshing with old-time steam engines, and serve all their traditional foods.

AUGUST 9-16, INTERNATIONAL SOFTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP, Saskatoon, Sask. The men's world fast-pitch championship.

For information: Travel Manitoba, Dept. 7249, Winnipeg, Man., Canada R3C 3H8. (800) 665-0040.

Saskatchewan Tourism, 2103 11th Ave., Regina, Sask., Canada S4P 3V7. (800) 667-7191.

ALBERTA & BRITISH COLUMBIA

JULY 3-12, CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE, Alta. Canada's number-one rodeo, according to the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, which judges by prize money (as cowboys do).

AUGUST 15-23, THE FRINGE THEATRE EVENT, Edmonton, Alta. A potluck of more than 100 plays, plus music, drama, and dance. The program will be available locally about a week ahead of time, and tickets will be available on the spot.

AUGUST 22–SEPTEMBER 7, PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Vancouver, BC. Each year well over a million people turn out for this fair.

SEPTEMBER 9-13, CALGARY SPRUCE MEADOWS MASTERS TOURNAMENT, Alta. This is North America's largest horse-industry trade fair; the public is cordially welcomed to events such as the show-jumping competitions.

LATE OCTOBER, GOLD STREAM SALMON RUN, Victoria, BC. The natural spectacle of salmon coming upstream to spawn and die can be witnessed at Gold Stream Provincial Park.

For information: Travel Alberta, 10025 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada T5J 3Z3. (800) 661-8888.

Tourism British Columbia, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, BC, Canada V8W 2Z2. (604) 387-1642.

NWT & THE YUKON

JUNE 19, MIDNIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENT, Yellowknife, NWT. Teeing off at midnight.

JUNE 20-21, FOLK ON THE ROCKS, Yellowknife, NWT. Open-air entertainment by Inuit and Dene performers, and folk musicians from more southerly climes.

JULY 1, YUKON GOLD PANNING CHAMPIONSHIP, Dawson City. Residents compete in the eponymous competition; visitors compete for the Cheechako Award.

For information: TravelArctic, Government of the Northwest Territories, Yellowknife, NWT, Canada X1A 2L9. (403) 873-7200.

Tourism Yukon, PO Box 2703, Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada Y1A 2C6. (403) 667-5340.

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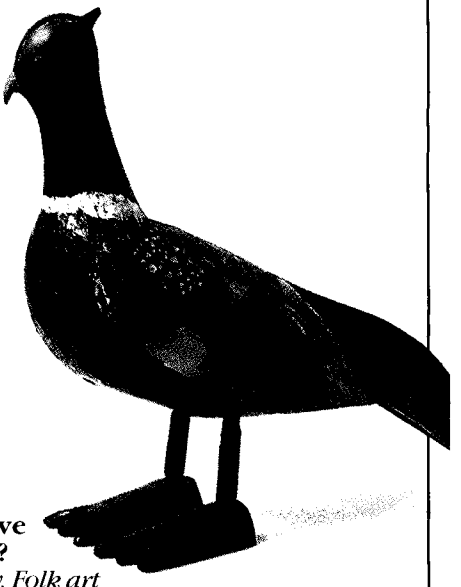

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THE UNITED STATES

NEW ENGLAND

APRIL 9-12, VERMONT MAPLE FESTIVAL, St. Albans. The 20th annual. (802) 524-5800.

APRIL 20, BOSTON MARATHON, Mass. The 90th running. (617) 536-4100.

MAY 16–JUNE 6, PRE-OLYMPIC SAILING TRIALS AND BRENTON REEF SERIES, Marblehead, Mass., and Newport, RI. Marblehead will host the trials for the Finn boat class May 16-22. Newport will host the trials for the 470 Men and Women, Tornado, Flying Dutchman, and Division II Sailboard classes May 22-29, and the Brenton Reef big-boat series (trials for the English Admiral's Cup series) May 29–June 6. (401) 849-5200.

JUNE 21–AUGUST 31, BERKSHIRE SUMMER ARTS FESTIVAL, Mass. Here's a quick tour of the highlights.

June 21–August 30, Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Becket. Performances by the Pilobolus, Mark Morris, Paul Taylor, Hubbard Street, and Merce Cunningham dance companies, and an African dance series with performers from the Gambia, Ghana, Swaziland, and the Congo. Also, a Sunday jazz series. (413) 243-0745.

June 25–August 23, Williamstown Theatre Festival. (413) 597-3377 or, after June 6, (413) 597-3400.

June 29–August 29, Berkshire Theatre Festival, Stockbridge. American plays. (413) 298-5536 or, after May 31, (413) 298-5576.

July 3–August 30, Tanglewood Music Festival, Lenox. A celebration on July 4 will kick off the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 50th summer series in the Berkshires. Among the soloists this year will be Midori, Jessye Norman, Itzhak Perlman, and James Galway, and the guest conductors will include Leonard Bernstein and Charles Dutoit. (617) 266-1492 or, after June 2, (413) 637-1940.

July 5–August 31, Shakespeare & Company, Lenox. The 10th season of outdoor performances at The Mount, Edith Wharton's mansion in the Berkshires. (413) 637-1197 or, after June 15, (413) 637-3353.

July 8–August 23, The Music Theatre Group at Lenox Arts Center, Stockbridge. Experimental works. (212) 924-3108 or, after June 15, (413) 298-9463.

July 21–August 16, Berkshire Festival Opera, Lenox. Mozart's *Finta giardiniera* and Britten's *Albert Herring*—with dinner offered during the intermission, and dancing to a jazz quartet after the final curtain. (413) 243-1343.

For information on all events: (413) 443-9186.

At San Diego's Old Globe Theatre

JULY 31–AUGUST 2, THE MAINE LOBSTER FESTIVAL, Rockland. The state's original celebration of the crustacean. (207) 596-0376.

SEPTEMBER 11-13, NORWALK SEAPORT OYSTER FESTIVAL, Conn. The largest waterfront festival on Long Island Sound. (203) 866-0184.

SEPTEMBER 12-17, MALLORY CUP SERIES, Marion, Mass. The U.S. men's sailing championship. (401) 849-5200.

SEPTEMBER 18-20, COMMON GROUND COUNTRY FAIR, Windsor, Maine. Something like what would happen if *The Whole Earth Catalog* came to life, moved to Maine, and made a bunch of friends. (207) 622-3118.

SEPTEMBER 19–NOVEMBER 15, AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS, 1830–1930, EXHIBIT, Hartford, Conn. More than 100 paintings and sculptures, at the Wadsworth Atheneum. (203) 278-2670.

OCTOBER 2-9, ROLEX WOMEN'S KEELBOAT CHAMPIONSHIP, Newport, RI. The U.S. women's sailing championship. (401) 849-5200.

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OCTOBER 10-11, WARNER FALL FOLIAGE FESTIVAL, NH. Contests, food, and entertainment, all rural New England style, against the backdrop of the Mink Hills and Mount Kearsarge. Profits from the festival support community improvement. (603) 456-2477.

MID-ATLANTIC

THROUGH DECEMBER 31, WE THE PEOPLE 200, Philadelphia, Pa. Among the blessings of liberty secured for posterity:

Through December 31, Miracle at Philadelphia Exhibit. Charles Wilson Peale's portraits of Constitutional Convention delegates, audio-visual and slide shows, and many historical documents, including Benjamin Franklin's copy of the Constitution, at the Second Bank of the United States building.

April 2–December 20, Philadelphia Orchestra Constitutional Commissions. Four new works in this series of six remain to be presented. A Sinfonia Concertante by Ralph Shapey, *Invisible Cities,* by Stanley Walden, an orchestral work by Steven Stucky, and a work for chamber orchestra by Nicholas Thorne will be given their world premieres on April 2, October 8, October 29, and December 18; there will be two or three additional performances of each work. For the program or tickets: (215) 893-1930.

May 1–December 1, Magna Carta Exhibit. The centerpiece will be one of 17 existing original copies of the document. This copy happens to be annotated by King Edward I and owned by H. Ross Perot. At Old City Hall.

May 13, Opening of A Promise of Permanency. A new permanent exhibit, at whose 16 computer stations visitors will have the opportunity to test themselves on, and learn about, Constitutional law. At the Independence National Historical Park Visitor Center.

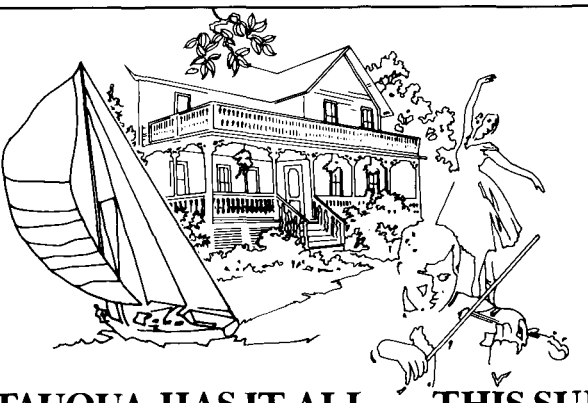
May 22-25, All Roads Lead to Philadelphia. Starting with a large outdoor concert; continuing with the 1787 Festival, consisting largely of simulations of life in those days; and concluding with ceremonies commemorating the opening session of the Constitutional Convention.

June 25-26, Political Humor Around the World. A symposium, which will culminate in a marathon performance by the invited humorists.

July 3-5, Freedom Festival. An elaborate Independence Day celebration.

July 16, Anniversary of the Great Compromise. The 100th Congress will convene a special session, in Philadelphia, on this day.

July 19–November 7, Alliance in the Park.



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August 7-16, Only in America. A festival-within-the-festival, comprising five outdoor concerts of American music, an ethnic American theater series, a street fair, and an exhibition of contemporary sculpture at the Independence National Historical Park.

August 22-23, Maritime America and the Seafood Festival. Along Philadelphia's riverfronts.

September 9–October 11, International Music Theater Festival. The first production of Lerner and Weill's *Love Life* since 1948; a Brazilian production of *Black Orpheus,* with music by Antonio Carlos Jobim; the dance-opera *Nodiho,* by Mwenzo Africa, from Zaire; and the premieres of *Around the World in 80 Days* with a score by Ray Davies, Harry Partch's *Revelations in the Courthouse Park,* and Ryuichi Sakamoto's *Eastern Spaghetti,* among other works. For the program or tickets: (215) 988-9050.

September 16-20, Stars and Stripes Forever. The score of this revue, choreographed for the Pennsylvania Ballet, is derived from the work of American composers—including a string quartet by Benjamin Franklin.

September 17, Constitution Day. The parade scheduled for this day, in the spiritual if not always literal footsteps of the Grand Federal Procession through Philadelphia in 1788, is planned to be the largest ever in the U.S.

September 22, Duality: The Struggle Continues. A symposium on the evolution of the status of American blacks.

For information on all events: (800) 523-2004.

APRIL 4–JUNE 21, IMPRESSIONIST AND POST-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECES EXHIBIT, New York, NY. Four dozen paintings from London's Courtauld Institute of Art, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (212) 879-5500.

APRIL 10–JUNE 14, AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS, 1830–1930, EXHIBIT, Washington, DC. The inaugural exhibition at the new National Museum of Women in the Arts will consist of more than 100 paintings and sculptures. To celebrate its opening, the museum will also present the premiere of a work for soprano, two pianos, and orchestra by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, and series of lectures and seminars. (202) 337-2615.

APRIL 10–JUNE 28, BIENNIAL EXHIBITION, New York, NY. An always controversial showcase for absolutely contemporary work in the visual arts, at the Whitney Museum of American Art. (212) 570-3600.

APRIL 10–SEPTEMBER 30, 1988, THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT EXHIBIT, Washington, DC. Documents, photographs, and video presentations pertaining to "Living With the Constitution," at the National Archives—where, of course, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence are permanently on display. September 13-17, during Constitution Week, the National Archives will be open for 87 hours straight. (202) 523-3216.

APRIL 25, SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, Washington, DC. The one day of the year when the public is welcomed into the reading room of the Folger Shakespeare Library, which has the world's largest collection of first editions. There will be children's activities, too. (202) 544-7077.

MAY 9-16, PREAKNESS FESTIVAL WEEK, Baltimore, Md. The Preakness itself will be run on May 16. (301) 837-4636.

MAY 16-17, NINTH AVENUE FESTIVAL, New York, NY. An outdoor event boasting a mile of international food stalls, from 35th to 57th streets. (212) 581-7217.

JUNE 5-21, THREE RIVERS ARTS FESTIVAL, Pittsburgh, Pa. Including the world premiere, on June 5, and an additional performance, on June 6, of *Just Above My Head,* a jazz opera composed by Nathan Davis, and based on James Baldwin's eponymous book. (412) 481-7040.

JUNE 7, BELMONT STAKES, Elmont, NY. (718) 641-4700.

EARLY JUNE–EARLY SEPTEMBER, SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER SEASON, NY. June 17-21 the New York City Opera will perform Puccini's *Tosca* and *Boheme.* June 27-28 the Newport Jazz Festival will present music continuously from noon to midnight. July 7-25 the New York City Ballet is scheduled. July 29–August 15 there will be concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and also the Twilight Chamber Series, with guests including Yo-Yo Ma and Itzhak Perlman. (518) 584-9330.

JUNE 27–AUGUST 29, THE SEASON AT CHAUTAUQUA, NY. This lakeside Victorian community offers, by day, a challenging series of lectures and conferences. These will include the Chautauqua Conference on the American Constitution, June 28–July 4, with Edwin Meese as the keynote speaker; and a series on the 1988 elections, August 16-22, including lectures by Ben Wattenberg and John Kenneth Galbraith. The evenings are given over to ballet, opera, and concerts—by everyone from the resident orchestra to the Oak Ridge Boys. (716) 357-6200.

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JUNE 28–SEPTEMBER 1, GLIMMERGLASS OPERA FESTIVAL, Cooperstown, NY. The inaugural season in the new Alice Busch Theater, with productions of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* June 28–July 12, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance* July 23–August 6, and Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* August 21–September 1. (607) 547-5704.

JULY 23-26, U.S. WOMEN'S OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Plainfield, NJ. Amateur and professional golfers. (201) 234-2300.

AUGUST 22–SEPTEMBER 27, MARYLAND RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL, Crownsville. Six successive weekends of fairs, in the state whose official sport is jousting. (301) 266-7304.

SEPTEMBER 1-13, U.S. OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Flushing Meadow, NY. At the USTA National Tennis Center, 128 men and 128 women will compete in a Grand Slam tournament. (212) 302-3322.

SEPTEMBER 6, NATIONAL FRISBEE FESTIVAL, Washington, DC. A non-competitive congress of human and canine Frisbee-flingers, on the National Mall. (301) 843-1800.

NOVEMBER 1, NEW YORK MARATHON, NY. (212) 397-8200.

SOUTHEAST

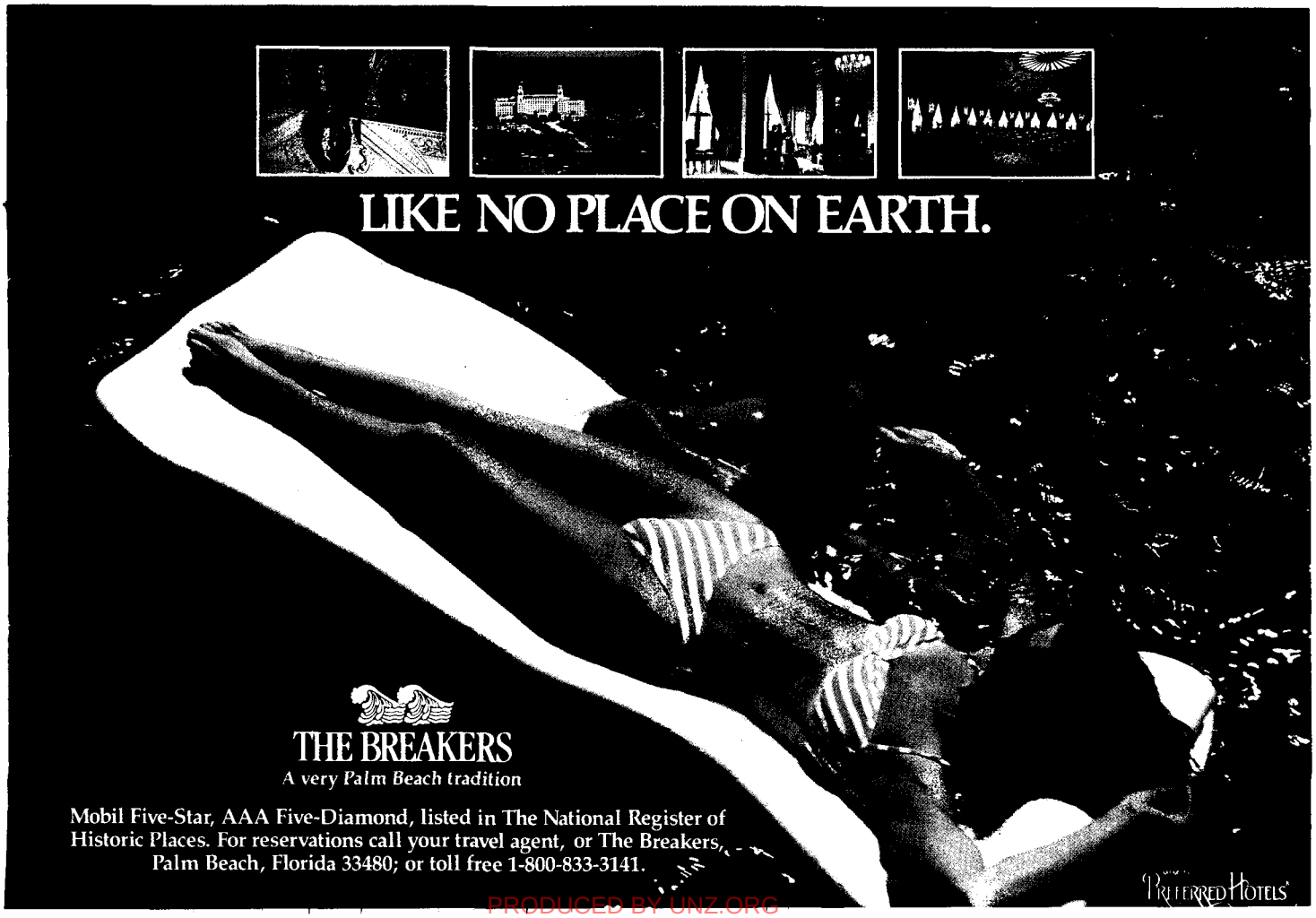
THROUGH AUGUST 16, ALABAMA SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Montgomery. Athol Fugard's *"Master Harold" and the Boys*, Shaw's *Misalliance*, Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, *Tempest*, and *Othello*, George Kaufman and Edna Ferber's *Royal Family*, and Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. (205) 277-2273.

APRIL 3-5, RE-ENACTMENT OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH, Tenn. Commemorating the 125th anniversary of the bloodiest battle yet fought on the North American continent. Drills, demonstrations, entertainment, and other preliminary events will take place on April 3 and 4. On April 5 some 5,000 uniformed men, 200 horses, and 90 cannon will go at it on a re-enactment site that is part of the original battlefield. (615) 741-2158.

APRIL 15–AUGUST 31, RAMSES THE GREAT EXHIBIT, Memphis, Tenn. From the Cairo Museum, more than 70 objects from the tombs and temples of ancient Egypt's 19th Dynasty. At the Memphis Convention Center. For ticket reservations: (901) 526-7401. For information: (901) 576-1250.

APRIL 24-26, WILBUR WRIGHT FLY-IN AND AUTO EXTRAVAGANZA, Kill Devil Hills, NC. Connoisseurs of antique, classic, and experimental planes, cars, and trucks commemorate the birthday of Wilbur Wright. (919) 441-3761.

APRIL 24–MAY 3, KENTUCKY DERBY FESTIVAL, Louisville. The Derby will be run on May 2. (502) 584-6383.



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APRIL 24–MAY 3, NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL, La. Each weekend day, from late morning to sundown, there's both music and food of just about any style you might possibly associate with New Orleans: jazz, jambalaya, Gospel, gumbo, brass bands, boudin, rhythm and blues, and turtle stew. Concerts are held in the evening. This year's will be a special edition of this annual festival, in honor of Louisiana's 175th anniversary of statehood. For a schedule of events and ticket information, send a stamped, addressed envelope to PO Box 2530, New Orleans, LA 70176.

MAY 9, FIESTA DE LA RIBA, St. Petersburg, Fla. Celebrating Salvador Dali's birthday at the Salvador Dali Museum. He'll be 83. (813) 823-3767.

MAY 22–JUNE 7, SPOLETO FESTIVAL, Charleston, SC. The soprano Katharina Ikonomu will make her American debut in the title role of Richard Strauss's *Salome*. Also, Jean-Philippe Rameau's opera-ballet *Platee*; Athol Fugard's play *The Road to Mecca*; performances by the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, Jelon Vieira Dance Brazil, Pilar Rioja, and the Jazz Tap Ensemble; orchestral, vocal, chamber-music, and jazz concerts; and shows by the Colla Family Marionettes of Milan. (803) 722-2764.

JULY 1–AUGUST 15, TURTLE WATCH, Jensen Beach, Fla. Guides take small groups to a nesting site where a giant sea turtle has laid her eggs, to watch as the babies hatch and crawl to the sea. This organized effort is intended to protect the natural habitat of the sea turtle and the beach vegetation. (305) 334-3444.

JULY 11, CABBAGE KEY SUMMERFEST, Fla. The only way to get to tiny Cabbage Key is by boat—but lots of people take that as either an enticement or a challenge, especially on the day of the annual festival in behalf of the Muscular Dystrophy Association. Food, an auction, music on the lawn (Lobo will perform again this year), and shuttle service to and from Captiva and Pine islands, which are connected by bridge to the mainland. (813) 334-1133.

JULY 13-19, HEMINGWAY DAYS FESTIVAL, Key West, Fla. (305) 294-4440.

JULY 13-26, U.S. OLYMPIC FESTIVAL, Raleigh, Durham, Chapel Hill, and Greensboro, NC. Contests, many of which will be part of the selection process for the 1988 Olympic team, in 34 Olympic and Pan American sports. The host cities will also be sponsoring a concomitant arts festival. For tickets: (800) 233-4050. For information: (919) 361-1987.

AUGUST 6-9, PROFESSIONAL GOLF ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP, Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. (305) 626-3600.

AUGUST 29–SEPTEMBER 7, CHARLESTON STERNWHEEL REGATTA, W.Va. The unusual climax to this summer festival is a sternwheelers' race on the Kanawha River. (304) 348-6419.

SEPTEMBER 18-19, CORN ISLAND STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, Louisville, Ky. Last year some 12,000 people turned up for the ghost-story session in a local cemetery. The numerous other events aren't so crowded. (502) 245-0643.

SEPTEMBER 19, DELTA BLUES FESTIVAL, Greenville, Miss. (601) 335-3523.

SEPTEMBER 19-20, FESTIVALS ACADIENS, Lafayette, La. The region's—which is to say, the world's—largest celebration of Cajun music, food, and crafts. (504) 925-3850.

SEPTEMBER 26–OCTOBER 4, ARTS FESTIVAL OF ATLANTA, Ga. Visual-arts exhibits plus music, dance, and theater on three stages, all in the 185-acre Piedmont Park. (404) 885-1125.

OCTOBER 9-11, NATIONAL STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, Jonesborough, Tenn. The nation's oldest (it began in 1973) and most prestigious storytelling festival. (615) 753-2171.

MIDWEST

APRIL 13–JUNE 23, HOLLYWOOD EXHIBIT, Cincinnati. Ray Bolger's scarecrow costume, the piano and furnishings from Rick's Cafe, C-3PO and Yoda, plus special-effects models, equipment, posters, and works of art, at the Cincinnati Art Museum. (513) 721-5204.

APRIL 25–JULY 19, THE SPIRITUAL IN ART EXHIBIT, Chicago. More than 200 paintings and drawings illustrative of the relationship, over the past century, between mystical and occult concepts and abstract art. At the Museum of Contemporary Art. (312) 280-2660.

JUNE 5-7, CHICAGO BLUES FESTIVAL, Ill. The world's largest free blues festival. (312) 744-3315.

JUNE 10-14, CLASSIC JAZZ AND RAGTIME FESTIVAL, St. Louis, Mo. Aboard a showboat on the Mississippi, bands including Banu Gibson, of New Orleans; the Salty Dogs, of Chicago; the Jim Collum Jazz Band, of San Antonio; and the St. Louis Ragtimers will perform. (314) 621-3311.

JUNE 20, U.S. WOMEN'S MARATHON CHAMPIONSHIP, Duluth, Minn. Otherwise known as Grandma's Marathon. (218) 727-0947.

JUNE 30–JULY 5, TASTE OF CHICAGO AND THE GREAT CHICAGO FAMILY REUNION, Ill. This year is Chicago's Sesquicentennial; the annual Taste of Chicago outdoor food fair will be the summer's focal point for that celebration. Live music every night along the lakefront, fireworks on July 3, and good food, food, food. Former Chicagoans will made especially welcome. (312) 744-3315.

JULY 5–AUGUST 30, AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS, 1830–1930, EXHIBIT, Minneapolis, Minn. More than 100 paintings and sculptures, at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. (612) 870-3046.

JULY 31–AUGUST 7, EAA FLY-IN, Oshkosh, Wis. Air shows and acres of antique, home-built, and war planes, displayed under the sponsorship of the Experimental Aircraft Association. (414) 426-4800.

AUGUST 7-23, PAN AMERICAN GAMES, Indianapolis, Ind. This will be the second time that the Pan Am Games, which have been held every four years since 1951, have taken place in the U.S. More than 4,000 athletes from 37 nations in the Western Hemisphere will compete in 27 sports. Some events are already sold out, but tickets for many of the Games' 286 events are still available. An arts festival associated with the Games will include an exhibition of 20th-century Latin American art at the Indianapolis Museum of Art and concerts by the Indianapolis Symphony. (800) 527-1987.

AUGUST 17-22, AMERICAN INDIAN EXPOSITION, Anadarko, Okla. Dances, ceremonies, contests, games, races, and shows, as thousands of Plains Indians from 14 tribes gather to renew their customs and rituals. The week starts with a parade and ends with the National Championship dances. (405) 247-6651.

SEPTEMBER 2-6, CHICAGO JAZZ FESTIVAL, Ill. The world's largest free jazz festival. (312) 744-3315.

SEPTEMBER 2-7, MONTREUX-DETROIT JAZZ FESTIVAL, Mich. The music is free. (616) 276-9221.

OCTOBER 5-7, BUFFALO ROUNDUP, Custer State Park, S.Dak. The herd is rounded up so that calves can be branded and excess animals sold at auction. The

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auction will take place on November 21 in the buffalo corrals in the park. (605) 255-4515.

OCTOBER 17–JANUARY 3, IMPRESSIONIST AND POST-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECES, Chicago, Ill. Four dozen paintings from London's Courtauld Institute of Art, at the Art Institute of Chicago. (312) 443-3626.

OCTOBER 25, CHICAGO MARATHON, Ill. (312) 951-0660.

NOVEMBER 4-8, WILL ROGERS DAYS, Claremore, Okla. Including a celebration on his birthday, November 4, at the Will Rogers Memorial. (405) 521-2406.

WEST

APRIL 4–SEPTEMBER 27, THE WORLD OF DREW PEARSON EXHIBIT, Austin, Texas. Memorabilia and documents exploring Pearson's career as a news commentator, from the 1930 through the 1960s, and also the major political figures and happenings of his day. At the LBJ Library and Museum. (512) 482-5279.

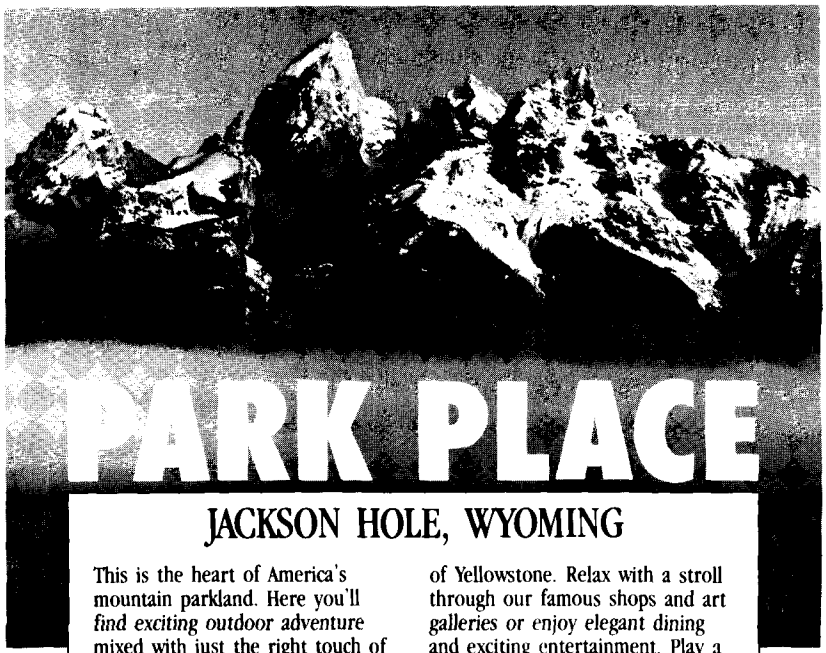
APRIL 17-18, YAQUI DEER DANCES, Tucson, Ariz. More specifically, these pre-Easter dances take place in Old Pascua and New Pascua, Yaqui Indian villages in the Tucson vicinity. They are primarily community events, rather than touristic ones, though non-locals are welcome. (602) 622-6911.

MAY 12-18, BIRDS OF PREY FESTIVAL, Boise, Idaho. Tours of the World Center for Birds of Prey, float trips through the Snake River Birds of Prey Natural Area, falconers' demonstrations, and a professional bird show. (800) 635-7820.

JUNE 12-21, SAN ANTONIO FESTIVAL, Texas. Performances by the San Antonio Opera, the San Antonio Symphony, and guest soloists and groups. Country-and-western, rock, and sacred music, as well as classical. (512) 266-1573.

JUNE 17-21, TELLURIDE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL, Colo. Featuring many of the nation's finest players. (303) 728-3041.

JUNE 26–AUGUST 23, ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Colo. One theme will be Scandinavian Music. During the Fromm Week of New Music, August 2-7, there will be world premieres and composers-in-residence. Also, a benefit concert by James Galway and friends, Rossini's *Cenerentola*, Copland's *Tender Land*, and Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*. The full program and ticket



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information will be available in early May. (303) 925-3254.

JULY 8–AUGUST 22, GRAND TETON MUSIC FESTIVAL, Jackson Hole, Wyo. With various guest soloists and groups. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir will sing Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, on August 21 and 22. (307) 733-3155.

JULY 11–SEPTEMBER 27, IMPRESSIONIST AND POST-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECES, Fort Worth, Texas. Four dozen paintings from London's Courtauld Institute of Art, at the Kimbell Art Museum. (817) 654-1034.

JULY 16-26, CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS, Wyo. According to the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (which judges by prize money, as the cowboys also tend to do), this is the nation's number-one rodeo. (307) 638-3388.

AUGUST 13-16, INTERTRIBAL INDIAN CEREMONIAL, Red Rock State Park, NM. Near Gallup, 50 tribes from the Southwest and Mexico come together for parades, dances, a rodeo, and displays of crafts and food. (505) 863-3896.

AUGUST 13-17, CROW FAIR, Crow Agency, Mont. A celebration by the Northern Plains Indian tribes, with parades, hand games, a rodeo, and displays of crafts and food. (406) 638-2228.

AUGUST 15-23, COORS BICYCLE CLASSIC, Colo. The final stages of America's premier bicycle stage race, in seven cities. (303) 499-1108.

AUGUST 19–OCTOBER 25, HOLLYWOOD EXHIBIT, Denver. Ray Bolger's scarecrow costume, the piano and furnishings from Rick's Cafe, C-3PO and Yoda, plus special-effects models, equipment, posters, and works of art, at the Denver Art Museum. (303) 575-2793.

SEPTEMBER 2–27, HOUSTON BALLET FALL SEASON, Texas. Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* September 2-13, and three short ballets—Jerome Robbins's *In the Night,* with music by Chopin; Margot Sappington's *Rodin mis en vie,* with a score by Michael Kamen; and Balanchine's *Theme and Variations,* with music by Tchaikovsky—September 17-27. (713) 523-6300.

SEPTEMBER 3-7, NAVAJO NATION FAIR AND RODEO, Window Rock, Ariz. The Navajos' traditional tribal fair, with dances, a big rodeo, and displays of crafts and food. (602) 871-4941.

SEPTEMBER 25-27, SUMMIT JAZZ FESTIVAL, Breckenridge, Colo. A small-is- beautiful celebration of traditional jazz. (303) 453-6000.

OCTOBER 3, BISON ROUNDUP, Moiese, Mont. An annual roundup of a herd of several hundred bison, or buffalo, from the 19,000 acres where they roam. (406) 644-2211.

OCTOBER 3-11, ALBUQUERQUE BALLOON FIESTA, NM. The world's largest hot-air-ballooning event. (505) 344-3501.

OCTOBER 18–MARCH 31, 1988, RAMSES II EXHIBIT, Denver, Colo. From the Cairo Museum, more than 70 objects from the tombs and temples of ancient Egypt's 19th Dynasty, at the Denver Museum of Natural History. Reserve tickets after July 17: (303) 322-7009.

LATE OCTOBER–MID-NOVEMBER, BALD EAGLE GATHERING, West Glacier, Mont. Each fall migrating eagles stop to feed on spawning Kokanee salmon, making up the densest concentration of bald eagles to be found in the Lower 48. (406) 888-5441.

PACIFIC

APRIL 12–JULY 5, TREASURES OF THE HOLY LAND EXHIBIT, Los Angeles, Calif. Some 200 objects, 12,000 B.C. to A.D. 700, from the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, including one of the earliest and best-preserved Dead Sea Scrolls. At the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. (213) 857-6111.

MAY 2-3, SAVOONGA WALRUS FESTIVAL, Alaska. The town of Savoonga, on St. Lawrence Island, celebrates the beginning of walrus season with a blanket toss, a tug-of-war, and, naturally, walrus hunting. (907) 984-6614.

MAY 22-25, DIXIELAND JUBILEE, Sacramento, Calif. Traditional jazz from around the world, around the clock. Among the more exotic of the hundred-plus groups scheduled to perform this year are the New Orleans Rascals, from Japan; the Leningrad Dixieland Band; the Merseysippi Jazz Band, from England; and Paco Gatsby, from Guatemala. (916) 372-5277.

MAY 23-25, GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE 50TH ANNIVERSARY, San Francisco, Calif. Including the citywide Bridgefest street festival, the Bridgebeat outdoor concert, the Bridgewalk re-enactment of the ceremonies for the opening of the bridge, parades of decorated antique cars, ships, boats, and planes, the Golden Mile foot race, and a celebration, on Sunday evening, that will pull out all the stops. This will begin with an air show, proceed to the lighting of the towers, and conclude with a fireworks extravaganza. Visitors will be able to watch the show from any of five locations around San Francisco Bay, each with its own food booths and thousand-member band. (415) 421-1987.

MAY 23-26, NORTHWEST FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL, Seattle, Wash. Musicians, dancers, and storytellers perform on 19 stages, cowboy poets recite, artisans demonstrate early American building and homemaking skills, musical instruments are auctioned off, and there are folk and square dances. (206) 625-4410.

MAY 29–SEPTEMBER 20, OLD GLOBE THEATRE FESTIVAL, San Diego, Calif. Stephen Sondheim's *Marry Me a Little,* Tennessee Williams's *Night of the Iguana,* Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* with songs by Sondheim, Michael Frayn's *Benefactors,* Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors,* and one other play. (619) 239-2255.

JUNE 18-21, U.S. GOLF OPEN, San Francisco, Calif. Amateur and professional men. (201) 234-2300.

JULY 10-12, ANTIQUE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA GRAND NATIONAL, San Diego, Calif. (717) 534-1910.

JULY 10–AUGUST 30, PAGEANT OF THE MASTERS, Laguna Beach, Calif. Local artists and craftspeople create life-size 3-D replicas of well-known artworks, and other residents step in—literally—to portray the figures in those paintings, statues, prints, porcelains, and so forth. The pageant (whose proceeds go for arts scholarships and support of local cultural groups) is presented each evening, with narration and live orchestral music, in an outdoor theater built specially for the purpose. (714) 494-1145.

JULY 22-25, WORLD ESKIMO-INDIAN OLYMPICS, Fairbanks, Alaska. The blanket toss, the arm pull, the Alaska high kick, the knuckle hop, and other traditional contests. (907) 452-6646.

AUGUST 1-7, PRE-OLYMPIC SAILING TRIALS, San Diego, Calif. For the Soling and Star boat classes. (401) 849-5200.

AUGUST 30–SEPTEMBER 6, HAWAII PRO-AM WINDSURFING COMPETITION, Maui. Including a crossing of the Molokai Channel, among other feats of derring-do. (808) 579-9765.

OCTOBER 10, IRONMAN TRIATHLON, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. (808) 528-2050.

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LATIN AMERICA

ARGENTINA

EARLY AUGUST, SKI FESTIVAL, Bariloche. This week-long fiesta includes races, slalom and jumping competitions, and a lot of local color—such as a procession of torch-bearing skiers.

NOVEMBER 10, DAY OF TRADITION, throughout Argentina. The tradition in question is that of the gaucho, and it is celebrated enthusiastically with parades and folk-cultural events.

For information: Aerolineas Argentinas, Commercial Dept., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. (212) 974-3300.

BRAZIL

JULY, WINTER FESTIVAL, Campos do Jordao. The region, near Sao Paulo, that considers itself Brazil's answer to Switzerland presents an annual music festival. Orchestras, soloists, and chamber groups play Brazilian and international music in an auditorium situated in a nature preserve in the Mantiqueira mountain range.

OCTOBER 11-25, CIRIO DE NAZARE, Belem. On the first day of the festival a huge procession travels through the city to the Basilica de Nazare. This is the Amazon region's largest annual festival.

For information: Brazilian Government Trade Bureau, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176. (212) 916-3206.

COLOMBIA

AUGUST 7, PARADE OF THE CHAIR CARRIERS, Medellin. Peasants who cultivate orchids—an important industry in the area—decorate chairs elaborately with orchids and other flowers, don their traditional clothes, and form a procession to carry the chairs down from the mountains.

For information: Colombia Government Tourist Office, 140 E. 57th St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-0151.

MEXICO

APRIL 18–MAY 1, SAN MARCOS FAIR, Aguascalientes. A running of the bulls, a folk-dance festival with performers from various regions of Mexico, ballet and theatrical performances, cultural exhibits, and a parade on April 25.

JULY 20 AND 27, GUELAGUETZA DANCE FESTIVAL, Oaxaca. *Guelaguetza* is a Zapotec word, meaning "gift," but it's not only Zapotec people who take part in this compendium of pre-Columbian dances. It is presented twice, on Fortin Hill overlooking the city. Each of the performances starts at 10 A.M. and continues for the best part of the day. Various associated festivities take place in Oaxaca prior to the dances and in the week between them.

OCTOBER 1-31, OCTOBER FESTIVALS, Guadalajara. Concerts of medieval music, folk-dance performances, mariachi serenades, exhibits of art and pre-Columbian artifacts, equestrian events, a rodeo, a parade, and fireworks. The program will be available in August.

OCTOBER 16–NOVEMBER 1, CERVANTINO FESTIVAL, Guanajuato. Orchestras, vocalists, guitarists, jazz groups, ballet and modern-dance companies, folk music and dance groups, visual artists, and theatrical companies, from Europe, the Caribbean, and both Americas. The program will be available in June.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. (800) 331-1100.

PERU

JUNE 24, INTI RAYMI, Cuzco. The Inca Festival of the Sun is celebrated at Sacsahuaman, the fortress overlooking Cuzco. Richly costumed dancers and singers perform, and everyone drinks *chicha*, the local corn beer—all in the name of the solstice.

For information: Pertour International, 30 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 682-0622.

VENEZUELA

JUNE 18, DEVIL DANCERS FESTIVAL, San Francisco de Yare. This small town near Caracas boasts the headquarters of the oldest devil dancers' society in the New World. For the festival the dancers dress in baggy red clothes to which crosses have been pinned, don grotesque, horned papier-mache masks, and carry rosaries. They dance in front of a church until dusk, when they retire to their headquarters.

For information: Venezuela Government Tourist and Information Center, 7 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 355-1101.

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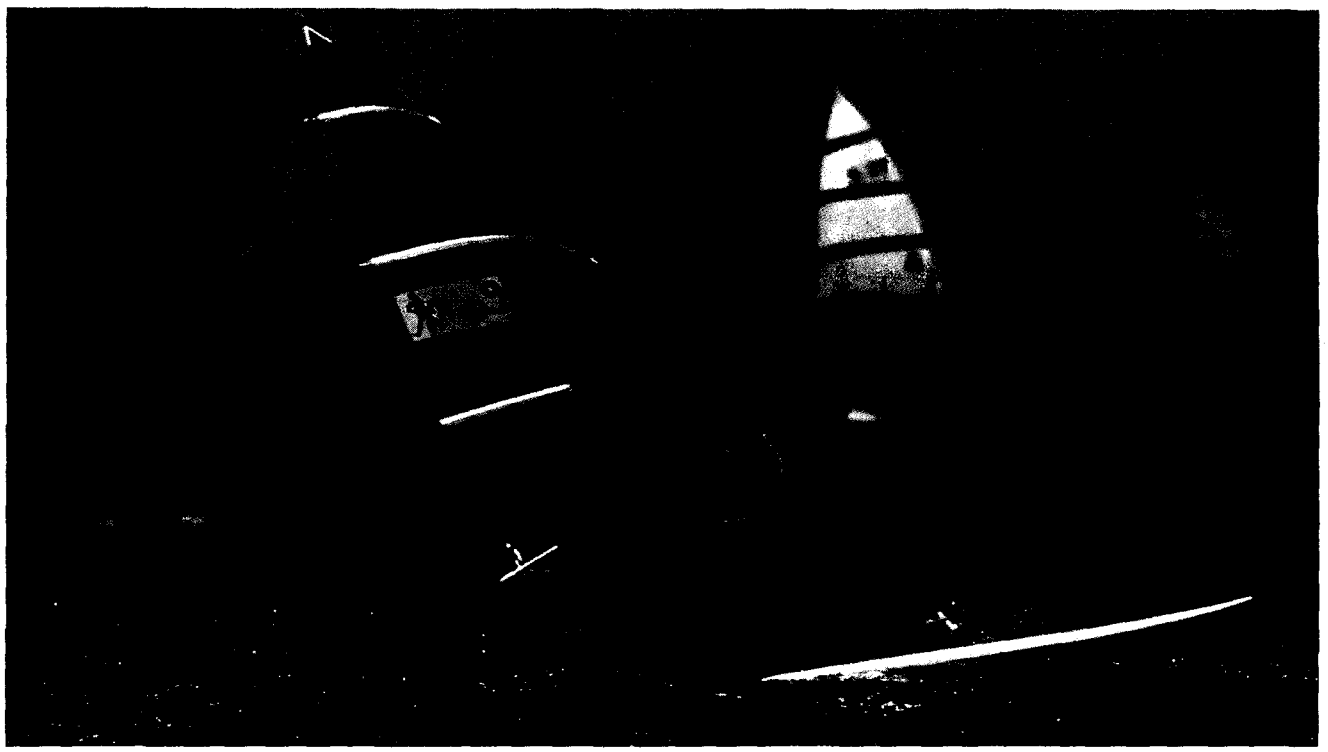

Off the U.S. Virgin Islands, a recent Hook In & Hold On Boardsailing Regatta

ANTIGUA & BARBUDA

JULY 26–AUGUST 4, MID-SUMMER CARNIVAL, Antigua. Parades, calypso and steel-band shows and, starting before sunrise on the next to last day, J'Ouvert, with steel-band music and dancing in the streets.

For information: Government of Antigua and Barbuda Dept. of Tourism, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 541-4117.

ARUBA

JUNE 8-14, ARUBA HIGH WINDS WINDSURFING TOURNAMENT. A pro-am tournament consisting of half a dozen races, including one to Venezuela and back.

For information: Aruba Tourist Bureau, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 246-3030.

BARBADOS

JULY 11–AUGUST 4, CROP OVER FESTIVAL, throughout Barbados. Entertainments to celebrate the sugarcane harvest. One highlight is the Cane Cutters' Spree, which takes place in a central plantation yard one evening. Another is the big parade for Kadooment, a national holiday, on August 4.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

JUNE 29–JULY 5, HOOK IN & HOLD ON BOARDSAILING REGATTA. This windsurfing competition is international both in terms of participants and in the sense that some of the races start in the BVI and end in the USVI, and vice versa.

AUGUST 3-5, SUMMER FESTIVAL, Tortola. Calypso contests, boat races, and parades, on three public holidays in a row.

For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

APRIL 24-25, BATABANO CARNIVAL, George Town, Grand Cayman. Street dances, band concerts, parades, and costume competitions.

OCTOBER 19-25, PIRATES WEEK, Grand Cayman and Cayman Brac. Parades, fireworks, and sporting and folk-cultural events. This is the biggest party of the year in the Caymans.

For information: Cayman Islands Dept. of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

LATE JULY, MERENGUE FESTIVAL, Santo Domingo. A multitude of merengue orchestras, and dancing in the streets.

For information: Dominican Tourist Information Center, 485 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 826-0750.

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Justino Díaz: "Puerto Rico has been the cultural center of the Caribbean since Columbus first sang its praises."

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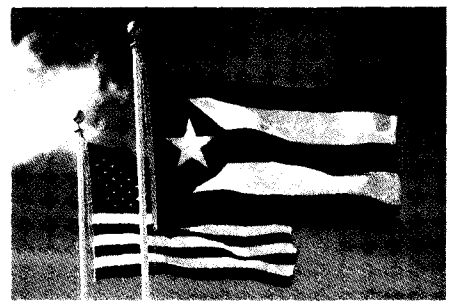
For a free color brochure, write: Puerto Rico Tourism, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, Box P, NY, NY 10104. Or call a Puerto Rico Travel Expert at (800) 223-6530. In NY, (212) 541-6630.



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THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

THE BAHAMAS

APRIL 23-26, FAMILY ISLAND REGATTA, George Town, Grand Exuma. Virtually every Bahamian work boat that can make it to Elizabeth Harbour does, either to join in the races for work sloops or so that its passengers can join the party on the harbor and in town.

JUNE–SEPTEMBER, GREAT GOOMBAY SUMMER FESTIVAL, throughout the Bahamas. Goombay, the traditional music of the Bahamas, features cowbells, horns, whistles, and other noisemakers, as well as goatskin goombay drums. Its namesake festival features parades, beach parties, street dancing, and other special events, as well as lots of goombay music.

JUNE 23–JULY 4, REGATTA TIME IN ABACO. Five sailing races, in Hope Town, Marsh Harbour, Man-O-War Cay, Treasure Cay, and Green Turtle Cay.

NOVEMBER 13-22, WINGDING FLY-IN, Treasure Cay, Abaco. The planes will gather in Titusville, Florida, and then race to the Bahamas. Subsequent events include a flying treasure hunt and an experimental aircraft day.

For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 150 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 757-1611.

BERMUDA

APRIL 17, BERMUDA KITE FESTIVAL, Southampton. On Horseshoe Bay, awards for the most original kite, the most beautiful kite, the best giant kite, the best tiny kite, and the best overall. No plastic kites allowed.

MAY, BERMUDA HERITAGE MONTH, throughout Bermuda. The highlight is Bermuda Day, a public holiday on Monday, May 25, which will be celebrated with a parade. There will be many other special events throughout the month, not least among them the dinghy races, on May 24.

JULY 31–AUGUST 1, CUP MATCH, Somerset. This cricket match, pitting the eastern end of the island against the western, is such an important sporting and social occasion that both days of it are public holidays. Further, the general ban on gambling is lifted to permit the Crown and Anchor tables to take wagers.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 397-7700.

FRENCH WEST INDIES

JULY 1-31, FESTIVAL OF FORT-DE-FRANCE, Martinique. An international potpourri of music, dance, and theater, with five performances each day.

AUGUST 8, FETE DES CUISINIERES, Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe. The local women cooks, including restaurant owners and chefs, start the day at mass in the cathedral and then parade over to a large schoolyard nearby. There they make a party out of preparing an elaborate banquet, which visitors are welcome to attend.

AUGUST 24, PATRON SAINT DAY CELEBRATION, Gustavia, St. Barthelemy. Like a French country fair gone native.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

JAMAICA

APRIL 18, NEGRIL REGGAE FESTIVAL.

AUGUST 18-22, REGGAE SUNSPLASH, Montego Bay. A beach party and three nights of concerts starring more than three dozen leading reggae artists.

For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.

PUERTO RICO

MAY 10-17, SEMANA DE LA DANZA, San Juan. Music and dance performances nightly at the 16th-century Dominican Convent.

JUNE 6-20, FESTIVAL CASALS, San Juan. Among the guests this year will be the National Symphony of Washington, DC, and the National Choir of Spain.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.

ST. LUCIA

JUNE 6-8, AQUA ACTION, Rodney Bay. Competitions in just about every water sport you can think of.

For information: St. Lucia Tourist Board, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-2950.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

APRIL 20–MAY 2, CARNIVAL, St. Thomas. The first week is given over to the Carnival Calypso Tent, a song competition to select the Calypso King. April 27, the first day of Carnival itself, dawns to the tune of steel and brass bands, on the J'Ouvert Morning Tramp. There are parades on the final two days.

JUNE 26–JULY 6, HOOK IN AND HOLD ON BOARDSAILING REGATTA, St. Thomas and St. John. An international meet that includes races to and from the BVI.

JULY 3-4, INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS, throughout the U.S. Virgin Islands. The anniversary of the day, in 1848, when the Danish West Indies (of which the U.S. Virgins were a part until 1917) freed its slaves is observed on July 3. On July 4, St. John celebrates with particular enthusiasm: besides concerts and fireworks, the entertainments include Mocko Jumbi stiltwalkers.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Dept. of Commerce, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.

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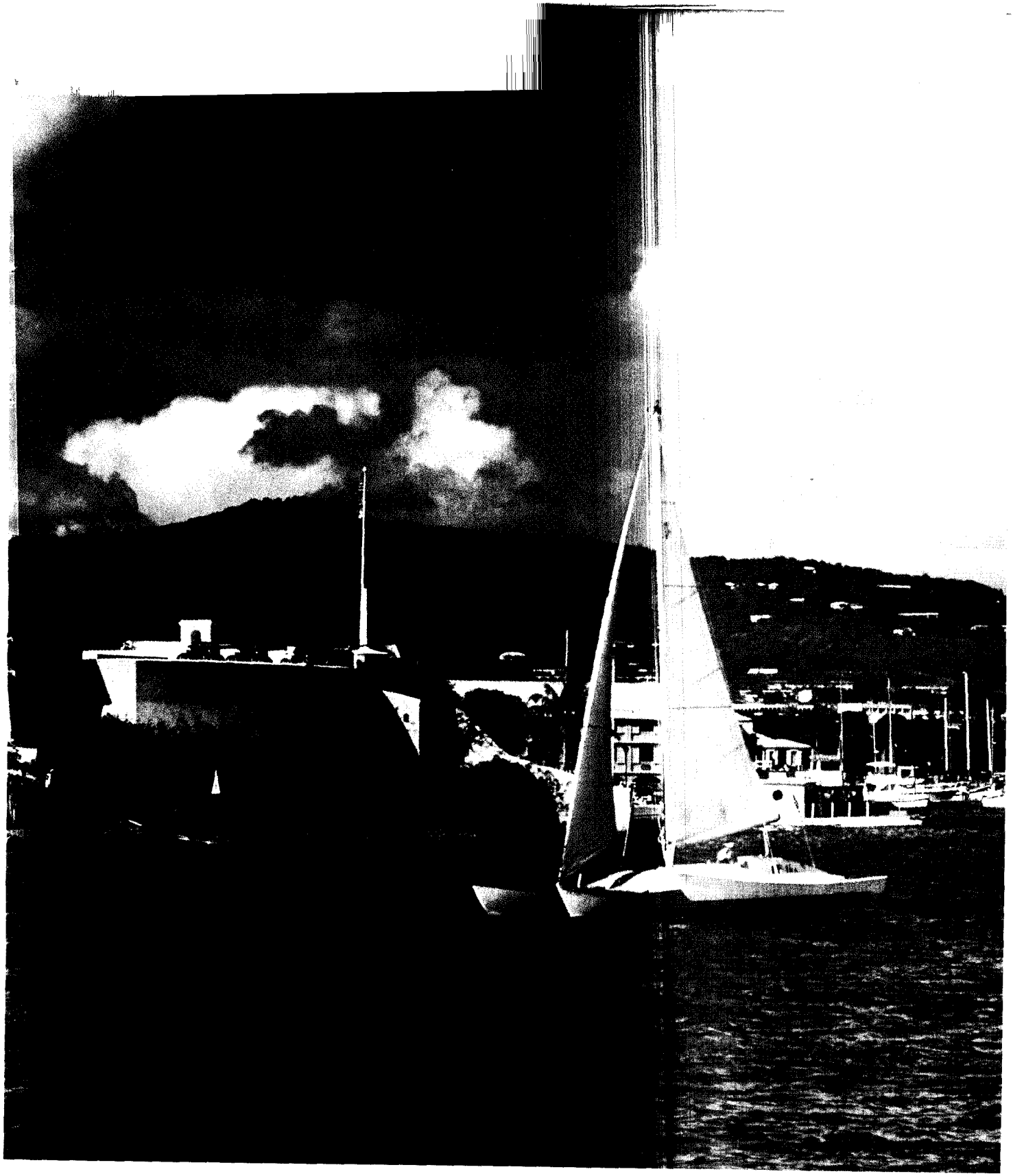

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ASIA, THE PACIFIC, & AFRICA

AUSTRALIA

APRIL 20-26, BAROSSA VALLEY VINTAGE FESTIVAL. In alternate years the valley (which is less than an hour's drive from Adelaide) celebrates not only the wines of its three dozen or so vineyards but also its German heritage.

SEPTEMBER 11-26, SPOLETO FESTIVAL, Melbourne. And now it's the Festival of Three Worlds. Opera, dance, theater, music, and visual-arts exhibits—just as in the sister festivals in Spoleto, Italy, and Charleston, South Carolina.

SEPTEMBER 18–OCTOBER 4, WARANA, Brisbane. A springtime arts festival, with some sporting events thrown in for good measure, in the city that has been called Australia's New Orleans.

NOVEMBER 3, MELBOURNE CUP. A horse race so arresting that it occasions a public holiday in the state of Victoria. Tickets go on sale in July.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.

CHINA

MAY 31, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL, Nanning. Although the celebration in Hong Kong is more spectacular, and although it was many miles to the north (in what is now Hunan Province) where Chu Yuan made the grand gesture being commemorated, this Dragon Boat Festival is as authentic as they come. The crew that rows its dragon-prowed boat the fastest wins, besides kudos, wine and a roast pig.

OCTOBER 7, MOON FESTIVAL, throughout China. Especially lovely in Hangzhou, at the island on West Lake known as Three Pools Mirroring the Moon, man-made during the Ming Dynasty. The island has an island of its own, within its own small lake, and when candles are placed inside three pagodas on the main lake, as they are for the Moon Festival, the light shining from the small round windows gives an effect as if there were 15 reflections of the moon on the water.

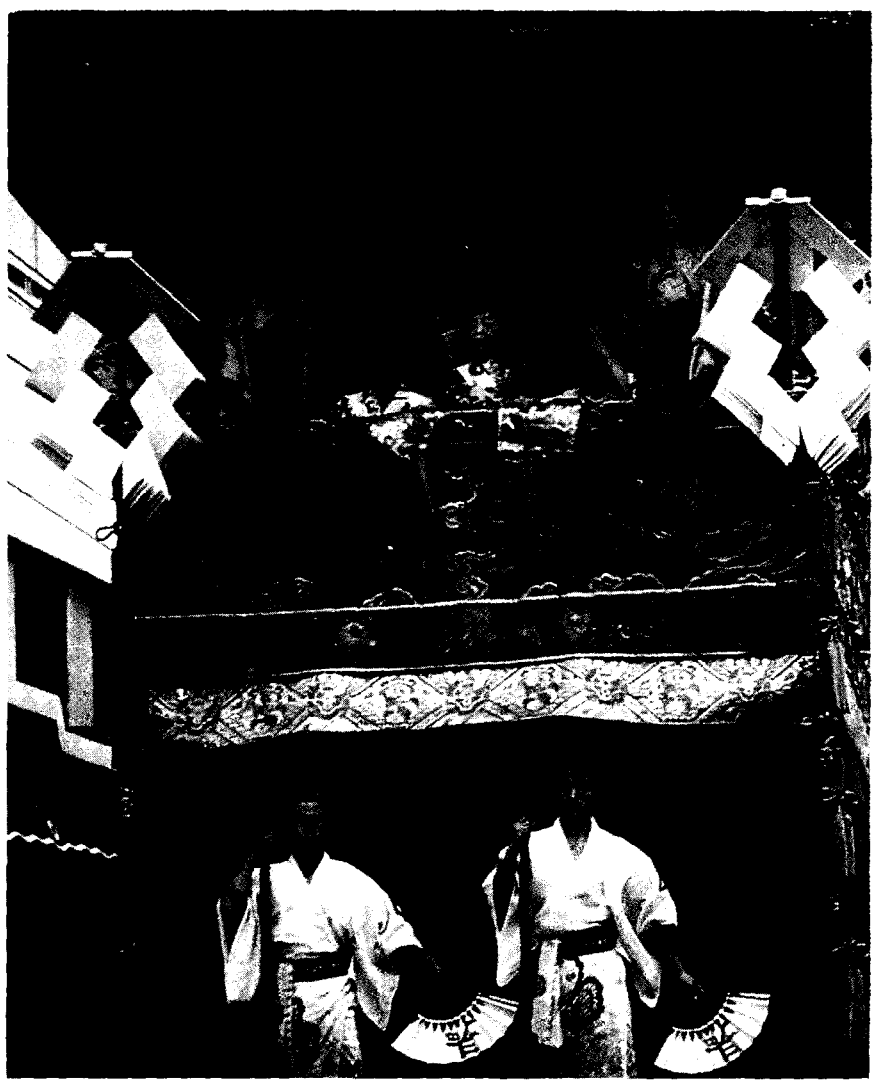
For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.

EGYPT

MAY 2-12, AIDA PERFORMANCES, Luxor. Verdi's opera *Aida,* which was commissioned by the Khedive of Egypt and given its premiere at the Cairo Opera House, will be mounted in Luxor Temple, where Verdi had hoped it would be performed. The Verona Opera Company, a full orchestra and chorus, more than a thousand Egyptian soldiers, including a hundred on horseback, and the Black Children's Ballet of Egypt will all take part.

MID-NOVEMBER, AL HOSAN EL MISRY, Cairo. Exhibitions of Egyptian Arabian horses, equestrian events, and entertainment.

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.



In the procession for Gion Matsuri, Kyoto

FRENCH POLYNESIA

JUNE 27–JULY 19, TIURAI, throughout French Polynesia. An extended Bastille Day celebration that seems more like a cross between the ancient Greek Olympics and Mardi Gras. On Tahiti there are outrigger-canoe races, fruit-carriers' and sand-carriers' races, stone-lifting and javelin-throwing competitions, and a marathon, among other sporting events. But perhaps the highlight for visitors is the hotly contested Polynesian song and dance competitions, which draw troupes from the Cook Islands, Samoa, and other Polynesian islands. These continue for

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some days after July 14, Bastille Day, and the party's not over until they are.

For information: Tahiti Tourist Promotion Board, 12233 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064. (213) 207-1919.

HONG KONG

JUNE 6-7, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. The hectic, fantasmagoric dragon-boat races attract rowing teams from the world over (last year the U.S. team, from Norfolk, Va., came in sixth). The festival is a tribute to the statesman and poet Chu Yuan, who, in 295 B.C., cast himself into the Mi Lo River to protest government corruption. The local fishermen hastened to recover his body, scattering food on the water to divert the fish.

OCTOBER 7, MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. This harvest festival is also known as the Moon Cake Festival, after the specialty of egg-and-lotus-seed cakes that reveal round yellow "moons" inside when cut open. Parks and, especially, Victoria Peak turn into wonderlands at midnight, as families bearing colorful Chinese-style candlelit lanterns gather to enjoy the moon.

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.

INDIA

OCTOBER 22, DIVALI, throughout India. Considered by many Indians to be the one day of the year when Laxmi, the goddess of wealth, returns to earth, this happy and picturesque Hindu religious festival of lights is celebrated most enthusiastically in the north.

For information: Government of India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

ISRAEL

MAY 4-8, JERUSALEM JUDAICA FAIR. Jewish art and artifacts from around the world will be exhibited.

MAY 10-15, WORLD UNDERWATER GAMES, Elat. The first annual edition of a world event of this kind.

MAY 18–JUNE 14, ISRAEL FESTIVAL, Jerusalem. With Peter Brook's production of Bizet's *Carmen*; the Stuttgart Ballet and other well-known dance groups; the Gate Theatre of Dublin, Glenda Jackson, Joan Plowright, and others in an impressive theater program; and chamber groups and a gospel choir, among other musicians. A special celebration is planned for May 27, the 20th anniversary of the reunification of Jerusalem.

For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

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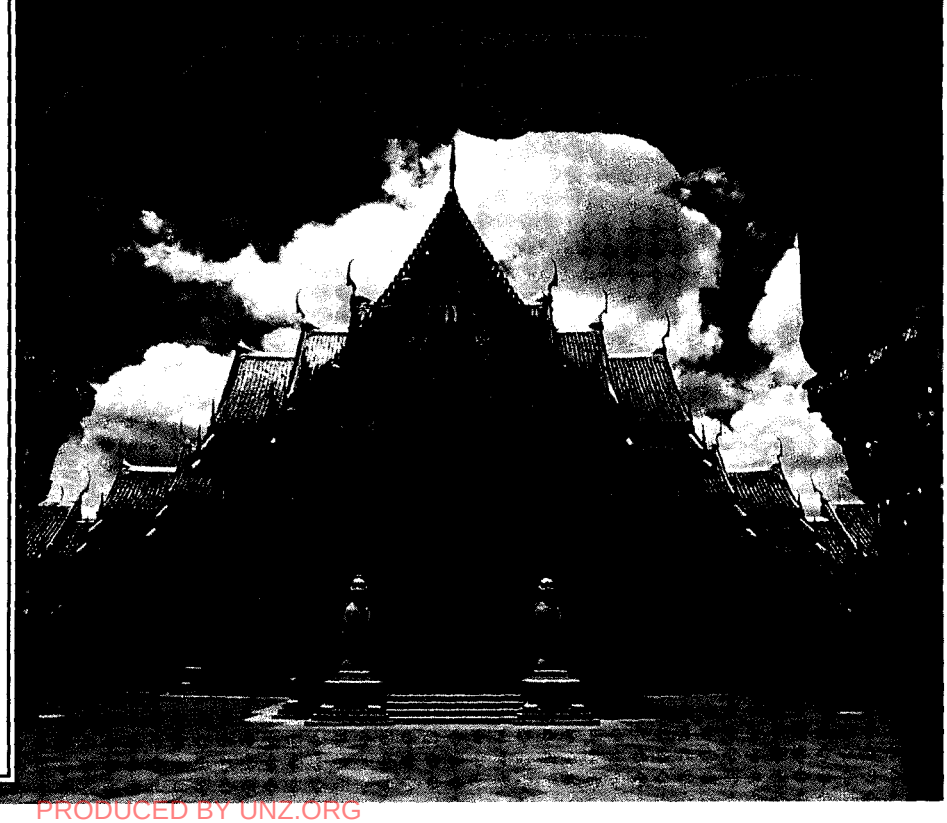

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JAPAN

MAY 11–OCTOBER 15, CORMORANT FISHING SEASON, Nagara River, Gifu. Fishermen with trained cormorants board their boats in the evening, and spectators board theirs. To attract *ayu*, a kind of trout-like fish, the fishermen light flares; then the cormorants make the catch.

MAY 16-17, SANJA MATSURI, Tokyo. About 100 portable shrines are paraded through the streets to Asakusa Temple, where the ceremonies conclude with sacred dances and prayers for a good harvest.

MAY 17-18, TOSHOGU SHRINE GRAND FESTIVAL, Nikko. The shrine, which dates from the 1630s, is dedicated to Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate; the festival commemorates Ieyasu's death, in 1616. On the 18th perhaps 1,000 men costumed as Tokugawa-period warriors, and other people dressed as sacred lions, monkeys, and so on, escort three portable shrines through the streets. Buddhist priests perform sacred dances, and archers on horseback demonstrate their skill.

JUNE 15, CHAGU CHAGU UMAKKO, Morioka. This festival, in the Tohoku region, the northernmost part of Honshu, gets its name from the sound of bells hung on horses. The main event is a parade of elaborately costumed boys and girls riding on decorated horses. Pictures of the horses are offered to the local shrine, and prayers are made for their safety and well-being. All of this has to do with horses' traditional importance to agriculture.

JULY 16-17, GION MATSURI, Kyoto. On the evening of the first day everyone goes out celebrating; a number of old houses and shops welcome visitors and display their family treasures and heirlooms. On the second day elaborate floats are paraded through the streets—a commemoration of an evidently successful ninth-century attempt, by means of a similar procession, to win the gods' protection against a plague.

AUGUST 6, PEACE FESTIVAL, Hiroshima. A solemn commemoration of the atom bombing of the city begins at the fateful hour, 8:15 A.M. There are fireworks in the evening.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

SOUTH KOREA

SEPTEMBER 17-28, PRE-OLYMPIC REGATTA, Pusan. With 500 participants from nearly four dozen countries.

OCTOBER 8, SHILLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL, Kyongju. Korea's largest annual festival, held in the ancient capital of the Shilla kingdom, includes wrestling matches, archery contests, folk music and dancing, a classical-music concert, and ceremonies at Pulguksa Temple.

For information: Korea National Tourism Corporation, 460 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-7543.

MALAYSIA

MAY–OCTOBER, TURTLE WATCHING, Rantau Abang. Malaysia's eastern coast is one of the few places in the world where giant leatherback turtles lay their eggs. The beach town of Rantau Abang is perhaps the most popular base for nature-loving visitors intent on watching them.

For information: Malaysia Tourist Information Center, 600 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, CA 94111. (415) 788-3344.

NEPAL

OCTOBER, BADA DASAIN, throughout Nepal. Nearly half the month is given over to this, Nepal's biggest festival, which honors the goddess Durga Bhavani and represents a victory of good over evil. For nine days the battle is fought—most conspicuously by sacrificing water buffalo, goats, and chickens at the Hanuman Dhoka Palace, in Kathmandu. On the tenth day and for four days thereafter people receive *tika*, a sign of the victory, and they give parties and feasts.

For information: Royal Nepalese Embassy, 2131 Leroy Place, NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 667-4550.

NEW ZEALAND

MAY 22–JUNE 20, WORLD CUP RUGBY, throughout New Zealand. Teams from 16 countries will be competing, at various locations. The final match will take place in Auckland on June 20.

For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 586-0060.

PHILIPPINES

MAY 1-30, SANTACRUZAN AND FEAST OF OUR LADY OF PEACE AND GOOD VOYAGE, throughout the Philippines. In every city and town, but most spectacularly in Manila, young women costumed to represent biblical or mythical heroines make candlelit processions. There is also a pilgrimage to Nuestra Senora de la Paz y Buen Viaje, in Antipolo, in Rizal province.

For information: Philippine Ministry of Tourism, 556 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 575-7915.

WESTERN SAMOA

JUNE 1-3, INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. *Kirikiti*, or Samoan cricket, and rugby matches, longboat and horse races, traditional dancing, and oratory by leading *matais*, or talking chiefs. The celebrations will be especially splendiferous this year, the 25th anniversary of independence from New Zealand.

OCTOBER–NOVEMBER, RISING OF THE PALOLO. Samoans consider the palolo, a sea annelid, a great delicacy. When it emerges from the reef, in a phase of its

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annual reproductive cycle, people turn out in force with nets. Palolo-scooping is an all-night activity, done by the light of gas lanterns, and it puts everyone (here and also on the American side of the island) in a carnival-like mood.

For information: Samoa Mission to the UN, 820 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 599-6196.

SINGAPORE

JULY, BIRD-SINGING CONTESTS. Owners of shama, mata puteh, merbok jambul, and hwamei birds bring their cages to outdoor sites, where judges rate them on the loudness and variety of their songs, and on stamina, display, and appearance. There will be regional competitions, a Bird Talent Parade, and, finally, the nationals.

For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 342 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10173. (212) 687-0385.

TANZANIA

LATE MAY AND LATE NOVEMBER, SERENGETI MIGRATION, Serengeti National Park. A great natural spectacle, involving hundreds of thousands of wildebeest and thousands of zebra. The animals mass together and leave the dry Serengeti plain in late May, traveling to the west and north of the park and to Kenya. They begin the return trip in November.

For information: Tanzania Tourist Corporation, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 972-9160.

THAILAND

OCTOBER 4-7, WAX CASTLE FESTIVAL, Sakon Nakhon. Celebrating the end of the rainy season with a parade of elaborate scale models, in beeswax, of Buddhist temples and shrines.

OCTOBER 16, ROYAL BARGE PROCESSION, Bangkok. The gold-encrusted royal barge *Suphanahongse*, bearing the King and Queen and requiring 50 oarsmen to maneuver it, will be the centerpiece of a procession of vessels arrayed in an ancient naval battle formation. The like of this is not seen more often than once in five years.

For information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10048. (212) 432-0433.

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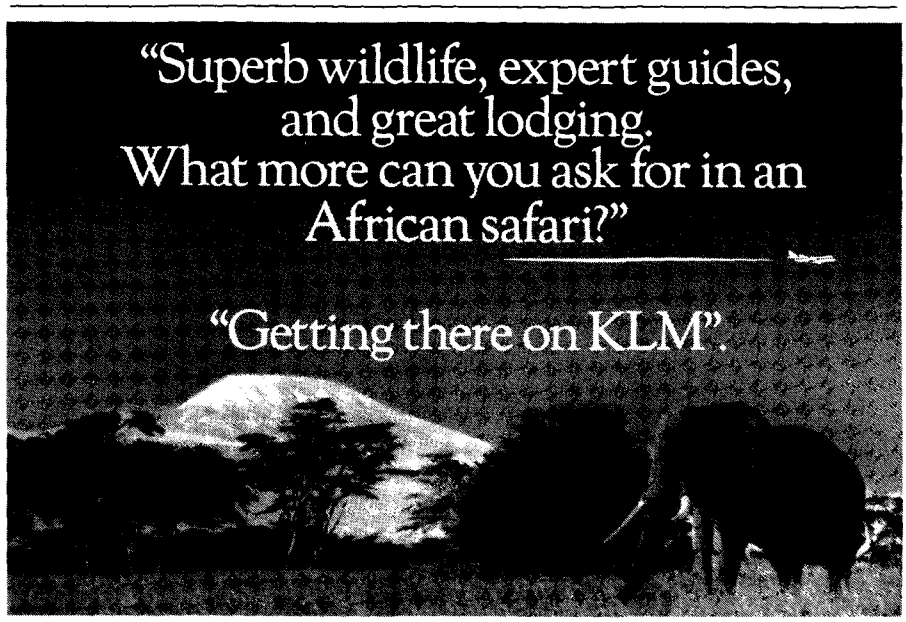

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gone a dramatic transformation. Dukakis was first elected governor in 1974, when the state was in serious economic difficulty; the unemployment rate was almost 12 percent, several points higher than the national average. During his first term he imposed the biggest tax increase in the state's history and acquired the reputation of being arrogant and aloof. As a result he was defeated for re-election in the 1978 primary by Edward King, a conservative Democrat of the anti-tax persuasion (1978 was the year of Proposition 13 and the tax revolt). King subsequently became mired in a series of scandals, with the result that after a rematch in 1982, Dukakis was returned for a second try.

Dukakis recently described his first term to me as "one of the most painful periods I ever went through." He said, "I was destroying programs that I myself had had a lot to do with in the legislature. It wasn't the right that I antagonized. It was the left in a lot of ways." He said of his four years out of office, "I had a chance to reflect on how to work effectively with people at a time when resources are limited. I think these days I do that a lot better than I did the first time around." Apparently so. Dukakis was re-elected to a third term last year, with 69 percent of the vote. (Washington political observers duly noted that Dukakis's margin was four points higher than Mario Cuomo's in New York.)

The transformation seems complete. Now, he says, "for the first time in my adult lifetime, people are really proud of this place. We were our own worst critics—we called the state Taxachusetts and all that." Not only has the state's economy markedly improved but an aggressive program of revenue enforcement (the collection of back taxes) has helped bring about fiscal stability. "The revenue enforcement really turned things around," the Governor told me. "It has not only created a sense of fairness and integrity about what's going on but also produced the revenue to wipe out what would have been another deficit. I mean, I was being urged by all kinds of people in early '83 to put another tax on. Well, I had gone down that road once. I don't have to tell you I wasn't anxious to do it again." And the income surtax imposed during his first term has been abolished. Dukakis undertook what he describes as an "aggressive economic development effort—a combination of aggressive salesmanship, substantial investment of public resources, and infrastructure development."

Dukakis readily acknowledged to me that he and his administration are activists. "We think there is an important role for political leadership in building economic strength and creating economic opportunity." In that respect Dukakis's style is classically Democratic. John Sasso, the Governor's chief of staff, explained, "When Jack Kemp talks about creating opportunity, he's talking about a much different vision of opportunity than Mike Dukakis is. With Dukakis it isn't 'Get government out of the way and let it happen.' This ain't laissez-faire." No, indeed. Rather, it is a sort of statewide industrial policy, with state government acting as broker for business, labor, and the academic community. Alden Raine, the Governor's economic-development administrator, described it to me this way: "The public role in all of this is to command three big pots of investment: infrastructure development, capital formation for business, and human capital—education and training." Dukakis calls it "investing public resources in combination with private initiative and private capital."

If all this sounds like a policy of huge state subsidies, it should. Dukakis told me, "The policy entails very direct as well as indirect subsidies. We have an industrial-science agency that has made over three billion dollars' worth of loans. We have the only state development-action-grant program in the country. There isn't much we won't do for a company that's willing either to expand or to relocate in one of our target areas—heavy investments in older downtowns, direct stuff in addition to financing. A lot of money. At any one time we'll have a hundred and fifty or two hundred of these projects going." David Broder, of *The Washington Post*, has labeled it "New Deal–Making politics." Dukakis explained to me, "If you're going to ask a company to go to Lowell, Massachusetts, you've got to demonstrate a public commitment to Lowell in the form of a first-rate infrastructure, good schools, a regional university or local college. You've got to be able to demonstrate to folks that the state is serious about asking them to come." He concluded, with astonishing candor, "You can't ask people to take risks."

This sort of thing drives conservatives crazy. A leader of

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the tax-revolt movement in Massachusetts told me, "I think government should stay out of the way. The Dukakis Administration thinks they can give favors to business and get them to go where they want them to go. It's the old philosopher-king thing." Why do they put up with it in Massachusetts? For three reasons. In the first place, it works. The state is booming. In the second place, Republicans, as opposed to supply-side conservatives, have no quarrel with a pro-business policy. In the third place, there aren't many Republicans in Massachusetts in the first place.

Another area where Dukakis has met with resounding success is fiscal policy. In 1980 the state had its own tax revolt, when a ballot measure known popularly as Proposition 2½ was passed. Like California's Proposition 13, the measure sharply restricted increases in property-tax rates. In 1983 Dukakis reversed King's policy and committed a substantial proportion of the state's growth revenue to cities and towns in the form of state aid, to make up for the lost property-tax revenues. Dukakis says, "We made Two and a Half work the way it was supposed to work."

The state's economic boom has brought new, but not entirely unwelcome, problems, including a tight job market and a housing shortage. During an evening I spent on the campaign trail with the Governor, we came across a remarkable number of people who had just moved to the state. A couple from New York had moved to Massachusetts to open a beauty salon—"We heard business was good up here." An engineer had just arrived from Arizona. "What brings you to Massachusetts?" the Governor asked. "Unemployment," he answered. Most remarkable of all was a couple who had just moved from Paris to Lynn, Massachusetts. "I didn't set this up," the Governor assured me.

The Governor talks, with justifiable pride, about his administration's success in developing low-cost innovations, such as the ET Choice program, which has moved 25,000 people off the welfare rolls and into jobs, and a prepaid health-care program for the elderly. "Using some good sense and intelligence," Dukakis told me, "we can do the kinds of things we have always wanted to do, and do them in a way that saves money."

Maybe. But the economy of the United States of America is far larger and more complicated than the economy of Massachusetts. There are more diverse interests involved, and a beggar-thy-neighbor policy would be difficult to administer. It would be hard to target, say, Texas without offending, say, Ohio. It is risky to favor one industry over another. There are real Republicans in Washington who have strong views on government planning and intervention. To be sure, neither Dukakis nor his aides press the argument very hard. They know that the United States is not Massachusetts—or Japan. Dukakis is simply riding on his success in managing the economy he is responsible for and hoping that his image of competence will stand out in the national party. (And that no one will remember his disastrous first term, when his tight-fisted policies offended many liberals.)

Nationally Dukakis is still an unknown. But he has two things going for him. One is television experience. Before he became governor, Dukakis moderated *The Advocates*, a nationwide public-affairs debate program on public television. He also has name recognition where it counts. New Hampshire is next door to Massachusetts, receives Boston television, and is populated by large numbers of former Massachusetts residents. A poll taken by a Boston television station during the 1986 campaign tested Dukakis against the incumbent Republican candidate for governor *of New Hampshire*. Dukakis won, 47 to 37 percent. And a poll taken last fall of New Hampshire residents likely to be Democratic primary voters showed Dukakis running a close second to Gary Hart for the party's presidential nomination.

When I interviewed Richard Gephardt, of Missouri, I found that he shares Dukakis's obsession with effectiveness. He named the two people who had had the greatest influence on his public career. One was Representative Richard Bolling, of Missouri: "What I have been impressed with about him is his sense of what it takes to get the country to go somewhere, his sense that it takes competence and effectiveness." The other was President Harry Truman, also of Missouri: "I felt he had tremendous courage and a willingness to do something, get off the dime, move the country somewhere and try to solve the problem."

Gephardt has done a good deal himself. He is an effective inside player in the House of Representatives and has won the respect and confidence of his colleagues. As chairman of the House Democratic caucus, he is the House's fourth-ranking Democrat. When I asked him about the achievements he felt proudest of, he mentioned his service on the Board of Aldermen in St. Louis, where "the ultimate accomplishment was to convince people in the city that they should stay in the city." He felt proud of his role in Congress in helping to stabilize the Social Security system ("It's probably one of the best examples of the effective use of government") and of his efforts to get a tax-reform bill ("That's why I went into government, to try to get things like that done").

Gephardt's philosophy really boils down to a simple formula for defining the way government should be used. In a familiar DLC refrain Gephardt said, "We have to do what our governors have done. That's the model we have to follow. It's right in front of us. We just walked past it. That is, use government appropriately, use it efficiently, and make sure that when you use it, you're using it in the context of fiscal responsibility."

One area in which Gephardt has been particularly effective is health-care policy, particularly hospital cost control. He is full of ideas about how to approach the difficult health-care problems now looming ominously. For instance, he talks about a merger of Medicaid and Medicare as a way of dealing with the problem of long-term care for

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the growing population of elderly people. He talks about government help for the working poor, who are left unsubsidized by the current health-care system. And he wants to encourage competition in the delivery of health-care services.

On the issue of drug abuse, Gephardt believes "the greater promise is on the demand side." He told me that the House leadership had met with the heads of the television networks and talked about their "voluntarily putting on a major prime-time, continuous, effective, sophisticated advertising campaign over the long haul, with sufficient rating points to deliver a strong, effective message to the young people that they should not experiment with drugs." But would such a campaign be effective? "I don't know," said the Congressman.

One issue that Gephardt has had a difficult time with is abortion. He is personally opposed to abortion but last year changed his position on a constitutional amendment to ban abortions. Could this have had something to do with his interest in running for President?

No, he says, what happened is "the facts have changed." "I am now convinced that A, it's not going to happen, and B, that if it did, it would be disruptive and would not obviate the need we have in our society to deal with the underlying causes that drive people to need and want an abortion," he told me. Gephardt thinks that our efforts to deal with abortion should be concentrated on sex education and family planning rather than on adding another amendment to the Constitution. A constitutional amendment, he now believes, would simply not be effective. "I don't think it's practical and I don't think it's going to solve the underlying problem."

On the issue of protectionism, Gephardt argues, sensibly, that it does little good to talk about competitiveness without an aggressive policy to combat unfair trade rules. "If you aren't aggressive, enthusiastic, and effective on trade-rule issues," he says, "you're in a poor position to advocate changes in behavior, investment, and all the other things you will need to be effective and competitive." To be "effective" in one area, you have to be "effective" in the other.

Gephardt is critical of aid to the contras in Nicaragua, because he feels it is—you guessed it—ineffective. "You have to establish a foundation of support with the American people about what the goal is, and why it's appropriate to project military power to achieve that goal. It was never done in Vietnam. It's not being done now in Nicaragua. People don't understand what interests we're trying to satisfy. They don't know why contra aid is the mechanism to achieve that goal."

I asked Gephardt to describe his ideological views, and he replied, "On some issues I guess I am categorized as a liberal. On other issues I am not. But to look at the totality of my beliefs and feelings and votes, it may be terribly inaccurate to say that I'm a liberal or I'm a conservative—or even that I'm a moderate. I don't think those terms get us very far."

Gephardt is a prince of the Congress. His not inconsiderable skills are those of the legislative leader, the "effective" insider who knows how to hammer out a compromise and get things done. Those kinds of skills do not normally count for much in the presidential selection process, where voters are looking to be led and inspired. James Garfield is the only President to have gone directly from the House of Representatives to the White House. But that doesn't keep Gephardt from trying. I asked him how he expected to relate to younger voters in his campaign.

"I find that they're more cynical," he said, "less believing about the ability of anybody, including anybody in the government, to be very effective." I asked him how he expected to get through that wall of cynicism. "By being believable," he replied. "By carrying out your rhetoric with some concrete action."

Gephardt already has an extensive campaign operation in place in Iowa. At an Iowa campaign rally before the 1986 election, I heard him introduced as a man who had given more speeches in Iowa that year than any candidate for statewide office. Furthermore, he is tireless in his campaign efforts for fellow Democrats around the country. A good argument can be made that effectiveness will be in great demand in 1988. Having witnessed the excesses of zeal in the Reagan White House, the voters may develop a taste for non-ideological politics. If so, Gephardt's earnest and hardworking style may turn out to be, as it were, highly effective.

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TWO SENATE DEMOCRATS, BILL BRADLEY, OF NEW Jersey, and Sam Nunn, of Georgia, have also acquired reputations for competence in the legislative arena. Indeed, if American political parties nominated leaders the way European parties do—in legislative caucuses—the Democrats would probably end up with a Bradley-Nunn ticket. But our parties don't, and both men will have problems with party activists if they decide to run for President in 1988.

Senator Bradley was the key Democratic figure in the passage of the tax-reform bill last year. In an interview with me he defended tax reform as "the best thing that could have happened to the Democratic Party in terms of fulfilling its commitment to its historic voters, the middle-income taxpayers." I reminded the Senator that most middle-income voters were skeptical of tax reform and reluctant to support it. Bradley's defense of the measure was precise and persuasive. "What we did was marry two ideas—lowering rates and eliminating loopholes," he said. "Both of these have strong equity arguments. The middle-income person is a double winner, because he sees the rich having to pay their share now and he also gets the reform of a lower rate. If you add what we've done in this bill in terms of keeping the deductions that are used by middle-income taxpayers—mortgage, child care, charitable contributions, et cetera—you see they are triple winners."

Bradley sees tax reform as an issue with a future, even if its present political value to Democrats seems rather limited. "Democrats have an opportunity to define the economic issue," he told me, "and I think we've done that with tax reform. The value is two, three, four years down the road, when that middle-income family says, 'I'm still only paying fifteen percent. Who's responsible for this?' That's when the Democrats will be able to say, 'We did it for you.' The voters will be much more inclined to believe Democrats than Republicans, who are Johnny-come-latelies to the issue." What about the argument that tax reform is really Ronald Reagan's issue? Bradley disagreed. "The idea was not Ronald Reagan's or Bill Bradley's," he said. "It was Jack Kennedy's. We invigorated it and challenged Reagan to join us. He did join us."

I asked Senator Bradley what sort of agenda he would propose for the Democratic Party. He mentioned economic growth. He described his program to restructure Third World debt and reform exchange-rate policy. He made an eloquent plea for a strong environmental policy.

He also talked about greater caring and compassion. "You know," he told me, "if you talk about compassion, in the very next sentence you're talking about a government program. In some cases that's essential and important, but not in all cases." Bradley spoke somewhat vaguely about "what each individual citizen has to decide he owes another human being, and what he will do to fulfill that commitment." Sometimes such obligations can be met through a government program, but they can also be met through charitable giving or through personal effort. He added, "One segment of the Republican Party believes they have no responsibility whatsoever to anybody but themselves and their immediate family." What Bradley seemed to be getting at was a new sense of collective purpose, but one that did not necessarily lead to more government programs. "We haven't challenged the individual conscience as much as I think we can," he concluded.

Bradley's most controversial position is what he calls "a commitment to use power in the world, a willingness to assert ourselves from time to time." He shocked a good many Democrats last year by voting in favor of aid to the contras. I asked him to explain the reasoning behind his vote. It was, as usual, unconventional and interesting. He told me, "Basically, I voted for the contras in order to give what I call the fledgling democracies in the area some chance to consolidate their democracies. Most of them come out of right-wing military dictatorships. If they're devoting more of their resources to countering guerrillas that come out of Nicaragua, they're not going to have a chance. My vote was cast as a way of buying time for these countries. I said at the time it was a close call."

Right now Bradley says firmly that he has no intention of running for President in 1988. There are a great many Democrats who wish he would reconsider, mostly those who respect his intelligence and professionalism. Would those qualities do Bradley much good in the primaries? There is reason to be skeptical. Our nominating system is very good at testing certain qualities—

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convictions about issues, character, temperament, stamina, and organizational ability. But primary and caucus voters have never shown much inclination to vote for professionalism. That is the sort of quality that insiders value, and insiders have less and less influence over our nominating process. The likelihood is that if Bradley were at the last minute to run for President, his litmus-test problem with liberals over his support of contra aid would immediately become apparent and his countervailing strengths would be difficult to sell. That is not a fault of the candidate. It is a fault of the system. Parliamentary systems overvalue competence and professionalism. Our more open system tends to undervalue those qualities.

Another Senate insider whose stock has risen rapidly is Sam Nunn. Nunn is regarded as an effective legislator. But Nunn would have even more problems than Bradley as a presidential candidate. As chairman of the Armed Services Committee, Nunn has become the Democrats' most visible spokesman on defense and national security. He attracted notice after the Reykjavik summit, last October, when he delivered a stinging critique of the deal the President was prepared to make with the Soviets. As a member of the Senate's select committee to investigate the Iranian scandal, Nunn has emerged as a leading critic of the Administration's arms policies. (In a February 20 speech Nunn said that he had decided to remove himself from the race but he refused to rule out a late entry, saying that he wanted to "leave a window open.")

Nunn is revered in Georgia. He was re-elected in 1984 with 80 percent of the vote. But the question looming over a Nunn candidacy is, Would Democrats nationwide nominate a supporter of the Strategic Defense Initiative and contra aid, someone who has voted for the Reagan agenda more than any other Senate Democrat?

Nunn described himself to me as a conservative Democrat. I asked him what kind of support he thought a conservative Democrat could get in the primaries. The answer was simple: financial support. "I don't think the number of votes would be significant," he said. "I think the money would be." As evidence he pointed out that "business people who are nominally Republican" have been looking for a candidate, but not exclusively in the Republican Party. "I've had some of them seek me out and say if I ran, they'd support me," Nunn recounted. "Some of them even sent contributions." Nunn's view was that the southern regional primary in 1988 would put a premium on early fund-raising. "A candidate who has not got a very large bankroll by the end of this year, unless he gets very hot in Iowa and New Hampshire, will be unable to compete," Nunn predicted.

In 1984 Nunn supported John Glenn for the Democratic nomination. Did he see any lesson in Glenn's experience? Like Bert Lance, a fellow Georgian, Nunn felt that moderate and conservative Democrats "had no reason to get excited about voting in a Democratic primary, because they liked Reagan." But "let's say Reagan had not run in 1984," he went on. "The Republicans ran Bush, Kemp, and Dole. Assume less of an economic boom. I think under those conditions John Glenn would have done much better." Those conditions sound very much like a scenario for 1988. A Nunn scenario? The question is how far a Democrat can get using nominally Republican money to appeal to nominally Republican voters. "The fact that you get financial support does not guarantee that you get voting support," Nunn acknowledged. "But the absence of financial support for someone in the moderate-to-conservative wing of the Democratic Party is fatal. Money doesn't make the nomination of such a candidate inevitable. It makes it possible."

It could happen if, and only if, Nunn became the new Sam Ervin—that is, if his criticism of the Administration's behavior in the Iranian arms scandal turned him into a popular hero. In other words, Nunn needs a powerful issue that would enable liberals and party activists to ignore the great differences between their views and his. That is not impossible. But it is not very likely, either. Nunn's style is anything but populist. It is hard to see Nunn abiding the rigors of "retail politics." The nomination would have to come to him. And these days that rarely happens.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY REALLY NEEDS IS AN authentic southern liberal. But where can it find such a rare bird? In Arkansas. Senator Dale Bumpers, who almost ran for President in 1984 and is contemplating running this time, is not just a southern liberal. He is a real liberal. He has the most liberal voting record of any southern senator, one comparable to that of most northern Democrats. In 1985, for instance, Bumpers got a 70 percent liberal rating from the Americans for Democratic Action. Nunn's rating was 30.

Bumpers is a leading advocate of arms control. His wife is a prominent peace activist and an outspoken opponent of the religious right. He was the only southern Democrat to vote against an anti-busing measure and a constitutional amendment to allow voluntary prayer in the public schools. Bumpers is an environmentalist and a critic of the oil industry and nuclear power. He even voted against Reagan's tax cuts in 1981 (although he supported the budget cuts). The one "blemish" on his record is a vote against labor-law reform, which earned him the enduring enmity of organized labor. Many liberals can live with that.

Bumpers defeated two giants of Arkansas politics—Republican Winthrop Rockefeller, for governor in 1970, and Democrat J. William Fulbright, for senator in 1974. He is widely respected in the Senate for his intellectual ability and his debating skill. Too good to be true? Maybe. Bumpers has no major legislative achievements and no national image. In 1984 he didn't seem to have the "fire in his belly" to undertake a grueling national campaign. His candidacy would make an important point, however: that there is a vibrant populist tradition, as well as a conservative tradition, in southern Democratic politics.

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Revivalists

AT EVERY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, TIME MUST BE set aside for a revival speech—an occasion for Democrats to reaffirm their faith. With impassioned rhetoric, and usually considerable eloquence, the speaker exhorts the delegates to carry on the great party tradition, even though the mood of the country may be against it for the time being. Democrats must not forget who they are and what they stand for. They need not be defensive or apologetic. "For all those whose cares have been our concern," Senator Edward Kennedy said at the 1980 convention, "the work goes on, the cause endures, the hope still lives, and the dream shall never die." The delegates cry and cheer. Their souls have been purified. The old-time religion is good enough for them.

The revival speech has two essential elements. One is compassion for the less fortunate members of society—the poor, the handicapped, minorities, the elderly, victims of discrimination, the have-nots, and the left-outs. The other is faith in government as a force for the public good, the full expression of which usually demands a recital of the great achievements of the New Deal and the Great Society (Social Security, Medicare, unemployment compensation, public works, aid to education, civil rights, and so forth). What the revival speech rarely includes is a new idea.

Kennedy is the classic Democratic revivalist. For two decades he has been the principal guardian of the party faith. Most Democrats are perfectly well aware that revivalism does not sell as a party platform, not in these days of low taxes and high deficits. They tend to have the same feeling about Senator Kennedy as a presidential candidate—that he is unelectable.

Kennedy is unelectable by the same logic that said Ronald Reagan was unelectable. Reagan was too old, too extreme, and too risky to be elected President under normal political circumstances. "The American people are not going to elect a seventy-year-old, right-wing, ex-movie actor to be President," said Carter adviser Hamilton Jordan in 1980.

But the 1980 election was not held under normal circumstances. The electorate's strong desire for change overcame its usual inhibitions against voting for ideologically extreme candidates. Given the right circumstances—say, an economic recession as bad as the one in 1982 and with a Republican in the White House—the logic could be suspended for Kennedy as well. In the meantime Kennedy's chief function in the party is to serve as the starting gun for each presidential campaign. Kennedy makes his intentions known, and then all the other Democrats can figure out where they stand. He withdrew from the last contest in December of 1982, thereby giving the party two years to prepare for the 1984 race. This time, however, the gun went off even earlier. Kennedy declared his non-candidacy in December of 1985, with the result that we are now enduring a three-year campaign for the 1988 Democratic nomination.

Walter Mondale lacked the oratorical skill to be a true Democratic revivalist, but he did represent the revivalist strain in the Democratic Party. His association with Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic establishment created a powerful link with the Democratic past. He told me last year, "Americans talk about wanting less from the federal government. They sure want a smaller government at the moment. But when it comes to real need, they still expect a President and a Congress to deliver." Mondale tried to run on the deficit issue in 1984 but found that neither he nor the Democratic Party had any real credibility. He claims that "nobody understood" that the tax increase he was calling for in 1984 "all went into a trust fund to reduce the deficit." But everybody knew that it was impossible for a Democrat, particularly one of Mondale's persuasion, to resist higher government spending.

"Our party cannot abandon the notion of compassion," Mondale told me. "I think there's a kind of sharp-elbows philosophy among the Republicans—boy, you can make it, but if you happen to get sick or old or handicapped, or if you're black or Hispanic, or if you're good but down on your luck, there's just a big black hole there for you. There's something cold and brutal to that. I think we will abandon our efforts to speak for some sort of shared humanity at enormous cost to our country and to our party." There was something plaintive in Mondale's voice when he said, "I think we forget how long my type ran this country. You know, civil rights, the social legislation, all the things we were doing for the environment, job safety, pension reform." He predicted that the mood would change again in the Democrats' favor, especially since "thousands and thousands of people are going to suffer horribly" from cuts in programs like Medicare. "I don't think the Democrats ought to be unwilling to be seen as favoring the use of government for these purposes," Mondale added.

The most recent and one of the most eloquent revival speeches was Governor Mario Cuomo's keynote address at the 1984 Democratic Convention. "We believe that we must be the family of America," Cuomo said, "recognizing that at the heart of the matter we are bound to one another." Cuomo offered an original twist on the traditional revival themes when he called for "a government strong enough to use the words *love* and *compassion*." Cuomo also appealed to the self-interest of middle-class voters, whom he called "the heart of our constituency, the middle class, the people not rich enough to be worry-free but not poor enough to be on welfare." He accused the Republicans of dividing the nation "into those temporarily better off and those worse off than before." The implication was that middle-class voters had the same grievances as the poor and that the sense of grievance could serve as the basis of an anti-Reagan coalition. "President Reagan told us from the beginning that he believed in a kind of social Darwinism, survival of the fittest," Cuomo said. "'Government can't do everything,' we were told. 'So it should settle for taking care of the strong and hope that economic ambition and charity will do the rest. Make the rich richer and what

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falls from their table will be enough for the middle class and those trying to make it into the middle class.'"

That speech and others like it confirmed Cuomo's image as the champion of traditional Democratic verities. Democrats, one of his allies said, "want someone who can distinguish the Democratic Party from the Republican Party. Cuomo does that better than anyone." His keynote speech made him the champion of the Old Believers in the Democratic Party. That was why his statement on February 19 sent shock waves through the party: "In my opinion, the Democratic Party offers a number of candidates who can prove themselves capable of leading the nation toward a more sane, a more progressive, a more humane future. I will not add my name to that number. I will not be a candidate." A campaign strategist had observed last year, "If Cuomo comes into this race, he takes up a huge amount of room." Cuomo's withdrawal this year has left a large empty space in the party. There is no one to carry the flag of the old party faith.

Cuomo apparently reached the same conclusion as Kennedy—namely, that there was no payoff in being a spokesman for traditional liberalism in 1988. It is a message Democrats believe in but fear won't sell. Over the past three years Cuomo has expended a good deal of energy resisting being labeled as a New Deal Democrat. "They came in here after the keynote," he said to me when we met in Albany not long ago. "They said, 'Well, we know that you're an old-fashioned New Deal liberal.' And I go, 'What is an old-fashioned New Deal liberal?' These labels are all jokes."

What will the Old Believers in the party do now? In past elections there was always a Humphrey or a Muskie or a Henry Jackson or a Kennedy or a Mondale to carry the flag. In 1988 they will have to take a good look at some new and unfamiliar faces. Many people expect Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis to pick up a large share of the Cuomo vote. He is, after all, a similar type—urban, northeastern, ethnic. While the two governors' constituencies may overlap, however, their styles do not. Dukakis is cool and technocratic, probably far too much so for Cuomo fans. What Dukakis sells is competence and efficiency, not soulfulness and passion.

One candidate who is likely to make a strong claim to the Cuomo constituency is Joseph Biden. True, Biden is Irish Catholic, which is not terribly ethnic these days. And he is from Delaware, which is not terribly urban or northeastern. But he has soul. He can give a rousing Democratic revival speech, even if what he preaches is not exactly the old-time religion. If he is weak on substance, that just goes to prove he is not a technocrat. For Democrats who really want soul, however, no candidate is more authentic than Jesse Jackson. And no one is more practiced in the art of revivalism. Some Cuomo admirers, particularly those on the left, will end up in the Jackson camp. Watch for the editorial in *The Village Voice* arguing that Jesse Jackson is the only candidate in the race who is really offering a clear and coherent message.

The conventional wisdom says that Gary Hart is the most likely to benefit from Cuomo's withdrawal. If you're number one, after all, it's always nice to have number two drop out. In fact Hart may end up paying dearly for Cuomo's withdrawal. Now Hart has no one to run against. As Hart proved in the McGovern campaign in 1972 (which he managed) and in his own 1984 campaign, one of the best ways for a New Politics candidate to get votes is to run against the Old Politics. McGovern needed Humphrey. Hart needed Mondale. And next year Hart may discover that he desperately needs Mario Cuomo. With no Cuomo vote, there can be no anti-Cuomo vote. And that makes Gary Hart's campaign much harder to define.

This split in the Democratic Party between the Old Politics and the New Politics goes back to 1968, when the

ALZHEIMER'S

(For Renée Mauger)

She answers the bothersome telephone, takes the message, forgets the message, forgets who called.
One of their daughters, her husband guesses: the one with the dogs, the babies, the boy Jed?
Yes, perhaps, but how tell which, how tell anything when all the nametags have been lost or switched,
when all the lonely flowers of sense and memory bloom and die now in adjacent bites of time?
Sometimes her own face will suddenly appear with terrifying inappropriateness before her in a mirror.
She knows that if she's patient its gaze will break, demurely, decorously, like a well-taught child's,
it will turn from her as though it were embarrassed by the secrets of this awful hide-and-seek.
If she forgets, though, and glances back again, it will still be in there, furtively watching, crying.

—C. K. Williams

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two confronted each other on the streets of Chicago. The division between Mondale and Hart in the 1984 Democratic primaries looked very much like the split between Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy in 1968: the party establishment versus the outsiders. The young versus the old. Blue-collar union voters versus upper-middle-class professionals. What the two sides were fighting about in 1968 was, of course, the Vietnam War. The party regulars were carrying out the doctrine of anti-communist interventionism that had originated with Harry Truman and been handed down to John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and Hubert Humphrey. The New Politics movement not only broke with that tradition but erupted in outrage against it.

As important as what the two sides fought about was what they didn't fight about. Civil rights was not an issue between the Old Politics and the New Politics. It was the party regulars, Kennedy, Johnson, and Humphrey, who first embraced the civil-rights movement; indeed, they became heroes in the civil-rights struggle. The New Politics liberals had no quarrel with that commitment, although many southern and blue-collar Democrats did. Today, on racial issues all national Democrats are liberals.

Economics was something else Old Politics and New Politics Democrats used not to fight about. But that was mostly because in the old days the subject rarely came up. The political agenda of the 1960s and early 1970s was dominated by race, foreign policy, and cultural conflict, not by issues like taxes, trade, and government spending and regulation.

In the 1980s the principal issue between the Old and the New Politics has been defining the proper role of government—how Democrats should respond to the Reagan revolution. Mondale defended the traditional advocacy role of government, in which it promotes equity and protects people against adversity. "We're about to decide whether we are a generous party and a caring nation, or whether we're not," Mondale said. Hart offered the New Politics—rationality, problem-solving, and "new ideas"—and he accused Mondale of being more concerned about dividing up "a stagnant economic pie more fairly" than about policies to make the pie larger.

Polls of voters in the 1984 Democratic primaries revealed that Democrats who felt most confident about the economy were attracted to Hart's New Politics campaign, while economic pessimism was associated with support for Mondale and Jesse Jackson. Hart's support was driven by the economic recovery, while Mondale and Jackson got their votes from people who had been most hurt by the recession. Mario Cuomo, who consulted with several experienced Democratic strategists before deciding not to run, probably made the same calculation that Edward Kennedy made about 1988: Without a recession the Old Politics won't sell. Democrats will be looking for something new.

On the other hand, a serious economic downturn during 1987 could generate a call for Cuomo to enter the race and save the Democratic Party. (To get Kennedy into the race, something on the order of a catastrophe would have to occur.) In fact, the 1988 campaign calendar may offer an opportunity for late entrants. The schedule is heavily front-loaded between February 8 (the Iowa caucuses) and March 8 (Super Tuesday). After March 8, however, the nomination might still be in doubt—if no candidate has taken a commanding lead, for example, or if Jesse Jackson holds the largest block of delegates. What happens next is a four-month window between Super Tuesday and the Atlanta convention. That gives voters, delegates, and candidates plenty of time for second thoughts. Plenty of time to broker votes. And plenty of time for new candidates to parachute into the race.

IS MARIO CUOMO THE KIND OF CANDIDATE WHO COULD save the Democratic Party? Like Kennedy, Cuomo has important political assets—and serious personal liabilities. Cuomo communicates a powerful sense of roots. "My mama-and-papa speech that I've given a hundred times," he told me. "What does it say? It says what a wonderful country this is. People came here with nothing, seeking opportunity, and they found it." Cuomo embodies the whole immigrant saga—the Statue of Liberty, living over the store, only in America. As he put it in his keynote speech, "That [my parents] were able to build a family and live in dignity and see one of their children go from behind their little grocery store on the other side of the tracks, in South Jamaica, where he was born, to occupy the highest seat in the greatest state of the greatest nation in the only world we know is an ineffably beautiful tribute to the democratic process."

Cuomo's rootedness comes across to some people as parochialism. He is a very New York person—the ethnicity, the accent, the street-wise toughness, the sharpness and cunning. As was discovered during the fiscal crisis of the 1970s, New York City does not have a very positive image in the rest of the country. Moreover, Cuomo has been criticized for seldom venturing outside New York and having little first-hand knowledge of the rest of the country, not to mention the rest of the world. The question most often asked about his prospective candidacy was, "Could he be sold outside New York?"

Cuomo's combativeness is legendary. Indeed, there is something admirable about a politician who takes on his critics and never takes the easy route out. His confrontations may have been unwise, but they were always impressive. For instance, unique among Roman Catholic politicians, Cuomo confronted the church with his liberal views on abortion, which he articulated in a theological framework. "We [Catholics] are the church, all of us together," he told *The New York Times*. The conventional wisdom is that no politician has ever won an argument with an archbishop; even if you win, you lose. But Cuomo may have reinforced his image as a man of intellectual and moral seriousness. In addition, Cuomo attacked the Reagan Ad-

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ministration last year for using ideological litmus tests to select federal judges. "Cases should be decided in the courthouse," he said. "They should not be decided in the Oval Office or the Senate chamber."

Cuomo's style is that of a trial lawyer. He constantly probes, banters, argues even when he agrees with you. I told him that I had seen some interesting polls dealing with people's views of the Democratic Party. The following discussion ensued:

Interviewer: "Let me mention one particular finding, Governor."

Cuomo: "Give me the question and I'll give you the answer."

I: "The question is, 'Is there anything in particular that you like about the Democratic Party?' "

C: "How does it get answered? Is it open-ended?"

I: "It is open-ended."

C: "The answer is, 'They care about people.' "

I: "That's the right answer."

C: "Thirty-one percent."

I: "Not bad. The figure is usually between twenty and thirty percent."

C: "What do you mean, 'Not bad'? That was sensational. What do you have to do to be sensational?"

Cuomo has a prickly sensibility. He is hard on his enemies and tough on his critics. He is jealous of his reputation and seems to trust few people. A Cuomo supporter once said, "I sit in a meeting and I am stunned by his intelligence and sensitivity. Yet I am also stunned by his seeming insecurity." That is no small matter. The greatest tragedies as Presidents—Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter—were all deeply insecure men, who worried incessantly about their reputations, made lists of enemies, and carried polls around in their pockets. Psychological security may be the most important characteristic to look for in a presidential candidate. The stories about Cuomo's touchiness, which may have helped drive him from the race, raise questions about his sense of personal security—and therefore about his stability as a President.

For the time being, Cuomo has assumed the Kennedy role in the Democratic Party. He deeply moves his fellow Democrats, but they fear making him their party leader. His message may not be right for the times. And his personal liabilities are substantial. Like Kennedy, Cuomo is the kind of candidate who looks strongest, and therefore has the most power and influence, when he is not running. In 1988, it seems, he is destined to be the conscience of the Democratic Party.

THE REVEREND JESSE JACKSON, THE DEMOCRATIC Party's best-qualified revivalist, is a Baptist preacher and a spellbinding orator. He defied the black political establishment and ran for President in 1984. He ended up doing what no other black leader has done: he ran a national political campaign that activated the black constituency and defined black concerns and aspirations. But he did so in a racially and ethnically divisive way. According to Adam Clymer, of *The New York Times*, Jackson ended up carrying more than three quarters of the black vote in the 1984 Democratic primaries and a scant five percent of the white vote. He also antagonized the Democratic establishment. Walter Mondale told me, "I am convinced that he hurt us a lot. He had a right to be a candidate as much as I did. But if he had not been a candidate, I would have been nominated much earlier, could have put the party together, raised money, and had a more unified campaign—all those things I was denied. He stayed on months after he had a chance. I believe that if he doesn't watch out, he's going to hurt the party again."

Jackson threatens the political establishment because he talks about issues that cautious politicians normally avoid. For instance, as a rule, Democratic leaders, black and white alike, would rather not talk about race. Issues like affirmative action, quotas, and busing divide the Democratic Party just at a time when the party needs to construct a multi-racial coalition of those opposed to the President's policies. American politics is coalition politics, and Jesse Jackson is a difficult man to coalesce with.

Jackson's past statements in praise of the Palestine Liberation Organization, his anti-Semitic remarks (for which he has publicly apologized), and his refusal to disavow the support of the black nationalist Louis Farrakhan have created immense distrust in the Jewish community, a critical source of Democratic funds and votes. Jackson has become a leader of some significance in the movement to fight apartheid in South Africa and is one of the few American figures to have established ties with black Africa. But he has also embraced Fidel Castro and Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega. The problem facing the party is that black political aspirations have become identified with Jackson. Democrats can deal with those aspirations only if they are separated from Jackson's personal ambitions.

Jackson's core constituency is the Democratic Party's base, the voters who stick with the party no matter what. Blacks voted about 90 percent for George McGovern in 1972 and about the same for Walter Mondale in 1984. But Jackson is much more than an ethnic politician. In making his case for a black presidential candidacy, he wrote in 1983, "A black candidate does not mean an exclusive black agenda, but an inclusive agenda that grows out of the black experience in America."

What Jackson advocates is an agenda of the left. He sees blacks as the vanguard of the American proletariat. Because of their dispossessed status and political consciousness, blacks are ideally positioned to pressure the Democratic Party to become what Jackson calls "a coalition of the rejected—the real silent majority." Jackson collects discontent. When we talked recently, he told me with pride that his Rainbow Coalition has been working with white unemployed shipbuilders, dispossessed farmers, and several labor unions. Jackson has also been prominent-

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ly associated with striking communications workers, laid-off oil-field workers, and TWA flight attendants. As one party strategist told *Time* magazine, "His is an effort to take every political grievance that ever existed and make a political movement."

Jackson describes his coalition as "a new majority," but he is not, in fact, playing majoritarian politics. Most Americans do not feel "damned, disinherited, disrespected, and despised." While mainstream party strategists are urging Democrats to trim their sails a bit in order to win a majority in these conservative times, Jackson reminds Democrats of their fundamental identity as the party of economic populism.

Religion was critical in enabling Jackson to consolidate his support among black voters, many of whom do not share his leftist ideological views (or his anti-Semitic inclinations). To older, more conservative blacks, Jackson was not a dangerous radical. He spoke the language they heard in church every Sunday. His religious vocation and his conservative, almost Reaganite, views on self-help and personal improvement gave him credibility in the black community—and beyond. He explained to me that values are a key element of his political strategy. His visibility on the issue of drug abuse, for example, has given him a broad legitimacy. He told me, "For a long time many Democrats wanted to say, 'That's people's personal habits, their personal values.' While they were avoiding the values issue, I knew the values issue was the key. And so now it is said that Mrs. Reagan and I have more visibility on the drug issue than anybody, because I have been on that case for ten years."

Jackson is a vociferous critic of centrist tendencies in the Democratic Party. He is particularly critical of the Democratic Leadership Council. Jackson calls the DLC "Democrats for the Leisure Class." Jackson is more than a revivalist. He is the leader of what might be called the fundamentalist wing of the Democratic Party, those who pledge eternal vigilance against any drift to the right. The fundamentalists regard themselves as the voice of principle in the party.

The $64 question is what Jackson and the fundamentalists will do if the party goes in the direction of "unprincipled expediency" and nominates a centrist. I asked him whether he would categorically rule out running on a third-party ticket if the Democrats nominated "a DLC type." "It's premature," Jackson replied. "I don't want to be in a position of shooting blanks and threatening. If the party rationalizes a Gramm-Rudman-Hollings approach and the continued partnership with South Africa, it will simply pour cold water on the fires of many would-be Democrats. The question becomes, 'How do we turn the embers into hot coals?'"

As he continued talking, his argument became more suggestive and his imagery more vivid. "If nobody speaks to that crowd, then they are simply there to affirm themselves another political channel, or they are there to do nothing but watch a parade go by that they don't have any floats in. People enjoy watching parades, but they really enjoy it when their float passes by. The DLC will have a parade that a lot of Democrats won't have a float in." The implication is that the people Jackson is talking about could watch the parade and be disappointed. Or they could stay home. Or they could organize their own parade, with a different grand marshal. A third-party ticket would be devastating to Democrats, but it could also discredit Jackson as a responsible black leader. Right now, one of his supporters says, "It's clear that card is in his back pocket, and it should be."

Will Jackson do as well in 1988 as he did in 1984? Aside from the novelty of his candidacy, one thing he had going for him in 1984 was the recent recession. Blacks suffered greatly during Reagan's first term, and they turned out to vote in enormous numbers in 1982, before Jackson became a candidate. In other words, a parade of black voters was already on the march when Jackson stepped in front to lead it. Depending on what happens to the economy, the edge of discontent may not be so strong in 1988. But one thing in Jackson's favor next year is the fact that no prospective white candidate has the civil-rights record and the long-standing legitimacy in the black community that Walter Mondale enjoyed. And, ironically, the southern regional primary, supported by many DLC activists and now set for March 8, 1988, may end up working to Jackson's ad-

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vantage. If the white vote splinters among many different candidates and Jackson runs a strong second or third in every southern state, he could wind up with the largest number of delegates on a day when one third of the total will be chosen. That fact virtually ensures that Jackson will try again in 1988.

HOW SHOULD THE DEMOCRATS POSITION THEMselves for 1988? The Republicans are the "in" party, and, whoever they nominate, they are going to have to sell continuity. The Democrats are the "out" party, and they are going to have to sell change. If the incumbent Administration is popular and successful, then it may be smart for the opposition to offer some change but not too much: "We can do better." Frustrated partisans will complain about "me-too" politics, but sometimes, as in 1952 and 1960, not too much change is exactly what the voters want. However, facing a failed and discredited Administration, the opposition may offer a fundamental change of direction, as the Republicans did in 1980.

The problem for the Democrats in 1988 is that both arguments can be made. In some respects the Reagan Administration is a failure: secretive and misguided diplomacy, no progress on arms control, an enormous federal budget deficit, the trade deficit. But the voters continue to acknowledge Reagan's principal achievements: cutting taxes, reforming the nation's tax system, curbing inflation, and restoring the public's sense of military security. The failures of the Reagan Administration do not discredit its achievements or give the Democrats a mandate to undo the Reagan revolution.

There are any number of things the voters may want in 1988 that they are not getting from the Reagan Administration. Youth is certainly one possibility, especially with a President who in recent months has appeared out of touch with what is going on in his own government. Compassion, always a weak area for Republicans, is another potential Democratic theme, especially if the economy dips. Two qualities that used to be strong selling points for the Reagan Administration, competence and integrity, were thrown into doubt by the Iranian-arms scandal. In 1988 the voters may once again look for an outsider and an anti-Washington candidate to go in and "clean up the mess," just as they did in 1976 and 1980. The diversity of potential Democratic candidates means that the party will be able to offer just about anything the market wants in 1988, whether that is compassion, character, competence, or experience.

The question may be raised whether it is in the Democrats' best interest to win the presidency in 1988. A great many Democrats are predicting an economic catastrophe after Reagan leaves office. Do they really want to be in office when everything unravels? As many Presidents have discovered, it is difficult to blame your problems on your predecessor if they happen on your watch. And the federal budget deficit virtually ensures that Reagan's successor will preside over a regime of austerity, requiring either spending cuts or tax increases or both. Who needs it?

The Democrats need it. Serious politicians are not afraid of crisis. A crisis offers the opportunity to demonstrate leadership and creativity. Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Reagan all accomplished what they did because they came into office at a time of crisis. Moreover, austerity does not have to result in unpopularity, so long as a leader has the ability to define a sense of common purpose. Many Democrats see the competitiveness issue as giving a sense of purpose to a new Democratic Administration. They can steal a little of Reagan's thunder: "Stand tall, America! We're number one!" Only this time, the challenge is economic, not military, and the threat comes from Japan, not Russia. A new Democratic Administration may also have the opportunity to negotiate one of the most dramatic arms-control agreements of the postwar era, and that in and of itself is likely to relieve some of the pressure on the federal budget.

Winning the presidency in 1988 would undoubtedly create problems for the Democrats. Only one thing would be worse: not winning the presidency. The effect of losing another presidential election—five out of the past six—would be devastating. A demoralized political party is vulnerable to all sorts of pathologies. The Whigs split during the 1850s. The Democrats fell apart during the 1920s. And after losing five elections in a row, the Republican Party in the early 1950s was infected by an extremist reaction in the form of McCarthyism, which argued that the political system was being subverted. For a party to lose over and over again is just not healthy.

The Republicans got out of their dilemma by nominating Dwight D. Eisenhower, even though he had never held elective office before and was not "a real Republican." The party was so desperate to win that it didn't matter. If the Democrats lose in 1988, they, too, will begin to panic. Litmus-testing will be suspended, and out of desperation the party may well turn to a candidate who recently made the following statement when asked what he would do in the event of an economic downturn: "I'll be damned if I know. That's why I don't want to be President." The person who said that was Chrysler Corporation Chairman Lee Iacocca. But wouldn't he be too old to run for President? No: in January, 1993, Lee Iacocca will be one year younger than Ronald Reagan was when he took office. □

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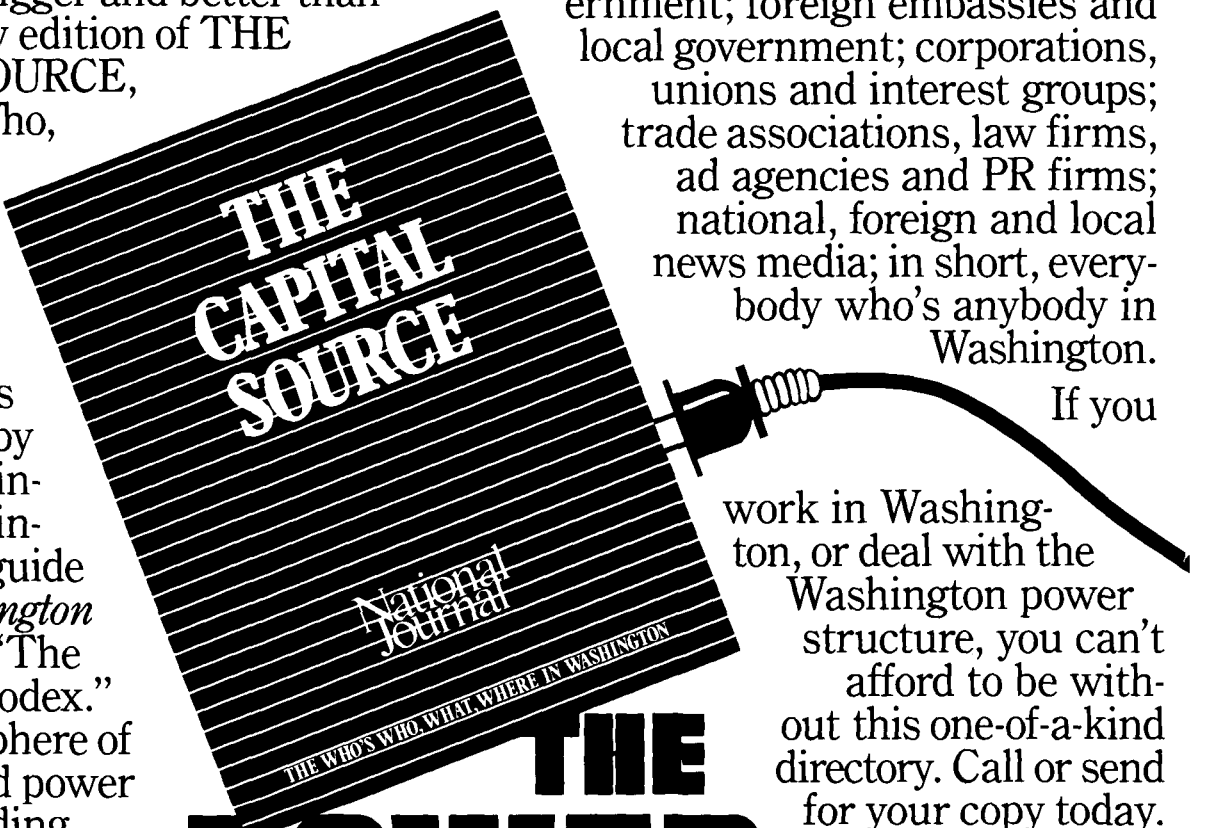

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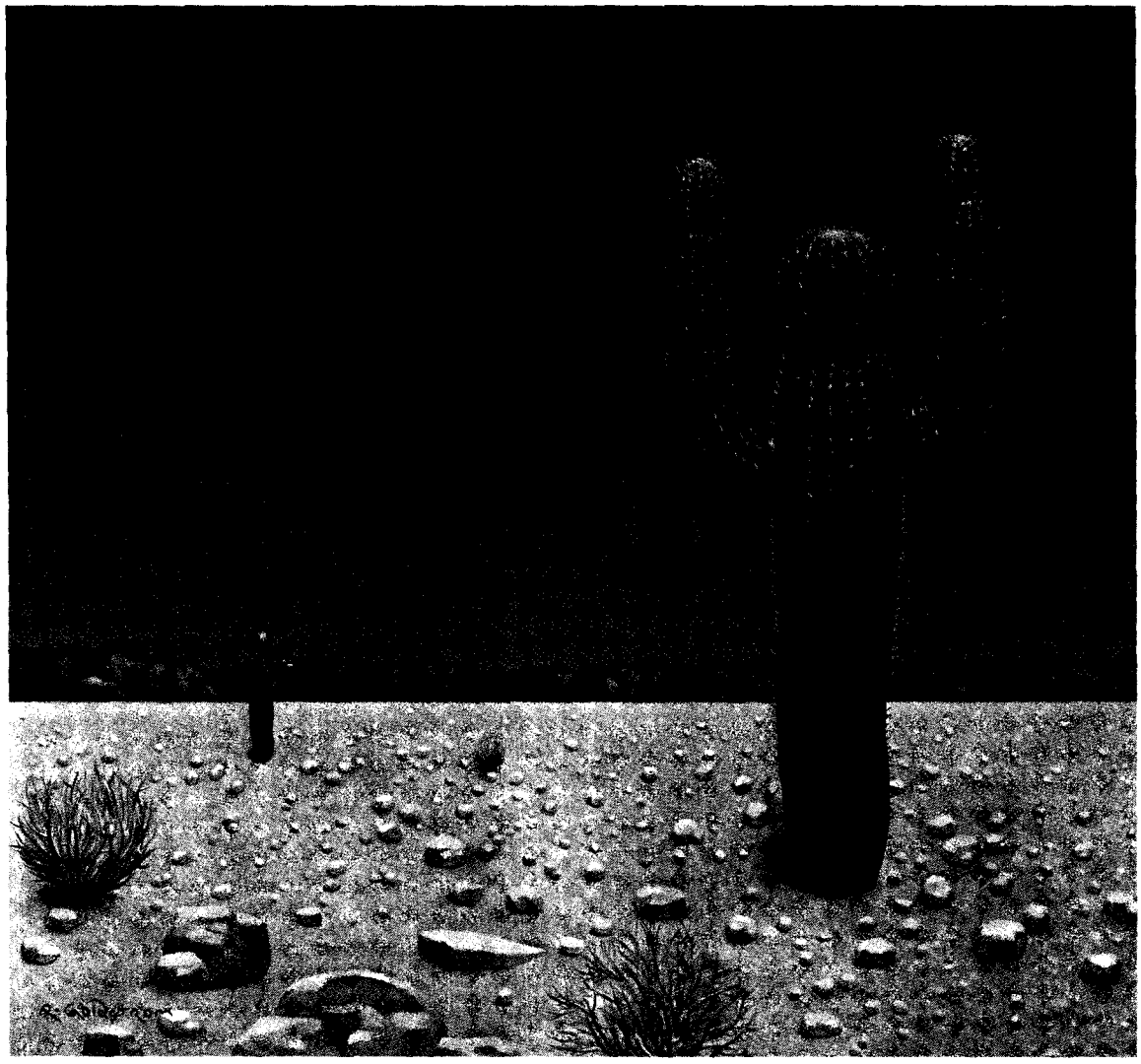

A Short Story

THE MAN WHO KNEW BELLE STARR

BY RICHARD BAUSCH

ON HIS WAY WEST MCRAE PICKED UP A HITCHER, A young woman carrying a paper bag and a leather purse, wearing jeans and a shawl—which she didn't take off, though it was more than ninety degrees out and McRae had no air-conditioning. He was driving an old Dodge Charger with a bad exhaust system and one long crack in the wraparound windshield. He pulled over for her, and she got right in, put the leather purse on the seat between them, and settled herself with the paper bag on her lap between her hands. He had just crossed into Texas from Oklahoma. This was the third day of the trip.

"Where you headed?" he asked.

She said, "What about you?"

"Nevada, maybe."

"Why maybe?"

And that fast he was answering *her* questions. "I just got out of the Air Force," he told her, though this wasn't exactly true. The Air Force had given him a dishonorable discharge, after four years at Leavenworth for assaulting a staff sergeant. He was a bad character. He had a bad temper that had got him into a load of trouble already, and he just wanted to get out west, out to the wide open spaces. Just to see it, really. He had the feeling that people didn't require as much from a person way out where there was that kind of room. He didn't have any family now. He had five thousand dollars from his father's insurance policy,

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and he was going to make the money last a while. He said, "I'm sort of undecided about a lot of things."

"Not me," she said.

"You figured out where you're going?"

"You could say that."

"So where might that be?"

She made a fist and then extended her thumb, and turned it over. "Under," she said. "Down."

"Excuse me?"

"Does the radio work?" she asked, reaching for it.

"It's on the blink," he said.

She turned the knob anyway. Then she sat back and folded her arms over the paper bag.

He took a glance at her. She was skinny and long-necked, and her hair was the color of water in a metal pail. She looked just old enough for high school.

"What's in the bag?" he said.

She sat up a little. "Nothing. Another blouse."

"Well, so what did you mean back there?"

"Back where?"

"Look," he said, "we don't have to do any talking if you don't want to."

"Then what will we do?"

"Anything you want," he said.

"What if I just want to sit here and let you drive me all the way to Nevada?"

"That's fine," he said. "That's just fine."

"Well, I won't do that. We can talk."

"Are you going to Nevada?" he asked.

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "Why not?"

"All right," he said, and for some reason he offered her his hand. She looked at it and then smiled at him, and he put his hand back on the wheel.

It got a little awkward almost right away. The heat was awful, and she sat there sweating, not saying much. He never thought he was very smooth or anything, and he had been in prison; it had been a long time since he had found himself in the company of a woman. Finally she fell asleep, and for a few miles he could look at her without worrying about anything but staying on the road. He decided that she was kind of good-looking around the eyes and mouth. If she ever filled out, she might be something. He caught himself wondering what might happen, thinking of sex. A girl who traveled alone like this was probably pretty loose. Without quite realizing it, he began to daydream about her, and when he got aroused by the daydream he tried to concentrate on figuring his chances, playing his cards right, not messing up any opportunities—but being gentlemanly, too. He was not the sort of man who forced himself on young women. She slept very quietly, not breathing loudly or sighing or moving much; and then she simply sat up and folded her arms over the bag again and stared out at the road.

"God," she said. "I went out."

"You hungry?" he asked.

"No."

"What's your name? I never got your name."

"Belle Starr," she said, and, winking at him, she made a clicking sound out of the side of her mouth.

"Belle Starr," he said.

"Don't you know who Belle Starr was?"

All he knew was that it was a familiar-sounding name. "Belle Starr."

She put her index finger to the side of his head and said, "Bang."

"Belle Starr," he said.

"Come on," she said. "Annie Oakley. Wild Bill Hickok."

"Oh," McRae said. "Okay."

"That's me," she said, sliding down in the seat. "Belle Starr."

"That's not your real name."

"It's the only one I go by these days."

They rode on in silence for a time.

"What's *your* name?" she asked.

He told her.

"Irish?"

"I never thought about it."

"Where you from, McRae?"

"Washington, D.C."

"Long way from home."

"I haven't been there in years."

"Where *have* you been?"

"Prison," he said. He hadn't known he would say it, and now that he had, he kept his eyes on the road. He might as well have been posing for her; he had an image of himself as he must look from the side, and he shifted his weight a little, sucked in his belly. When he stole a glance at her, he saw that she was simply gazing out at the Panhandle, one hand up like a visor to shade her eyes.

"What about you?" he asked, and felt like somebody in a movie—two people with a past come together on the open road. He wondered how he could get the talk around to the subject of love.

"What *about* me?"

"Where you from?"

"I don't want to bore you with all the facts," she said.

"I don't mind," McRae said. "I got nothing else to do."

"I'm from way up north."

"Okay," he said, "you want me to guess?"

"Maine," she said. "Land of moose and lobster."

He said, "Maine. Well, now."

"See?" she said. "The facts are just a lot of things that don't change."

"Unless you change them," McRae said.

She reached down and, with elaborate care, as if it were fragile, put the paper bag on the floor. Then she leaned back and put her feet up on the dash. She was wearing low-cut tennis shoes.

"You going to sleep?" he asked.

"Just relaxing," she said. But a moment later, when he asked if she wanted to stop and eat, she didn't answer. He looked over and saw that she was sound asleep.

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HIS FATHER HAD DIED WHILE HE WAS AT LEAVENworth. The last time McRae saw him, he was lying on a gurney in one of the bays of D.C. General's emergency ward, a plastic tube in his mouth, an IV set into an ugly yellow-blue bruise on his wrist. McRae had come home on leave from the Air Force—which he had joined on the suggestion of a juvenile judge—to find his father on the floor in the living room, in a pile of old newspapers and bottles, wearing his good suit, with no socks or shoes and no shirt. He looked like he was dead. But the ambulance drivers found a pulse and rushed him off to the hospital. McRae cleaned the house up a little and then followed in the Charger. The old man had been going steadily downhill from the time McRae was a boy, so this latest trouble wasn't new. In the hospital they got the tube in his mouth and hooked him to the IV, and then left him there on the gurney. McRae stood at his side, still in uniform, and when the old man opened his eyes and looked at him, it was clear that he didn't know who it was. The old man blinked, stared, and then sat up, took the tube out of his mouth, and spit something terrible-looking into a small metal dish that was suspended from the complicated apparatus of the room, which made a continual water-dropping sound, like a leaking sink. He looked at McRae again, and then he looked at the tube. "Jesus Christ," he said.

"Hey," McRae said.

"What."

"It's me."

The old man put the tube back in his mouth and looked away.

"Pops," McRae said. He didn't feel anything.

The tube came out. "Don't look at me, boy. You got yourself into it. Getting into trouble, stealing and running around. You got yourself into it."

"I don't mind it, Pops. It's three meals a day and a place to sleep."

"Yeah," the old man said, and then seemed to gargle something. He spit into the little metal dish again.

"I got thirty days of leave, Pops."

"Eh?"

"I don't have to go back for a month."

"Where you going?"

"Around," McRae said.

The truth was that he hated the Air Force, and he was thinking of taking the Charger and driving to Canada or someplace like that, and hiding out for the rest of his life. The Air Force felt like punishment—it *was* punishment—and he had already been in trouble for his quick temper and his attitude. That afternoon he left his father to whatever would happen, got in the Charger, and started north. But he didn't make it. He lost heart a few miles south of New York City, and he turned around and came back. The old man had been moved to a room in the alcoholic ward, but McRae didn't go to see him. He stayed in the house, watching television and drinking beer, and when old high school buddies came by he went around with them a little. Mostly he stayed home, though, and at the end of his leave he locked the place and drove back to Chanute, in Illinois, where he was stationed. He hadn't been there two months before he got into the scrape that landed him in prison. A staff sergeant caught him drinking beer in the dayroom of one of the training barracks and asked for his name. McRae walked over to him, said, "My name is trouble," and, at the word *trouble*, struck the other man in the face. He'd had a lot of beer, and he had been sitting there in the dark, going over everything in his mind, and the staff sergeant, a baby-faced man with a spare tire of flesh around his waist and an attitude about the stripes on his sleeves, had just walked into it. McRae didn't even know him. Yet he stood over the sergeant where he had fallen and started kicking him. The poor man wound up in the hospital with a broken jaw (the first punch had done it), a few cracked ribs, and multiple lacerations and bruises. The court-martial was swift. The sentence was four years at hard labor, along with a dishonorable discharge. He'd had less than a month on the sentence when he got the news about his father. He felt no surprise, nor, really, any grief, yet there was a little thrill of something like fear; he was in his cell, and for an instant some part of him actually wanted to remain there, inside walls, where things were certain and no decisions had to be made. A week later he learned of the money from the insurance, which would have been more than the five thousand except that his father had been a few months behind on the rent and on other payments. McRae settled what he had to of those things, and kept the rest. He had started to feel like a happy man, out of Leavenworth and the Air Force. And now he was on his way to Nevada, or someplace like that—and he had picked up a girl.

HE DROVE ON UNTIL DUSK, STOPPING ONLY FOR GAS, and the girl slept right through. Just past the line into New Mexico he pulled off the interstate and went north for a mile or so, looking for some place other than a chain restaurant to eat. She sat up straight and pushed the hair back from her face. "Where are we?"

"New Mexico," he said. "I'm looking for a place to eat."

"I'm not hungry."

"Well," he said, "you might be able to go all day without eating, but I got a three-meal-a-day habit to support."

She brought the paper bag up from the floor and held it in her lap.

"You got food in there?"

"No."

"You're very pretty—childlike, sort of, when you sleep."

"I didn't snore?"

"You were quiet as a mouse."

"And you think I'm pretty."

"I guess you know a thing like that. I hope I didn't offend you."

"I don't like dirty remarks," she said. "But I guess you don't mean to be dirty."

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"Dirty."

"Sometimes people can say a thing like that and mean it very dirty, but I could tell you didn't."

He pulled in at a roadside diner and turned the ignition off. "Well?" he said.

She sat there with the bag on her lap. "I don't think I'll go in with you."

"You can have a cold drink or something," he said.

"You go in. I'll wait out here."

"Come on in there with me and have a cold drink," McRae said. "I'll buy it for you. I'll buy you dinner, if you want."

"I don't want to," she said.

He got out and started for the entrance, and before he reached it, he heard her door open and close, and turned to watch her come toward him, thin and waiflike in the shawl, which hid her arms and hands.

The diner was empty. A long, low counter ran along one side, with soda fountains and glass cases in which pies and cakes were set. There were booths along one wall. Everything seemed in order, except that no one was around. McRae and the girl stood in the doorway for a moment and waited, and finally she stepped in and took a seat in the first booth. "I guess we're supposed to seat ourselves," she said.

"This is weird," McRae said.

"Hey," she said, rising. "A jukebox." She strode over to it and leaned on it, crossing one leg behind the other at the ankle, her hair falling down to hide her face.

"Hello?" McRae said. "Anybody here?"

"Got any change?" the girl asked.

He gave her a quarter and then sat at the counter. A door at the far end of the diner swung in and a big, red-faced man entered, wearing a white cook's apron over a sweat-stained baby-blue shirt, the sleeves of which he had rolled up past the meaty curve of his elbows. "Yeah?" he said.

"You open?" McRae asked.

"That jukebox don't work, honey," the man said.

"You open?" McRae said, as the girl came and sat down beside him.

"I guess maybe I am."

"Place is kind of empty."

"What do you want to eat?"

"You got a menu?"

"You want a menu?"

"Sure," McRae said. "Why not."

"Truth is," the big man said, "I'm selling this place. I don't have menus anymore. I make hamburgers and breakfast stuff. Some french fries and cold drinks. A hot dog, maybe. I'm not keeping track."

"Let's go somewhere else," the girl said.

"Yeah," the big man said, "why don't you do that."

"Look," McRae said, "what's the story here?"

The other man shrugged. "You came in at the end of the run, you know what I mean? I'm going out of business. Sit down and I'll make you a hamburger, on the house."

McRae looked at the girl.

"Okay," she said, in a tone that made it clear that she would've been happier to leave.

The big man put his hands on the bar and leaned toward her. "Miss, if I were you, I wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"I don't like hamburger," she said.

"You want a hot dog?" the man said. "I got a hot dog for you. Guaranteed to please."

"I'll have some french fries," she said.

The big man turned to the grill and opened the metal drawer under it. He was very wide at the hips, and his legs were like tree trunks. "I get out of the Army after twenty years," he said, "and I got a little money put aside. The wife and I decide we want to get into the restaurant business. The government's going to be paying me a nice pension, and we got the savings, so we sink it all in this God-damn diner. Six and a half miles from the interstate. You get the picture? The guy's selling us this diner at a great price, you know? A terrific price. For a song, I'm in the restaurant business. The wife will cook the food and I'll wait tables, you know, until we start to make a little extra, and then we'll hire somebody—a high school kid, or somebody like that. We might even open another restaurant, if the going gets good enough. But, of course, this is New Mexico. This is six and a half miles from the interstate. You know what's up the road? Nothing." He had put the hamburger on, and a basket of frozen french fries. "Now the wife decides she's had enough of life on the border, and off she goes to Seattle to sit in the rain with her mother, and here I am trying to sell a place nobody else is dumb enough to buy. You know what I mean?"

"That's rough," McRae said.

"You're the second customer I've had all *week*, bub."

The girl said, "I guess that cash register's empty, then, huh."

"It ain't full, honey."

She got up and wandered across the room. For a while she stood gazing out the windows over the booths, her hands invisible under the woolen shawl. When she came back to sit next to McRae again, the hamburger and french fries were ready.

"On the house," the big man said.

And the girl brought a gun out from under the shawl—a pistol that looked like a toy. "Suppose you open up that register, Mr. Poor Mouth," she said.

The big man looked at her, then at McRae, who had taken a large bite of his hamburger and had it bulging in his cheeks.

"This thing is loaded, and I'll use it."

"Well, for Christ's sake," the big man said.

McRae started to get off the stool. "Hold on a minute," he said to them both, his words garbled by the mouthful of food, and then everything started happening at once. The girl aimed the pistol. There was a popping sound—a single small pop, not much louder than the sound of a cap gun—and the big man took a step back, into the dishes and pans. He stared at the girl, wide-eyed, for what

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seemed like a long time, and then went down, pulling dishes with him in a tremendous shattering.

"Jesus Christ," McRae said, swallowing, standing back far from her, raising his hands.

She put the pistol back in her jeans, under the shawl, and then went around the counter and opened the cash register. "Damn," she said.

McRae said, low, "Jesus Christ."

And now she looked at him; it was as if she had forgotten he was there. "What're you standing there with your hands up like that?"

"God," he said, "oh, God."

"Stop it," she said. "Put your hands down."

He did so.

"Cash register's empty." She sat down on one of the stools and gazed over at the body of the man where it had fallen. "Damn."

"Look," McRae said, "take my car. You can have my car."

She seemed puzzled. "I don't want your car. What do I want your car for?"

"You—" he said. He couldn't talk, couldn't focus clearly, or think. He looked at the man, who lay very still, and then he began to cry.

"Will you stop it?" she said, coming off the stool, reaching under the shawl and bringing out the pistol again.

"Jesus," he said. "Good Jesus."

She pointed the pistol at his forehead. "Bang," she said. "What's my name?"

"Your—name?"

"My name."

"Belle—" he managed.

"Come on," she said. "The whole thing. You remember."

"Belle—Belle Starr."

"Right." She let the gun hand drop to her side, into one of the folds of the shawl. "I like that so much better than Annie Oakley."

"Please," McRae said.

She took a few steps away from him and then whirled and aimed the gun. "I think we better get out of here. What do you think?"

"Take the car," he said, almost with exasperation; he was frightened to hear it in his voice.

"I can't drive," she said simply. "Never learned."

"Jesus," he said. It went out of him like a sigh.

"Lordy," she said, gesturing with the pistol for him to move to the door, "it's hard to believe you were ever in *prison*."

THE INTERSTATE WENT ON INTO THE DARK, BEYOND the glow of the headlights. He lost track of miles, road signs, other traffic, time; trucks came by and surprised him, and other cars seemed to materialize as they started the lane change that would bring them over in front of him. He saw their taillights grow small in the distance, and all the while the girl sat watching him, her hands somewhere under the shawl. For a long time he heard only the sound of the rushing night air at the windows, and then she moved a little, shifted her weight, bringing one leg up on the seat.

"What were you in prison for, anyway?"

Her voice startled him, and for a moment he couldn't think of an answer.

"Come on," she said. "I'm getting bored with all this quiet. What were you in prison for?"

"I—beat up a guy."

"That's all?"

"Yes, that's all." He couldn't keep the irritation out of his voice.

"Tell me about it."

"It was just—I just beat up a guy. It wasn't anything."

"I didn't shoot that man for money, you know."

McRae said nothing.

"I shot him because he made a nasty remark to me about the hot dog."

"I didn't hear any nasty remark."

"If he hadn't said it, he'd still be alive."

McRae held tight to the wheel.

"Don't you wish it was the Wild West?" she said.

"Wild West," he said. "Yeah." He could barely speak for the dryness in his mouth and the deep ache of his own breathing.

"You know," she said, "I'm not really from Maine."

He nodded.

"I'm from Florida."

"Florida," he managed.

"Yes, only I don't have a southern accent, so people think I'm not from there. Do you hear any trace of a southern accent at all when I talk?"

"No," he said.

"Now you—you've got an accent. A definite southern accent."

He was silent.

"Talk to me," she said.

"What do you want me to say?" he said. "Jesus."

"You could ask me things."

"Ask you things—"

"Ask me what my name is."

Without hesitating, McRae said, "What's your name?"

"You know."

"No, really," he said, trying to play along.

"It's Belle Starr."

"Belle Starr," he said.

"Nobody *but*," she said.

"Good," he said.

"And I don't care about money, either," she said. "That's not what I'm after."

"No," McRae said.

"What I'm after is adventure."

"Right," McRae said.

"Fast living."

"Fast living, right."

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"A good time."
"Good," he said.
"I'm going to live a ton before I die."
"A ton, yes."
"What about you?"
"Yes," he said. "Me too."
"Want to join up with me?"
"Join up," he said. "Right." He was watching the road.
She leaned toward him a little. "Do you think I'm lying about my name?"
"No."
"Good," she said.
He had begun to feel as though he might start throwing up what he'd had of the hamburger. His stomach was cramping on him, and he was dizzy. He might even be having a heart attack.
"Your eyes are as big as saucers," she said.
He tried to narrow them a little. His whole body was shaking now.
"You know how old I am, McRae? I'm nineteen."
He nodded, glanced at her and then at the road again.
"How old are you?"
"Twenty-three."
"Do you believe people go to heaven when they die?"
"Oh, God," he said.

HERD OF BUFFALO CROSSING THE MISSOURI RIVER ON ICE

If dragonflies can mate on the surface tension
of water, surely these tons of bison can mince
across the river, their fur peeling in strips like old

wallpaper, their huge eyes adjusting to how far
they can see when there's no big or little bluestem,
no Indian grass nor prairie cord grass to plod through.

Maybe because it's bright in the blown snow
and swirling grit, their vast heads are lowered
to the opaque ice: nothing to eat, little to smell.

They have their own currents. You could watch a herd
of running pronghorn swerve like a river rounding
a meander and see better what I mean. But

bison are a deeper, deliberate water, and there will
never be enough water for any West but the one
into which we watch these bison carefully disappear.

—*William Matthews*

"Look, I'm not going to shoot you while you're driving the car. We'd crash if I did that."
"Oh," he said. "Oh, Jesus, please—look, I never saw anybody shot before—"
"Will you *stop it*?"
He put one hand to his mouth. He was soaked: he felt the sweat on his upper lip, and then he felt the dampness all through his clothes.
She said, "I don't kill everybody I meet, you know."
"No," he said. "Of course not." The absurdity of this exchange almost brought a laugh up out of him. How astonishing, that a laugh could be anywhere in him at such a time, but here it was, rising up in his throat like some loosened part of his anatomy. He held on with his whole mind, and a moment passed before he realized that *she* was laughing.
"Actually," she said, "I haven't killed all that many people."
"How—" he began. Then he had to stop to breathe. "How many?"
"Take a guess."
"I don't have any idea," he said.
"Well," she said, "you'll just have to guess. And you'll notice that I haven't spent any time in prison."
He was quiet.
"*Guess*," she said.
McRae said, "Ten?"
"No."
He waited.
"Come on, keep guessing."
"More than ten?"
"Maybe."
"More than ten," he said.
"Well, all right. Less than ten."
"Less than ten," he said.
"Guess," she said.
"Nine."
"No."
"Eight."
"No, not eight."
"Six?"
"Not six."
"Five?"
"Five and a half people," she said. "You almost hit it right on the button."
"Five and a half people," McRae said.
"Right. A kid who was hitchhiking, like me; a guy at a gas station; a dog that must've got lost—I count him as the half; another guy at a gas station; a guy that took me to a motel and made an obscene gesture to me; and the guy at the diner. That makes five and a half."
"Five and a half," McRae said.
"You keep repeating everything I say. I wish you'd quit that."
He wiped his hand across his mouth and then feigned a cough to keep from having to speak.
"Five and a half people," she said, turning a little in the

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seat, putting her knees up on the dash. "Have you ever met anybody like me? Tell the truth."

"No," McRae said, "nobody."

"Just think about it, McRae. You can say you rode with Belle Starr. You can tell your grandchildren."

He was afraid to say anything to this, for fear of changing the delicate balance of the thought. Yet he knew the worst mistake would be to say nothing at all. He was beginning to sense something of the cunning that he would need to survive, even as he knew that the slightest miscalculation might mean the end of him. He said, with fake wonder, "I knew Belle Starr."

She said, "Think of it."

"Something," he said.

And she sat farther down in the seat. "Amazing."

He kept to fifty-five miles an hour, and everyone else was speeding. The girl sat straight up now, nearly facing him on the seat. For long periods she had been quiet, simply watching him drive. Soon they were going to need gas; they had less than half a tank.

"Look at those people speeding," she said. "We're the only ones obeying the speed limit. Look at them."

"Do you want me to speed up?"

"I think they ought to get tickets for speeding, that's what I think. Sometimes I wish I were a policeman."

"Look," McRae said, "we're going to need gas pretty soon."

"No, let's just run it until it quits. We can always hitch a ride with somebody."

"This car's got a great engine," McRae said. "We might have to outrun the police, and I wouldn't want to do that in any other car."

"This old thing? It's got a crack in the windshield. The radio doesn't work."

"Right. But it's a fast car. It'll outrun a police car."

She put one arm over the seat back and looked out the rear window. "You really think the police are chasing us?"

"They might be," he said.

She stared at him a moment. "No. There's no reason. Nobody saw us."

"But if somebody did—this car, I mean, it'll go like crazy."

"I'm afraid of speeding, though," she said. "Besides, you know what I found out? If you run slow enough, the cops go right past you. Right on past you, looking for somebody who's in a hurry. No, I think it's best if we just let it run until it quits and then get out and hitch."

McRae thought he knew what might happen when the gas ran out: she would make him push the car to the side of the road, and then she would walk him back into the cactus and brush there, and when they were far enough from the road, she would shoot him. He knew this as if she had spelled it all out, and he began again to try for the cunning he would need. "Belle," he said. "Why don't we lay low for a few days in Albuquerque?"

"Is that an obscene gesture?" she asked.

"No!" he said, almost shouted. "No! That's—it's outlaw talk. You know. Hide out from the cops—lay low. It's—it's prison talk."

"Well, I've never been in prison."

"That's all I meant."

"You want to hide out."

"Right," he said.

"You and me?"

"You—you asked if I wanted to join up with you."

"Did I?" She seemed puzzled by this.

"Yes," he said, feeling himself press it a little. "Don't you remember?"

"I guess I do."

"You did," he said.

"I don't know."

"Belle Starr had a gang," he said.

"She did?"

"I could be the first member of your gang."

She sat there thinking this over. McRae's blood moved at the thought that she was deciding whether or not he would live. "Well," she said, "maybe."

"You've got to have a gang, Belle."

"We'll see," she said.

A moment later she said, "How much money do you have?"

"I have enough to start a gang."

"It takes money to start a gang?"

"Well—" He was at a loss.

"How much do you have?"

He said, "A few hundred."

"Really?" she said. "That much?"

"Just enough to—just enough to get to Nevada."

"Can I have it?"

He said, "Sure." He was holding the wheel and looking out into the night.

"And we'll be a gang?"

"Right," he said.

"I like the idea. Belle Starr and her gang."

McRae started talking about what the gang could do, making it up as he went along, trying to sound like all the gangster movies he'd seen. He heard himself talking about things like robbery and getaway cars and not getting nabbed and staying out of prison, and then, as she sat there staring at him, he started talking about being at Leavenworth, what it was like. He went on about it, the hours of forced work and the time alone, the harsh day-to-day routines, the bad food. Before he was through, feeling the necessity of deepening her sense of him as her new accomplice—and feeling strangely as though in some way he had indeed become exactly that—he was telling her everything, all the bad times he'd had: his father's alcoholism, and growing up wanting to hit something for the anger that was in him; the years of getting into trouble; the fighting and the kicking and what it had got him. He embellished it all, made it sound worse than it really was, because she seemed to be going for it and because, telling it

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to her, he felt oddly sorry for himself; a version of this story of pain and neglect and lonely rage was true. He had been through a lot. And as he finished describing for her the scene at the hospital the last time he saw his father, he was almost certain he had struck a chord in her. He thought he saw it in the rapt expression on her face.

"Anyway," he said, and smiled at her.

"McRae?" she said.

"Yeah?"

"Can you pull over?"

"Well," he said, his voice shaking, "why don't we wait until it runs out of gas?"

She was silent.

"We'll be that much farther down the road," he said.

"I don't really want a gang," she said. "I don't like dealing with other people that much. I mean, I don't think I'm a leader."

"Oh, yes," McRae said. "No—you're a leader. You're definitely a leader. I was in the Air Force and I know leaders, and you are definitely what I'd call a leader."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. You are leadership material all the way."

"I wouldn't have thought so."

"Definitely," he said. "Definitely a leader."

"But I don't really like people around, you know."

"That's a leadership quality. Not wanting people around. It is definitely a leadership quality."

"Boy," she said, "the things you learn."

He waited. If he could only think himself through to the way out. If he could get her to trust him, get the car stopped—be there when she turned her back.

"You want to be in my gang, huh?"

"I sure do," he said.

"Well, I guess I'll have to think about it."

"I'm surprised nobody's mentioned it to you before."

"You're just saying that."

"No, really."

"Were you ever married?" she asked.

"Married?" he said, and then stammered over the answer. "Ah—uh, no."

"You ever been in a gang before?"

"A couple times, but—they never had good leadership."

"You're giving me a line, huh."

"No," he said, "it's true. No good leadership. It was always a problem."

"I'm tired," she said, shifting toward him a little. "I'm tired of talking."

The steering wheel was hurting the insides of his hands. He held tight, looking at the coming-on of the white stripes in the road. There were no other cars now, and not a glimmer of light anywhere beyond the headlights.

"Don't you ever get tired of talking?"

"I never was much of a talker," he said.

"I guess I don't mind talking as much as I mind listening," she said.

He made a sound in his throat which he hoped she took for agreement.

"That's just when I'm tired, though."

"Why don't you take a nap?" he said.

She leaned back against the door and regarded him. "There's plenty of time for that later."

"SO," HE WANTED TO SAY, "YOU'RE NOT GOING TO kill me—we're a gang?"

They had gone for a long time without speaking, an excruciating hour of minutes, during which the gas gauge had sunk to just above empty, and finally she had begun talking about herself, mostly in the third person. It was hard to make sense of most of it, yet he listened as if to instructions concerning how to extricate himself. She talked about growing up in Florida, in the country, and owning a horse; she remembered when she was taught to swim by somebody she called Bill, as if McRae would know who that was; and then she told him how when her father ran away with her mother's sister, her mother started having men friends over all the time. "There was a lot of obscene things going on," she said, and her voice tightened a little.

"Some people don't care what happens to their kids," McRae said.

"Isn't it the truth?" she said. Then she took the pistol out of the shawl. "Take this exit."

He pulled onto the ramp and up an incline to a two-lane road that went off through the desert, toward a glow that burned on the horizon. For perhaps five miles the road was straight as a plumb line, and then it curved into long, low undulations of sand and mesquite and cactus.

"My mother's men friends used to do whatever they wanted to me," she said. "It went on all the time. All sorts of obscene goings-on."

McRae said, "I'm sorry that happened to you, Belle." And for an instant he was surprised by the sincerity of his feeling: it was as if he couldn't feel sorry enough. Yet it was genuine: it had to do with his own unhappy story. The whole world seemed very, very sad to him. "I'm really very sorry," he said.

She was quiet a moment, as if thinking about this. Then she said, "Let's pull over now. I'm tired of riding."

"It's almost out of gas," he said.

"I know, but pull it over anyway."

"You sure you want to do that?"

"See?" she said. "That's what I mean—I wouldn't like being told what I should do all the time, or asked if I was sure of what I wanted or not."

He pulled the car over and slowed to a stop. "You're right," he said. "See? Leadership. I'm just not used to somebody with leadership qualities."

She held the gun a little toward him. He was looking at the small, dark, perfect circle at the end of the barrel. "I guess we should get out," she said.

"I guess so," he said.

"Do you have any relatives left anywhere?"

"No."

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"Your folks are both dead?"

"Right, yes."

"Which one died first?"

"I told you," he said. "Didn't I? My mother, my mother died first."

"Do you feel like an orphan?"

He sighed. "Sometimes." The whole thing was slipping away from him.

"I guess I do too." She reached back and opened her door. "Let's get out now."

And when he reached for the door handle, she aimed the gun at his head. "Get out slow."

"Aw, Jesus," he said. "Look, you're not going to do this, are you? I mean, I thought we were friends and all."

"Just get out real slow, like I said to."

"Okay," he said. "I'm getting out." He opened his door, and the ceiling light surprised and frightened him. Some wordless part of him understood that this was it, and all his talk had come to nothing: all the questions she had asked him, and everything he had told her—it was all completely useless. This was going to happen to him, and it wouldn't mean anything; it would just be what happened.

"Real slow," she said. "Come on."

"Why are you doing this?" he asked. "You've got to tell me that before you do it."

"Will you please get out of the car now?"

He just stared at her.

"All right, I'll shoot you where you sit."

"Okay," he said. "Don't shoot."

She said in an irritable voice, as though she were talking to a recalcitrant child, "You're just putting it off."

He was backing himself out, keeping his eyes on the little barrel of the gun, and he could hear something coming, seemed to notice it in the same instant that she said, "Wait." He stood half in and half out of the car, doing as she said, and a truck came over the hill ahead of them, a tractor trailer, all white light and roaring.

"Stay still," she said, crouching, aiming the gun at him.

The truck came fast, was only fifty yards away, and without having to decide about it, without even knowing that he would do it, McRae bolted into the road. He was running; he heard the exhausted sound of his own breath, the truck horn blaring, coming on, louder, the thing bearing down on him, something buzzing past his head. Time slowed. His legs faltered under him, were heavy, all the nerves gone out of them. In the light of the oncoming truck he saw his own white hands outstretched as if to grasp something in the air before him, and then the truck was past him, the blast of air from it propelling him over the side of the road and down an embankment, in high, dry grass, which pricked his skin and crackled like hay.

He was alive. He lay very still. Above him was the long shape of the road, curving off in the distance, the light of the truck going on. The noise faded and was nothing. A little wind stirred. He heard the car door close. Carefully he got to all fours and crawled a few yards away from where he had fallen. He couldn't be sure of which direction—he only knew he couldn't stay where he was. Then he heard what he thought were her footsteps in the road, and he froze. He lay on his side, facing the embankment. When she appeared there he almost cried out.

"McRae?" she said. "Did I get you?" She was looking right at where he was in the dark, and he stopped breathing. "McRae?"

He watched her move along the edge of the embankment.

"McRae?" She put one hand over her eyes and stared at a place a few feet over from him, and then she turned and went back out of sight. He heard the car door again, and again he began to crawl farther away. The ground was cold and rough, sandy.

He heard her put the key in the trunk. He stood up, tried to run, but something went wrong in his leg, something sent him sprawling, and a sound came out of him that seemed to echo, to stay on the air, as if to call her to him. He tried to be perfectly still, tried not to breathe, hearing now the small pop of the gun. He counted the reports: one, two, three. She was standing there at the edge of the road, firing into the dark, toward where she must have thought she heard the sound. Then she was rattling the paper bag. She was reloading—he could hear the click of the gun. He tried to get up and couldn't. He had sprained his ankle, had done something very bad to it. Now he was crawling wildly, blindly, through the tall grass, hearing again the small report of the pistol. At last he rolled into a shallow gully. He lay there with his face down, breathing the dust, his own voice leaving him in a whimpering, animal-like sound that he couldn't stop, even as he held both shaking hands over his mouth.

"McRae?" She sounded so close. "Hey," she said. "McRae?"

He didn't move. He lay there perfectly still, trying to stop himself from crying. He was sorry for everything he had ever done. He didn't care about the money, or the car, or going out west, or anything. When he lifted his head to peer over the lip of the gully and saw that she had started down the embankment with his flashlight, moving like someone with time and the patience to use it, he lost his sense of himself as McRae; he was just something crippled and breathing in the dark, lying flat in a little winding gully of weeds and sand. McRae was gone, was someone far, far away, from ages ago—a man fresh out of prison, with the whole country to wander in and insurance money in his pocket, who had headed west with the idea that maybe his luck, at long last, had changed. □

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The cases that come before Shanghai's family court offer intimate glimpses of a changing society

DIVORCE, CHINESE STYLE

BY TAMARA K. HAREVEN

ZHENHUA AND SHUQIN WERE SITTING ON OPPOSITE sides of the aisle, their backs to the audience, facing a long empty table. Shuqin was fiddling with a piece of paper—her marriage certificate. She was suing Zhenhua for divorce. One September day Shuqin had taken her clothes and her quilt, and with her sister's help had moved out of her husband's family home. Now, two years later, her case was about to be heard in the Hongkou People's District Court in Shanghai, one of thousands of local courts of this type. A slight twenty-eight-year-old woman with short black hair, Shuqin worked as a statistician in a government office. She came to court wearing beige slacks and a patterned blouse. Zhenhua, Shuqin's slim, tall, thirty-one-year-old husband, worked as a laborer on Shanghai's waterfront. Wearing khaki pants and a blue cotton Mao jacket, he sat slouching forward, as if folded into himself. On the floor next to him rested a thick black plastic bag with two handles, of the type that men all over China carry with them.

Noise generally fills public places in China, but the austere courtroom of the Hongkou ("Mouth of the Rainbow") district was silent. The leaders of the couple's neighborhood committee sat along the wall to the right of the official table. Representatives of their work units sat along the opposite wall. Three judges entered. The scales of justice were embroidered in gold on their military hats and the epaulets of their dark-gray cotton uniforms.

The judges positioned themselves behind the table, facing the couple. Almost in unison they took off their hats and placed them on the table in a neat row, each hat in front of its owner, with the visor and the emblem facing the public. First the chief judge, a woman in her fifties, sat

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down. A somewhat younger male judge took his place on her right, and a female judge in her late twenties sat on the chief judge's left. The trial was ready to begin.

The judges' theatrical entrance underscored the solemnity of the divorce proceedings and the importance attached to them in the People's Republic of China. Divorce was effectively made legal in China by the Marriage Law of 1950, which was designed to liberate men and women from forced marriages and to provide relief for women being abused by their husbands and in-laws. (About 70 percent of the divorce petitions filed since the law was passed, a year after the Communists came to power, have been filed by women.) In 1953 the number of divorces granted reached a record 1.17 million. The number fell dramatically during the Cultural Revolution, but following the introduction in 1981 of a new marriage law, it has been rising again. The new law for the first time in Chinese history recognizes alienation of affection as grounds for divorce (providing that mediation has failed). About half a million divorces have been granted each year since the new law went into effect—still a relatively small number when considered in proportion to the population, of a billion. (In the United States, which has a population of 240 million, there are around 1.2 million divorces each year.) Despite the unprecedented liberality of the new law, divorce proceedings remain arduous. The drawn-out mediation process and the constant pressures to which a couple is subjected by local leaders and the courts are in themselves sufficient to discourage many couples from considering divorce.

The integrity of the family is a cornerstone of Chinese social policy. "Society and family in China depend on each other like a larger river on a little one," a leading authority on Chinese family law told me recently. "When the little rivers are full of water, the large river is also full. When the little rivers are polluted, they also pollute the larger one." In the case of Zhenhua and Shuqin, and in another recent case that I was given the rare privilege of observing, the court hearings illuminated Chinese family and community life, caught as it is between the forces of individualism and those of community, during a period of rapid social change.

THE CHIEF JUDGE OPENED THE PROCEEDINGS WITH an announcement that the judges, along with the neighborhood-committee leaders and the work-unit representatives, had done all they could to mediate and bring about a reconciliation. But they had failed. The judges had worked closely with the local leaders, and the chief judge certified that she and her colleagues were familiar with all the details of the case.

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The chief judge asked Shuqin why she wanted a divorce. Shuqin told her story: When she and Zhenhua met, they were both very poor. Zhenhua had just returned from forced labor in the countryside. They were introduced by a go-between and fell in love. After a year-long courtship, Zhenhua and Shuqin were married, in April of 1981, and Shuqin moved into Zhenhua's crowded household, which included his parents and four sisters. Since their marriage, Shuqin said, she had tried and tried to get along with her husband, but they had experienced numerous "contradictions." She said that she had repeatedly asked the leaders of her work unit and the neighborhood committee for help, but that she had been unsuccessful in resolving the contradictions between herself and Zhenhua.

The judges explored the nature of these contradictions by questioning both Shuqin and Zhenhua. The first conflicts had occurred over the wedding itself. Zhenhua wanted a simple wedding, but Shuqin wanted to invite many friends to a large dinner, according to the current fashion. Shuqin had her way, but as a result they had to borrow 1,000 yuan (ten times the average laborer's monthly wage) from one of Zhenhua's sisters to pay for the dinner. After their marriage Zhenhua used his wages to repay the debt, but Shuqin kept her own pay. The fact that Shuqin did not contribute her wages to the common kitty became a sore point with the family, especially since she gave ten yuan a month to her mother, despite Zhenhua's insistence that she give only five yuan.

Next the judge brought up the matter of an abortion that Shuqin had had, and asked Shuqin to tell the court about it. Her voice trembling with embarrassment, Shuqin said that she had gotten pregnant by Zhenhua before their marriage. In China premarital sex is still considered a serious transgression, and until several years ago it was severely punished. After her marriage Shuqin wanted to get an abortion. Although his mother approved of it, Zhenhua objected. Shuqin went ahead anyway. Zhenhua never forgave her. But the abortion was not the cause of their estrangement, Shuqin insisted.

The fight that precipitated the breakup of the marriage resulted from Shuqin's struggle to maintain some privacy in her husband's home. Privacy is rare in China, not only because of overcrowding but also because of the traditional Chinese view that individual lives do not exist separately from the life of the community. Shuqin and Zhenhua, like the majority of other Shanghai residents, lived in cramped quarters. Many couples actually postpone marriage because they cannot find a room of their own. The Hongkou district, once the "concession" area controlled by the Japanese, is one of the most densely populated in Shanghai. In its narrow alleys old Japanese wooden houses and dilapidated European stucco mansions, now subdivided into multiple dwellings, stand side by side with mammoth tenements and small shacks. Several unrelated families often share the same kitchen, which may consist of little more than a stove and a wok. They may also share a toilet, and a water faucet in the common entry hall. Bathing is often done at public baths, or at the place of work. In warm weather family life spills out onto the sidewalks and into the alleys. People bring out small stoves, tables, chairs, and cots. They cook and eat outside, play with their children, sew and do repair work, all in close proximity. Under these conditions family fights can hardly remain private.

Zhenhua and Shuqin began by quarreling over the television, several months after their wedding. One evening, much to Zhenhua's chagrin, Shuqin locked the door to their room in order to keep his oldest sister out. The sister, who had been accustomed to sewing and watching television in that room, continued to do so after their marriage. Shuqin requested that she stop using the room because she habitually "left it in a mess." The sister threatened to take "her" TV away. Shuqin insisted that the TV stay, believing that Zhenhua owned it. The sister claimed that the TV was her own. Shuqin kept asking her husband who really owned the TV, but he never responded. As long as it was not clear who owned it, Shuqin said, she would not part with it.

Watching TV is almost the only form of entertainment available to a typical family in China. Until recently the TV was the star of the "three technologies," its supporting cast being the electric fan and the radio–tape deck. (The brightest stars now are the washing machine and the refrigerator.) A TV is still considered so precious that in most households it is clad in an embroidered velvet or silk cover when not in use.

The argument escalated. One evening Zhenhua's sister came home, pounded on the table, and shouted at Shuqin, "If you don't like to stay here, you can go back to your parents!" Neighbors rushed in "to help." Shuqin's mother and sister, who lived down the block, also came to her rescue. Several days later Shuqin hid the TV. After Zhenhua found it, Shuqin hid its plug. When Zhenhua found the plug, Shuqin hid the activating button. Zhenhua asked for the button four times, and Shuqin refused to give it to him. Zhenhua openly sided with his family.

The next day Shuqin's mother-in-law gave her two months' worth of food coupons: she was being expelled. Food coupons are given to each registered family, or *hukou*, for the purchase of subsidized rice and grain. After Shuqin joined her husband's family, her registration was changed to his *hukou*. Giving the coupons to Shuqin meant, Go away and do your own cooking. Shuqin sought the help of the neighborhood leaders. On their advice she returned to her mother-in-law and said, "If you want me to do the cooking by myself, give me the coupons for two persons, and I'll cook for my husband." Her mother-in-law said nothing. When Zhenhua returned from work, Shuqin gave him her coupons and said, "You should take a stand." But Zhenhua kept silent.

Next Zhenhua's mother and sister came into Shuqin's room and scolded her for not contributing her wages and for wanting to borrow money in order to buy a wedding present for her sister. They used "dirty words" and ordered her to leave. Shuqin rushed to Zhenhua's workplace

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and told him that his mother and sister had ordered her out of the house. Zhenhua said nothing. That evening Shuqin's father came to see Zhenhua. He asked Zhenhua why he and his daughter were quarreling. Again Zhenhua was silent. Shuqin's father reaffirmed that he was not responsible for his daughter anymore. He told Zhenhua that when he had permitted Shuqin to eat at his home occasionally, he had been unaware of the couple's conflicts. "Now that I know you have a quarrel, I will not allow my daughter to eat in my house anymore." But despite her father's seeming resolve, the following day Shuqin moved back to her parents' home.

"Your conflict was with your husband's family, not with your husband," the chief judge said to Shuqin. "Why did you leave him?"

"Because my husband did not make an effort to solve the contradictions," Shuqin said.

The male judge, reminding Shuqin that her family consisted of *two* persons, asked, "Why did you leave if your husband did not want you to?"

Shuqin said that she knew Zhenhua did not want her to leave but that she had no choice. "Because my husband's family ordered me to," she said.

There were discrepancies between Zhenhua's and Shuqin's testimony, which made it impossible to determine how persistent Zhenhua really was in trying to get Shuqin back.

"Your husband wanted you back, so he came to your workplace and to your home at night," the male judge said. "Your husband did not completely sit with folded arms. Why did you not return after he asked you to?"

Shuqin replied that in fact Zhenhua *was* sitting with folded arms. During the quarrels she had told Zhenhua in tears, "Your family has a quarrel with me. You should not sit with folded arms. If I was mistaken, you should criticize me, or if they are wrong, you should tell them."

Zhenhua told the court that on the advice of the neighborhood leaders he took a gift to Shuqin's family during the mid-autumn festival. He and the leaders arrived at her home around 8:00 P.M. Shuqin's father was not there, and Shuqin was asleep. Zhenhua said, "I want to take my wife home. I have nothing to do with her parents." But the leaders advised him that, given the late hour, he should try another time. After that Zhenhua and Shuqin met for two hours at the Huangpu River Park. On Sundays and summer evenings the park teems with young couples. Several couples share each bench and seek to maintain a discreet distance from one another. According to Zhenhua, Shuqin asked him whether she could return to his home, and he said yes. But Zhenhua recounted that she never came. Zhenhua and Shuqin did not meet again for two years.

Finally the judges tried to pin Zhenhua down as to who actually owned the TV. After many evasive replies Zhenhua admitted that his sister had bought the TV with her own money. The chief judge now held Zhenhua responsible for the escalation of the fighting, because he had kept the truth from his wife.

THE JUDGES INDICATED THAT THE TIME FOR THEIR decision had arrived. The chief judge asked Shuqin whether she wanted a divorce.

"Yes," Shuqin said.

"You have lived apart for two years," the chief judge said. "Can you still be reconciled?"

"No," Shuqin said. She said she had attempted a reconciliation for a long time. The work unit and the neighborhood leaders had also tried their best. But Zhenhua was "cold-blooded." While insisting that she admit her mistakes, he refused to take a stand on his family's conduct. Bursting into tears, Shuqin told the court that when her father-in-law died—this had happened about a year earlier—she asked Zhenhua's permission to return, but Zhenhua's family refused. She had even asked the leaders of Zhenhua's work unit to intercede on her behalf. But his relatives stood firm. They blamed Zhenhua's father's death on Shuqin and said that his last words were not to let her come back.

Did Shuqin still wish to be reconciled? the judge asked again. "No," she replied in a tearful voice. The judge then addressed the same question to Zhenhua. In his evasive style Zhenhua said that they had lived apart for two years and some months. "Do you still have feelings?" asked the judge. There was no basis left for the marriage, Zhenhua replied; the feelings were lost.

In their testimony the leaders of the neighborhood committee and the work units confirmed that all hope was gone. They had done everything they could but all mediation routes were exhausted. The role that the neighborhood committees and the work units play in the court is an extension of their function as moral guardians and mediators in the community. They implement government policy in the workplace, neighborhood, and family. The work-unit committee registers marriages, provides some housing, and distributes food coupons and contraceptives. The neighborhood committee, consisting primarily of retired workers, mostly women, serves without pay. It enforces birth-control policy and investigates disputes among neighbors and within families. Both committees mediate cases and bring them to court as a last resort.

This type of mediation, which has its origins in ancient Chinese practice, is frequently used in China to settle disputes. In 1983, seven million domestic disputes of various kinds were settled through mediation by local committees. The committees wield considerable power over people's lives in cases of internal family quarrels, adultery, and pregnancy. Since people cannot change jobs and housing on their own initiative, falling out of grace with committee leaders is tantamount to being ostracized. The committees can intervene, unsolicited. They "persuade" people through persistent moral pressure and public shaming. During a visit to a neighborhood in Beijing, I asked a committee member in charge of family planning how it was possible to force a woman to get an abortion. "We don't force her," the leader said. "We talk to her again and again until she agrees."

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Following the testimony from the committee leaders the chief judge announced that the court would be prepared to grant a divorce once the matter of property was settled. In the division of property the judges followed the principle that each person should keep those objects that he or she had brought into the marriage or paid for during the marriage. The judge established that Shuqin had brought to Zhenhua's house her own clothes, eight quilts, four pillows, two blankets, and a lamp. Zhenhua said that at the time of the marriage he had owned a bed, two bed boxes, a writing table, a sofa, two small tables, two chairs, and a glass box. Zhenhua, who had been passive and evasive in discussions of personal relations, became suddenly aggressive regarding property issues.

In a dispute over who had paid for quilt covers, Shuqin finally admitted that Zhenhua had. The judge ordered her to return the covers. Zhenhua also insisted that Shuqin return three wooden buckets that he had bought in the countryside. "Do not raise such a small thing," Shuqin responded with embarrassment. But the judge intervened: "Don't say this is a small thing." In response to Zhenhua's demand that Shuqin return the wedding photos, Shuqin proposed to cut each photo in half. "Don't do that," the chief judge said. "You have to continue to live as good neighbors." She also advised Zhenhua to instruct his mother and sister to stop quarreling with Shuqin. Zhenhua insisted that Shuqin pay the three-yuan court fee, because she had initiated the suit. It was irrelevant who sued, the judge said, but Shuqin had already offered to pay.

The chief judge announced the verdict. According to the marriage law of 1981, the couple would be divorced by mutual consent. Neither party could be married again until after receiving the certificate of divorce. The judge commended the neighborhood and work-unit leaders for their efforts, and again asked for their opinions. The leaders concurred with the verdict. They also advised Shuqin not to rush back into marriage. As silence descended again over the courtroom, the judges picked up their hats in unison and walked out, followed by the local leaders. The audience, consisting of relatives and neighbors, erupted into loud conversation.

Shuqin and Zhenhua walked out separately. As Zhenhua passed the front row, he cast a curious glance at me, the foreign observer, who had, he knew, been sitting behind his back but whose face he had not seen. He smiled in embarrassment, revealing his buck teeth. He then moved on, carrying his black bag. Shuqin was free now from oppression by her husband's family and from a marriage that had lost its meaning. In reality she had gained very little freedom. She would continue to live in poverty in her parents' home. Given the stigma attached to divorce in China, and the competition from younger women, she would find it almost impossible to remarry. As a single person, she had no place in the community's social life. She was now part of the large pool of women whose inability to find a husband has recently become a source of anxiety to the Chinese leadership.

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CIRCUMSTANCES OVER which Zhenhua and Shuqin had little control, and which eventually figured in the destruction of their marriage, were not unique to their lives. Their poverty and dependence on Zhenhua's family locked them into conflict. From the beginning they were deprived of the opportunity to nurture their separate existence as a couple. By joining her husband in his family home Shuqin continued a time-honored Chinese tradition. While the socialist regime has attempted to replace the patriarchal family with one based on equality and mutual respect, regardless of sex or age, the ghost of "feudal" family relationships has lingered.

A considerable number of sons in China still bring their brides into their parents' households. This practice is especially common in the countryside, where arranged marriages and other traditional family customs have persisted despite the communal organization of production. Recently the introduction of the new "individual responsibility" system—a limited free-market system for small farmers and craftsmen—has encouraged the return of married sons and their families to the parental home, because their labor can be essential to maximizing family profit.

In urban areas residential patterns are more diverse: some couples live with the wife's parents instead of the husband's, depending on housing space, proximity to a workplace, and compatibility. In the large cities young couples tend increasingly to reside near their parents rather than with them. A recent survey of households in Beijing, Tienzin, and Shanghai found that about half the couples in each of these cities live in "nuclear" families. In such cases, however, nuclear families do not reside in separate, private housing. Because of housing shortages, the young couples typically share a flat with several other families, who are not relatives.

Most of the older couples I interviewed in Beijing and Shanghai said that nowadays married children who stay with parents do so mainly as a convenience rather than out of filial piety. Several public officials with whom I spoke predicted that once housing and child-care needs are met, most young people will prefer to live separately, in the hope of avoiding the predicament that drove Shuqin and Zhenhua apart.

After the courtroom emptied, I met with the judges and the president of the district court to discuss the case. As what were evidently customary bottles of orangeade were served, the judges relaxed and unbuttoned their uniform jackets, the women revealing colorful blouses underneath.

First the judges wanted to assure me that they and the local leaders had worked very hard to save Zhenhua and Shuqin's marriage. Judges in China interpret divorce law conservatively. They distinguish carefully between the use of divorce to liberate people from bondage and its "abuse" in the service of individual whim or a new romance. Accordingly, one judge explained, the courts are guided by four major criteria for divorce: whether the conflict followed a "rash" marriage; the quality of the relation-

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ship; the causes and depth of the conflict; and the prospects for reconciliation. The courts are particularly conservative when children are involved.

Zhenhua's and Shuqin's case, the male judge said, was clear-cut before it even came to court. It could have been settled in the work-unit committee's meeting room and then registered with the Marriage Division of the Bureau of Civil Affairs, as is customary for uncontested divorces. Why, then, the lengthy testimony about painful personal matters? The chief judge replied that since Shuqin had seen fit to bring suit, the court had wanted to affirm in public that all reconciliation efforts had failed. Thus the court served as a theater for public education—as it had also done in traditional China. In a society where public shaming continues to be a method of social control, the story of Zhenhua and Shuqin would be a lesson to others.

Because the judges had determined early on that the quarrel was primarily between Zhenhua's family and Shuqin rather than between the husband and wife, I asked, had the local leaders, during their efforts to save the marriage, considered finding separate housing for the couple? "No, this is not done here," one of the judges said. "We could not separate the son from his family." The new ideology and traditional customs can make strange, uncomfortable bedfellows.

COUPLES IN CHINA ARE CAUGHT BETWEEN THE AUthorities' traditional commitment to the integrity of the family, on the one hand, and the rather more recent and limited emphasis on individualism and affection, on the other. Personal feelings are respected only as long as they serve the higher goals of family and community. Happiness is not a goal in itself.

In this respect, the case of Fuchang and Liyin, in the Changning district of Shanghai, provides a counterpoint to that of Zhenhua and Shuqin. Fuchang, twenty-nine years old, was suing his wife, Liyin, two years his junior, for divorce. Both were laborers, and they had met by chance at a movie. They were married in April of 1981, after a six-month courtship. They had a twenty-two-month-old son. Fuchang had just been discharged from the military when he met Liyin. She was "plain-looking" and did not wear fine clothes. But he decided to marry her, over his parents' objections, because he was "too poor to choose." Liyin said that she had seen marriage as an opportunity to have her own family after a hard life in her parents' home. She had lost her mother when she was six and had had to raise her younger brother, who ended up a delinquent.

Fuchang accused Liyin of deceit: at the time of their marriage she had promised him a certain sum of money and a good apartment from her work unit. Neither had materialized, and they lived in a run-down apartment in an industrialized, working-class area. He said also that Liyin was a poor housekeeper and that she had gone to the movies with a male co-worker. Liyin denied these accusations. The major problem, she said, was Fuchang's unwillingness to treat her as an equal. When she obeyed him, all was fine, but when she expressed a contrary opinion, all hell broke loose. Fuchang had been sympathetic to her family problems during their courtship, but after their marriage he did not allow her to invite her father to dinner. He also prevented her from giving some money to her brother, who had just returned from a reform camp.

In February of 1982, following a violent quarrel, Fuchang took the television set and moved to his parents' house, while Liyin and her infant remained in the apartment. The quarrel had broken out when Liyin returned from work one evening and found a "girlfriend" of Fuchang's visiting their home. Fuchang had brought this woman along to visit Liyin in the hospital after their child was born. At that time the woman in the neighboring bed told Liyin that she had seen Fuchang's companion place her hand on his thigh. When Liyin saw the guest, she concealed her jealousy and chastised Fuchang ostensibly for not serving "proper dishes" to company. Fuchang told her to mind her own business; he was master of this house and it was his responsibility to look after his guests. Liyin then asked the woman to leave. In response Fuchang threw a bowl at Liyin, and blood started gushing from her forehead. Fuchang moved out that evening. The couple had been living apart ever since.

According to Fuchang, Liyin visited him several times after this. Each visit ended in a quarrel. On one occasion Liyin stormed into Fuchang's workplace and broke a window. Another time, when their baby was sick, she left him at Fuchang's parents' house and poured the baby's medicine out on the floor. On a third occasion she showed up clutching a bottle of DDT and threatening to commit suicide. At this Fuchang called the neighborhood committee. Mediation commenced.

Liyin told the court that she would not consent to a divorce. She still had feelings, she said. She was sure that if she and Fuchang could develop mutual trust and respect, the marriage could be saved. If they were reconciled, she would do her best to keep house. Nor could Liyin believe that Fuchang's feelings were all gone. Once after their separation, when Fuchang had fallen and hurt his arm, he had allowed Liyin to hold his hand and to comfort him. But when she asked him to move back home, he refused. Overcome by the memory, Liyin broke down crying in the courtroom. The child could not live without his father, she said between sobs. In his sleep he often cried out, "Papa! Papa!"

Fuchang's lawyer (lawyers were provided because the divorce was contested), a balding, middle-aged man, used the only point of law he could latch onto: the couple should be granted a divorce on the grounds of a rash marriage. Liyin's lawyer, a wiry woman in her fifties, delivered an animated speech in reply. "In our country women have equal rights in political and cultural life," she said. But Fuchang had not treated Liyin as an equal. Liyin's lawyer recommended that both partners undergo self-criticism and try to revive the good feelings that they had once had.

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Fuchang insisted again that his feelings were dead. But Liyin said she was convinced that he still had some tenderness left. Fuchang turned to Liyin directly and shouted, "I have no more feelings for you!" Facing the judges, he said, "You cannot force me to feel a certain way." Even if they denied him a divorce, he said, he still would not have any feelings for Liyin. "Why should he say such insulting things to me?" Liyin asked, and she broke down crying.

The chief judge declared a recess in order to offer the couple one more opportunity for a reconciliation. During the recess, with the crowd milling around them, Liyin and Fuchang exchanged only a few words before Liyin started screaming and rushed out of the courtroom. Some relatives and work-unit leaders followed Liyin and ushered her into the far corner of the courtyard, where they spoke intensely with her, in the presence of one judge.

Meanwhile, inside the courtroom, Liyin's lawyer verbally assaulted Fuchang. "You must embark on self-criticism! You must admit your own shortcomings!" she shouted repeatedly. Fuchang kept saying that he had no shortcomings, that it was all his wife's fault. Two older women from the neighborhood committee kept trying to protect Fuchang: "Leave him alone. He is a good boy. He is a good boy."

The court reconvened after forty-five minutes. The judge accused the husband of violating the principles of equality, warned him against wife-beating, and ordered him to continue to support his child. The court denied Fuchang a divorce, because in its view there were no grounds. Fuchang was charged the three-yuan court fee. Both parties had the right to appeal the case to a higher court. Fuchang's lawyer said later that he intended to do that.

Did the judges feel that they had accomplished anything by denying a divorce when one party so emphatically wanted one? They explained that they were unable to grant a divorce because Liyin still claimed to have feelings. Even though the judges had some doubts as to her sincerity, the law was on Liyin's side, especially because of the child.

Could they really get this couple to live together again? I asked. "Yes!" the judges said; so long as the couple were not divorced, they would have further opportunity for mediation. Even if there is a mere one-percent chance, the judges said, the court will make a hundred-percent effort to reconcile the couple.

Like Zhenhua and Shuqin, Fuchang and Liyin had not had the opportunity to establish an independent marriage. Familial obligations and economic constraints kept them from developing an egalitarian love relationship. They were barely able to spend time alone.

Young people in China are now facing a paradox. The socialist regime wants to foster marriages based on free choice, love, and equality. But the young men and women have neither the experience nor the role models to develop such relationships. The custom of dating is not yet widespread in China. Most couples still meet through parentally arranged introductions. Their relations are formal, even when they are alone. The many young couples hugging in public are already engaged. Otherwise they would not be embracing in broad daylight. The Communist Party has launched an appeal to various local organizations to introduce matchmaking facilities. Meanwhile, the Young Socialist League and the All China Women's Federation have established "marriage introduction centers," which are supported by the municipalities as well. But these "marriage factories" in Beijing and Shanghai have not been notably successful, in part because potential candidates are often too shy to register.

ACCORDING TO LI CHENG, THE PRESIDING JUDGE OF the civil division of the Beijing Supreme People's Court, a recent poll indicates that 60 percent of China's young married people lack "real and spontaneous" love for their spouses. Among their reasons for marriage, the respondents said, were that they had "reached the age" and that "one had to be married sooner or later." These are, perhaps, traditional reasons. But there are also signs of change. The All China Women's Federation has embarked on a nationwide campaign to teach young people the meaning of love and equality in marriage, through film and study sessions. The honeymoon, meanwhile, is becoming popular for the first time, and honeymooners can be spotted at many of the major tourist sites, especially in favorite resorts like Suchou and Hangchow. Wearing a colorful suit with a corsage, and a lacy hat, the new wife poses for her husband's black-and-white snapshots in front of famous fountains and pavilions. Even the materialistic rewards of marriage have changed. The dowry chest is back in fashion (along with the wedding veil), but the dowry now comes from both sets of parents, and marriage partners typically have definite expectations as to what each side should contribute—expectations that at times may undermine "feelings."

Contemporary attitudes toward the family in China—among ordinary people and those who rule them—remind one somewhat of the Puritans' attitudes in seventeenth-century New England. The Puritan family was viewed as a "little commonwealth"—a miniature version of an ideal society. Like the Puritan elders, the rulers of the People's Republic consciously use the family as an agent of reform and of morality. They endorse public intervention in family affairs and they subordinate, to the extent that they can, the individual to the larger community. At the same time, the government has come to recognize the importance of "feelings" in maintaining social cohesion and strong family ties.

No one can predict precisely how the constellation of forces in China—of long-standing tradition and conformity on the one hand, and of emergent individualism, consumerism, and romance on the other—will change the dynamics of the Chinese family. It remains to be seen whether China can succeed in having it both ways. □

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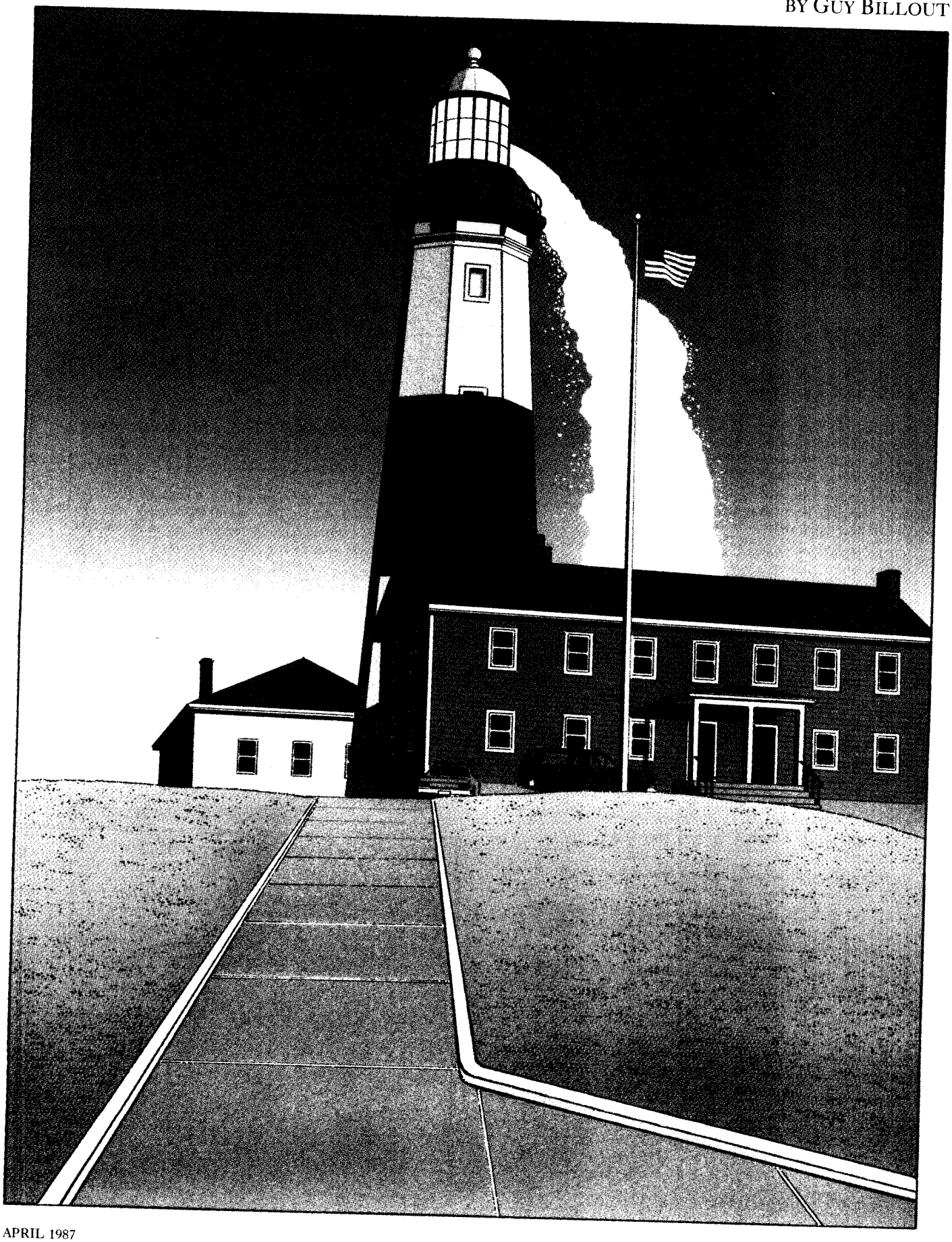
POWER FAILURE

BY GUY BILLOUT



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SPORTS

BRICK BREAKER

BY DON ETHAN MILLER

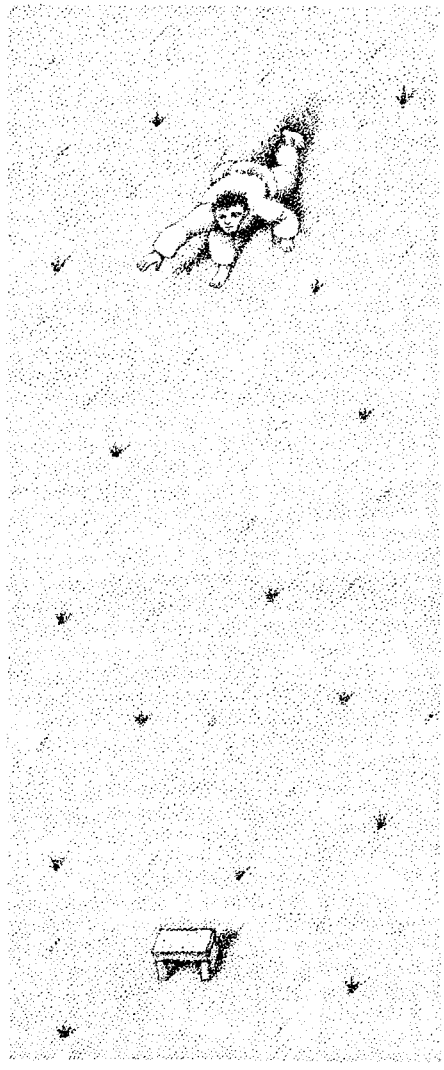
EDWARD A. BROWN is an American karate expert who excels in that arcane subset of the martial arts known as *tameshiwari*—the destruction of inanimate objects as a test of fighting power and spirit. His specialty is breaking bricks.

In one such demonstration, not long ago, at a neighborhood martial-arts event in Brooklyn, Brown walked on stage barefoot, in a plain white karate *gi*. He produced a fresh deck of playing cards and asked a volunteer to open it and examine the cards. He replaced the cards in the box and tore both deck and box in half with a single seesaw of his wrists. He scattered half of the deck like confetti on the floor and then tore the remaining half into quarters.

He took two red bricks, matched them neatly, and held them end-up in the palm of one hand. He raised his other hand and brought it sharply across in front of him, chopping the bricks in two: the top halves clunked onto the wooden stage floor, five feet away. He took another brick and placed it against his abdomen, just below the navel, gripping the ends with his fingers. With a sudden electric jolt he snapped the brick in two; his own force knocked him over backward. He broke another brick over his knee, as one might snap a twig. The whole display lasted about two minutes and was performed matter-of-factly, without fanfare or ritual.

A few days later Brown greeted me at the door of his small, neatly crowded offices, off the main training hall of the *dojo* (martial-arts school) that he and his wife own, beneath a bowling alley in Norwalk, Connecticut. Short, stocky, in his late forties, a former aircraft and auto mechanic, a devoted family man, a licensed firearms dealer, and an ex-Marine, Ed Brown seems a normal, all-American guy. He has, however, been training in the Oriental martial arts for more than thirty years, and holds a seventh-degree black belt in Okinawan Isshinryu Karate and expert ranking in several other martial arts. Beneath his voluble, down-to-earth persona there is something else: an animal tension, a sense of energy waiting to be released.

Growing up in Milford, Connecticut, after the war, Brown was small and thin, and was routinely beaten up by his larger, stronger schoolmates. He liked to run and swim but stayed away from organized athletics and team sports. He graduated from high school in 1955, five feet four inches tall and weighing 118 pounds. He immediately joined the Marines, "because everyone said I couldn't make it." In the Corps he got his first taste of serious karate training, and while stationed in Okinawa he studied briefly under the famed master Tatsuo Shimabuku, who had synthesized the best of several traditional Okinawan systems into Isshinryu, "the one-heart way." Neither especially well-coordinated nor physiologically equipped for combat, Brown latched onto the rigorous, systematic karate training as a way to strengthen himself. Now, thirty years later, he has more than compensated for his original disadvantages. You don't want to get hit by Ed Brown.



"When I hit a guy, it's got to hit him a short, fast jab, like a jackhammer when it's tearing up the street, *brrrrrp*. Hit 'em! *BANG!* It's got to jolt him, it's got to stop his motor function on the spot, it's got to put him into instant shock. I want to be able to hit with my hand like a forty-four magnum. Even if I hit him out here"—he slaps his shoulder—"the guy's still gonna drop. He *has* to drop."

In public demonstrations Brown has broken a waist-high stack of fifteen bricks, piled on top of one another with no spacers in between, with a single *shuto* hand-edge strike. He has broken two bricks at once with his fingertips. He has broken out of regulation police chromium-steel handcuffs. He has driven a twenty-penny nail through six inches of wood with his bare hand. He has kicked bricks, dropped from shoulder height by an assistant, splitting two with a single heel kick before they reached the ground. And, in a feat that is surely unduplicated by anyone, anywhere, he has *ripped* one and even two bricks in half—not striking them but, as he explains it, "shocking the molecular structure" with a sudden torquing force generated between his two hands. Among martial-arts experts who pride themselves on their ability at *tameshiwari*—an elite dozen or so men in the Western Hemisphere who can chop stacks of bricks, kick baseball bats in half, smash cinder blocks with their forearms—Ed Brown is pre-eminent, a master breaker.

HOW DID HE get this way? I asked. Brown and I were sitting in his inner office while in the next room his wife attended to their business. What's the secret?

"There is no secret," he insisted. "It all boils down to training—and determination." Five mornings a week he rises at four o'clock to practice. He stretches, meditates to clear his mind, runs, skips rope. Then he practices each of eighty-five *kata*—choreographed movement sets against imaginary attackers—from

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER SIS

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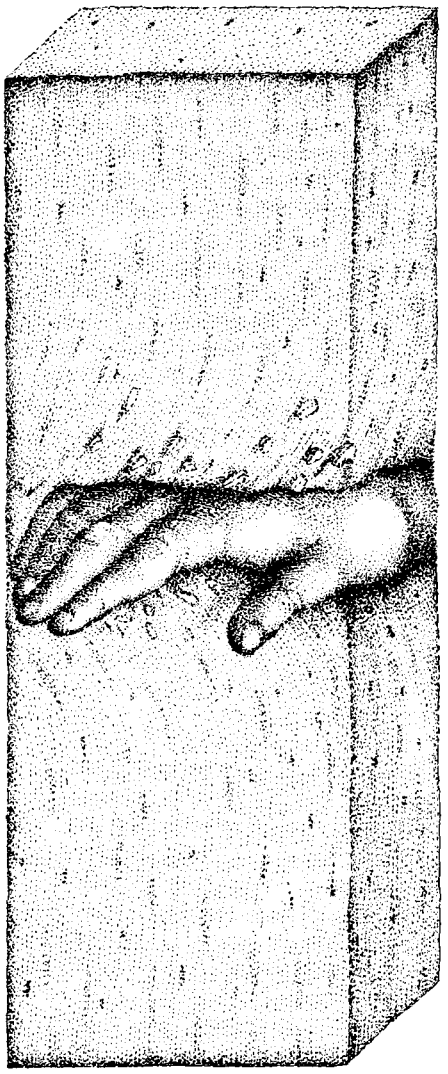
Isshinryu karate, Sikaran foot-fighting, and Arnis de Abaniko, a Filipino weapons system. Each *kata* is a warrior-dance, a sequence of punches, kicks, strikes, blocks—simulated attack and defense. Most are empty-handed, but some employ a six-foot red-oak staff called a *bo*, the *sai* short trident, or double rattan sticks. Some are performed slowly, building power with strong stances and raspy, animal-like breathing; others are quick, agile, ruthlessly practical. After the *kata* he does pushups, on his fingertips, on the backs of his wrists, on bare knuckles in a gravel driveway—sometimes a thousand or more in a single morning. He practices handsprings, breakfalls, shadow-sparring. And as he has done for more than thirty years, he religiously pounds the *makiwara*, a punching post used in all traditional karate training. He will also on occasion forge his striking power by hitting trees with his hands, elbows, knees, and feet, by hitting the edge of a concrete block and the tip of an iron anvil, and by tearing the bark off trees with his fingertips. His workout, always endured alone, ends at 8:00 A.M., when he begins a full day of teaching, managing two dozen Isshinryu schools, and running his own business. But the early-morning training is the center of his life, the four-hour crucible in which Brown forges his skill and his character.

How a chop with the edge of a hand can generate enough force to break a single brick is simple to explain. If the brick is supported at both ends on a secure base and is struck squarely in the middle by a force on the order of 500 to 1,000 pounds, it will bend to its elastic limit (somewhat less than a millimeter, depending on its composition and firing temperature) and then fracture from the bottom up. A human body trained to move with speed and coordination can generate this kind of force fairly easily—a skilled boxer, weight lifter, javelin thrower, or tennis player can produce forces at least this great.

Transmitting the generated force to the brick, however, is more problematic. The untrained person will usually succumb to a natural sense of relative fragility, an innate reluctance to collide deliberately at high velocity with a dense, hard object. If he or she manages to overcome this inhibition and attempts the blow wholeheartedly, the untrained striker will invariably injure his hand or wrist, while the brick will remain whole. The untrained hand will deform on impact, absorbing much of the force of the blow; the rest of this force will be lost in the other joints (elbow, shoulder, hip) that helped to accelerate the hand to the impact point. However, a *karateka*, or other "hard-style" martial artist, like Brown, has conditioned his hand to deform as little as possible: the knuckles and edge of the hand are heavily calloused, and the joints of the hand are often distorted with calcium deposits that have built up after incessant pounding. And he has learned to lock his joints at the moment of impact, in an optimal alignment for transmitting force, so that the entire body is connected into a momentarily rigid structure. This kind of connecting strength, Brown explains, is far more important than showy external muscles, the biceps and pectorals of a Stallone or a Schwarzenegger. He concentrates instead on the normally weak parts of the human anatomy. "Grip, grip, grip," he intones. "What's the use of having all that strength if you've got a weak link in the chain?"



Finally, the nerves in a martial artist's hand may have been deadened, and this, combined with mental control and systematic confidence training, enables him to deliver his human quantum of energy without reservation. The technique is usually executed using the smallest possible striking surface. A karate punch, for example, uses only the points of the index and middle-finger knuckles, rather than the entire fist, thus focusing a thousand or more pounds of force into an area of about a square inch. A thousand pounds of force applied to the center of a brick is generally enough to exceed its flexural strength, and the brick fractures.

But does this explain the breaking of a stack of fifteen bricks almost a yard high? In a test conducted by Robert L. Nelson and Associates, a major materials-testing and consulting firm in Chicago, a stack of nine Iowa shale clay bricks (the most that could fit in the testing device) was put under increasing point-load pressure: 9,500 pounds was required to fracture the stack—and even then only eight of the nine bricks broke. By implication, Brown's fifteen-brick break would seem to require well over 10,000 pounds of force—an impossibly high amount of energy. While a more precisely analogous test would involve "dynamic loading"—a breaking force applied through a moving object, producing a single, instantaneous fracturing load—the amount of force required would still be enormous. To further complicate the issue, Brown has in recent years broken stacks of bricks placed directly on the floor, with no space beneath the bottom brick—thus minimizing if not eliminating the degree of bend necessary, according to the single-brick fracture model.

I ASKED MICHAEL FELD, the director of the spectroscopy lab at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and himself an advanced *karateka*, who has published studies of the physics of karate breaking, if he had any possible explanation. He suggested that a karate blow might create a vibration—transverse acoustic waves—that could shatter a tall stack of bricks in much the same way that a soprano's vocal tone can shatter a glass. The acoustical model corresponds to Ed Brown's experience: breaking up to three or four bricks, he says, involves sheer power; but after that something else is needed. He will often tap with a coin the bricks he's going to break, intu-

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itively assessing their resonant frequency, and adjust his strike accordingly. Feld says that to be effective, the blow must be of extremely short duration—the hand in contact with the bricks for less than five or ten milliseconds—because if the hand touches the brick for too long, it will dampen the vibrations. Ed Brown accomplishes this with a sudden snapping blow, withdrawing the striking hand from the contact point as if it were red-hot. "One hundred miles per hour going out, two hundred miles per hour coming back," is the way he describes the technique.

And then, there is the matter of the "iron palm." Iron palm is a method of training in some Chinese kung-fu systems, in which the hand is gradually conditioned to impart power—or, more properly, vibration—without the use of tremendous muscular force. The training—which can be hazardous and even fatal if undertaken without a competent instructor—involves hitting a variety of materials of increasing density, "cooking" the hand in herbal liniments, and other esoteric procedures. Masters of iron palm are said to be able not only to break a tall stack of bricks with a seemingly light, slapping blow but also selectively to break any brick in a stack of them—the sixth, say, out of ten—while leaving the others intact. Brown learned iron palm from two kung-fu masters, and he says it took him seven years to condition his left arm with the method. Now his left hand, wrist, and forearm are noticeably bigger than his right, and when he raises his arm and deliberately "energizes" the area around his elbow, it seems literally as hard as steel. The combination of his karate striking techniques and his iron-palm-conditioned left hand, Brown says, accounts for his tremendous breaking ability.

Neither the mechanical nor the acoustical model, however, explains the brick-ripping feat or the abdominal break that I and several hundred other people witnessed in Brooklyn. In the case of the abdominal break there was no impact, and the fulcrum was not a single point or a hardened hand-edge but a relatively soft and large area of body tissue. The force per square inch was small, the acoustics dampened beyond any possible utility. Brown's explanation is that he "shocks the molecular structure of the brick," with a sudden burst of energy from his *hara*. *Hara* is an area within the abdomen, just below the navel, which is believed in many Asian systems of combat and healing to be the center of the body, its reservoir of "internal power." In recent years Western physicians and scientists have begun to examine more seriously the notion of *ch'i* (in Japanese, *ki*), a vital force that is believed to circulate through the body and whose flow pattern can be adjusted through acupuncture (to correct stagnation or excess) and cultivated and directed through a variety of practices generally termed *ch'i kung*. Ed Brown believes in *ch'i* but feels that he has barely begun to develop the ability to control it.

Brown's almost religious attachment to Okinawan karate resonates with the origins of the art. When the armies of the powerful Japanese Shimazu clan invaded the Ryukyu islands from neighboring Satsuma, in 1609, the occupiers disarmed the populace and forbade the island inhabitants to own weapons. But the Okinawans, a small, sturdy peasant people, refused to submit: they combined their indigenous fighting arts with Chinese *ch'uan fa* (kung-fu), and trained in secret. Pounding padded straw, sand, even trees, they forged their hands and feet into anatomical weapons that could penetrate the samurais' lacquered-bamboo armor. They called their hybrid, practical art simply *te*, or "hand." They turned farm implements—sickles, poles, threshing sticks, rice grinders—into weapons that could deflect and even break the tempered-steel swords of their enemies. Though the Okinawans never succeeded in driving out the Japanese, they passed down the legacy of their art, developed by the small and weak to deal with a larger, better-armed adversary: it is an art of defiance, of passionate disregard for the odds. In time it came to be known as *kara-te*, meaning both "China hand" and "empty hand."

Ed Brown's life in karate follows a similar pattern: he didn't complain or make excuses for himself; he took the tyranny of biology and found his own way to overcome it—becoming in the process a man with a strong desire to teach and help others. The first thing he said to me, when I walked into his *dojo* and he saw that I was not much taller than he, was, "Us short guys, when we hit the bag, it's much harder at first, because all the filler settles to the bottom. The big guys hit the top part of the bag, where it's lighter, and they think they're doing something. But after a while, we hit harder." □

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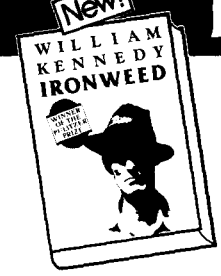

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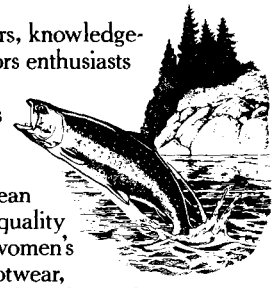

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MUSIC

MONTEVERDI'S MODERNITY

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI'S *L'Orfeo, favola in musica*, first performed in Mantua on February 24, 1607, is the earliest surviving opera to have been composed by a musician of genius. The work's immediate impact is proved not only by the written testimony of spectators and by several early revivals but also by the fact that the score was published twice, in 1609 and 1615, and both times very lavishly, the required orchestral forces specified with a precision and completeness unusual for the time. The most recent sign of *Orfeo*'s continuing vitality is the appearance on compact discs of three performances that are both excellent in themselves and interestingly different from one another.

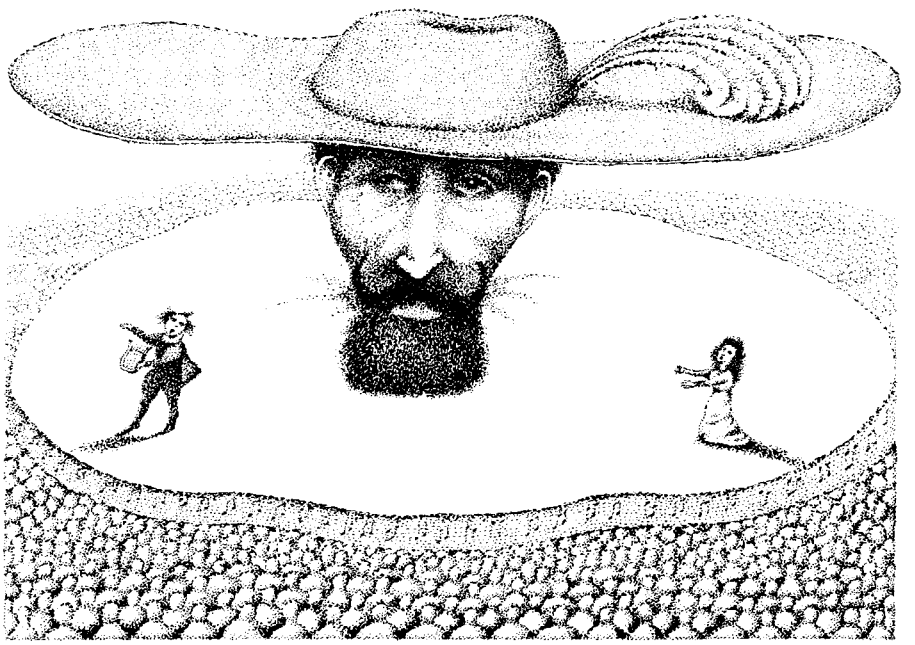
The earliest of these was recorded in 1969, by Nikolaus Harnoncourt and the Concentus Musicus of Vienna (Teldec 8.35020). A revelation when it was first issued on LP, it has over the years attained something like classic status. The compact-disc version may be ordered from Allegro Imports, 2317 N.E. Fifteenth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97212. The other two are a 1983 performance by the vocal group Chiaroscuro with the instrumental forces of London Baroque and the London Cornett and Sackbut Ensemble, directed by Nigel Rogers and Charles Medlam (Angel CDCB-47141), and a 1985 performance by the Ensemble Vocal de la Chapelle Royale with the Orchestre de l'Opéra de Lyon, directed by Michel Corboz (Erato ECD 88133).

Orfeo, along with the rest of Monteverdi's music, virtually vanished from public consciousness after his death, in 1643, not to be restored until more than two hundred years later. The first modern edition of the score, prepared by the musicologist Robert Eitner, was published in 1881. There was not another for more than twenty years. In 1904 the composer Vincent D'Indy conducted two concert performances of *Orfeo*, the first performances since the seventeenth century, in Paris, and a year later the edition he had prepared for those performances, a severely cut modern adaptation, was published. D'Indy thus became the first of a series of prominent composers to edit the work. The others have included Ottorino Respighi, Paul Hindemith, Carl Orff, Luciano Berio, and Gian Francesco Malipiero—who is indeed now better known for his edition of Monteverdi's complete works (1926–1942) than for his own compositions. Only in the 1950s was *Orfeo* again taken up by scholars—or, rather, the new breed of scholar-performers, like Harnoncourt, who have sparked the recent interest in authentic performances of early music. In all, there have been about forty editions and at least a dozen more or less complete recordings, and *Orfeo* is now firmly established in its rightful place as the first great monument of our operatic tradition.

COMPOSERS DO NOT, as a rule, take an active professional interest in very much older music, and it is revealing that so many of them should have chosen to work on *Orfeo*. One reason for its sudden popularity among early-twentieth-century composers is that the theoretical pronouncements of the Florentine intellectuals who produced the texts and music of the few operas that preceded it, and whose views deeply influenced Monteverdi, had a very modern ring in 1900.

In the mid-nineteenth century Richard Wagner had declared war on old-fashioned, stylized opera, and had announced his intention of creating a *Gesamtkunstwerk* (total artwork) music drama in which the text would no longer be merely a vehicle for musical display but would be integrated with the music (and with scenic effects), just as in Greek tragedy. Similarly, at the end of the sixteenth century the Florentines had declared war on Renaissance vocal polyphony because its contrasting movement of voices obscured the meaning of the words that it set, and they had announced their intention of creating vocal music in which the words, sung with natural declamation by a single voice or by voices moving in concert, would be easily understood, and in which the inflections of the musical line would make clear every expressive nuance of the text. And, like Wagner, the Florentines took the ancient Greeks as their theoretical model.

Now, *Orfeo* certainly does not sound anything like Wagner, and the analogy strikes us as curiously abstract. But it was under the direct influence of Wagner—and not, as has so often been alleged, in polemical reaction against him—that Debussy created his operatic masterpiece, *Pelléas et Mélisande*. And though Debussy apparently heard no Monteverdi until after he had composed *Pelléas*, its vocal writing does sound rather like Monteverdi's in *Orfeo*. In 1902, the year in which *Pelléas* was given its



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premiere, D'Indy found "the same system of expressive recitative" in Debussy that he found in Monteverdi.

Moreover, there are, I believe, deeper musical reasons why *Orfeo* and Monteverdi's other music have continued to have a special appeal for composers writing in the twentieth century. Though Monteverdi was thoroughly trained in the sixteenth-century polyphonic style, most of his mature music is not modal in the sense that Palestrina's or Lasso's music is. But it is not tonal in the modern sense either. Like tonal music from (roughly) Bach's time to the early twentieth century, most of Monteverdi's mature music is organized in terms of triads—rather than in terms of two-voice intervals, like sixteenth-century modal polyphony. Many of the harmonic sequences that Monteverdi used are similar to those in tonal music, and thus he sounds more familiar and immediately accessible to us than do his sixteenth-century predecessors. But the hierarchy of harmonic values that defines tonality is not consistently operative in Monteverdi. Thus, while much of his music sounds familiar, much of it sounds faintly "off"—vague or undirected or exotic, our sense of what key we are in at a given moment often blurred or temporarily suspended.

This in-between, on-again-off-again sense of floating tonality in Monteverdi has, I think, played no small part in attracting twentieth-century composers. To ears whose conception of tonal possibility had been extended by Wagner and Debussy, Monteverdi sounded like a composer from whom one could learn something—sounded indeed almost like a contemporary. In 1902 D'Indy wrote that he also found in Monteverdi "the same audacity of harmonic writing" that he found in Debussy. As late as 1947, when Stravinsky came to compose his ballet *Orpheus*, he made a thorough study of Monteverdi, and he kept a portrait of Monteverdi near his workplace. By one of those curious turns of events that make the history of music so fascinating, Monteverdi, writing in a quasi-tonal idiom before the gravitational pulls that attract other chords to a tonal center had become established, offered promise of renewal to composers at the other end of the historical spectrum—composers who were seeking ways to extend and enrich tonality in the face of allegations that its possibilities had been exhausted by Wagner, Debussy, and the early Schoenberg.

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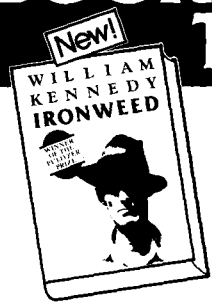

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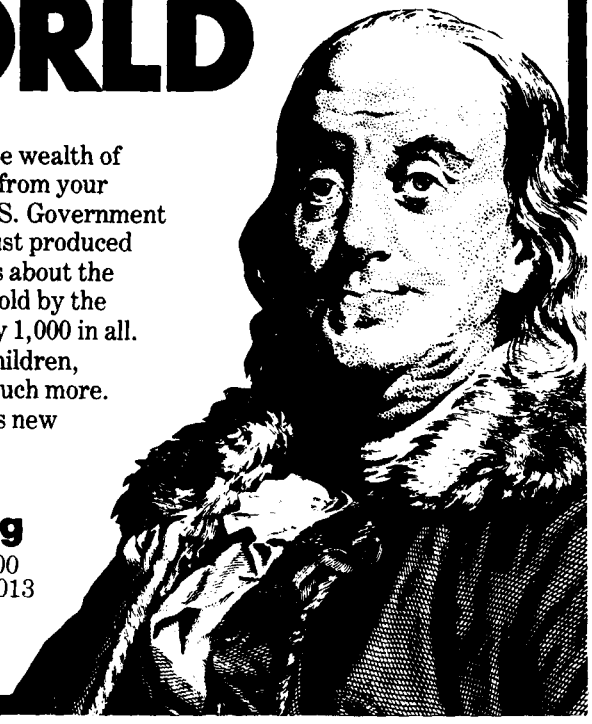

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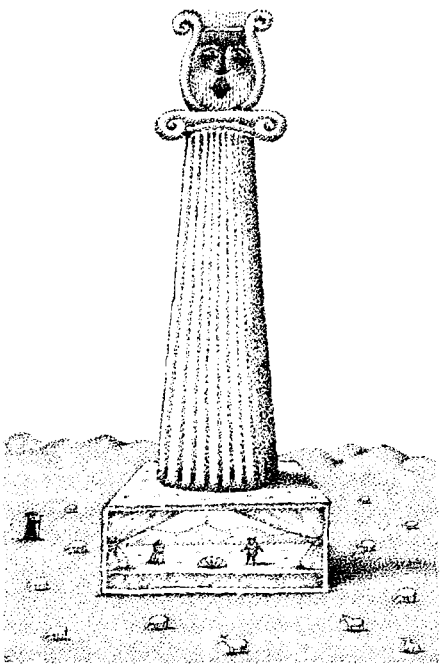
Orfeo consists of a prologue and five acts, probably meant to be performed without a break. After an opening toccata, played three times, La Musica, the spirit of music, announces that she has come to tell the story of Orfeo, "who held the wild beasts spellbound with his song, who even overcame hell with his pleading, and won the immortal fame of Pindus and Helicon." Act I is a pastoral idyll in which shepherds, individually and collectively, celebrate the marriage of Orfeo and Euridice—but in which the two protagonists themselves play little part. Act II begins with a joyous dance by Orfeo and the shepherds, which is interrupted by a Messenger, Euridice's friend Silvia, who brings news of Euridice's death from a snake bite. In Act III, which takes place at the entrance to the underworld, Orfeo, accompanied by Speranza (hope), sings a long, increasingly florid, but then suddenly (and touchingly) simple and direct aria, "Possente spirto," in an attempt to persuade Charon to let him enter and seek out Euridice. Charon declares himself flattered by Orfeo's song and then falls asleep, allowing Orfeo to cross the Styx. In Act IV Proserpine persuades her husband, Pluto, to permit Orfeo to take Euridice back to the world—but Pluto agrees only on the condition that Orfeo not turn back to look at her. As they are leaving, there is a terrible noise, Orfeo instinctively turns back, and Euridice is lost forever. Act V, which is very short, opens with Orfeo's lament for Euridice. Suddenly his father, Apollo, appears, reproves him for grieving, and invites him to heaven and eternal life. To Orfeo's anguished question "So shall I never again see the sweet eyes of my beloved Euridice?" Apollo reassuringly answers: "In the sun and the stars wilt thou recognize her beautiful form." The opera closes with a festive chorus of shepherds and another dance.

Even today *Orfeo* sounds like the adventurous and varied experimental work it originally was, almost four centuries ago. The tuneful, dancelike instrumental ritornellos and sinfonias that punctuate the dramatic action anchor us firmly in the opera's public reality, leaving us free to follow the searching, probing vocal lines, in all their unpredictable twists and turns, through which the protagonists express their innermost thoughts and feelings. The conventional pastoral celebration of Orfeo's marriage to Euridice and the conventional grieving of the shepherds at Euridice's death are played off against the involved, wistful music that makes the couple's love seem, right from the beginning, not quite of this world, and against Orfeo's first stunned, silent acceptance of her death. The instrumental sonorities are also extremely various. The scenes that take place in the pastoral world of Thrace (Acts I, II, and V) are dominated by strings and recorders; those in the underworld (Acts III and IV) by snarling trombones and the harsh, raspy sound of a regal, or reed organ.

This astonishing variety of substance, texture, and sonority was first successfully captured in the 1969 Harnoncourt performance now available on compact disc, a performance whose continuous rhythmic life and sheer instrumental and



vocal virtuosity made it the standard by which others have been judged ever since. The only weak spot is, sadly, the Orfeo, Lajos Kozma, who often rises to eloquence but occasionally sounds pale and dry alongside the sumptuous, richly dramatic singing of the women in the cast. Nigel Rogers's Orfeo, on the other hand, is one of the strong points of the 1983 Angel performance (for which he also served as a director). His voice is dark and woody, and he deploys it with deftness, elegance, and nobility. The women sing with a less sumptuous, more severely focused tone than those on the Harnoncourt recording, and the whole performance has an intimate, chamber-music air—quite appropriate to the setting in which *Orfeo* was probably first performed. Gino Quilico, the Orfeo of the 1985 Erato recording, is also very effective, but in a larger, openly dramatic style. This is the style of the whole performance, which is much more traditionally operatic than the other two—occasionally to the point of seeming either heavy-footed or artificially lively. All three recordings are excellent, and one is grateful for the different perspectives they offer, but the middle way offered by Harnoncourt still seems the best way into the work.

In addition to the recordings, there is a great deal that one can read about Monteverdi, *Orfeo*, and the beginnings of opera. *The Monteverdi Companion*, edited by Denis Arnold and Nigel Fortune and originally published in 1968, has recently been reissued, in a new and enlarged edition, as *The New Monteverdi Companion*. (The earlier edition, however, is worth looking up for Robert Donington's provocative essay "Monteverdi's First Opera," which has been omitted from the new edition.) Also, John Whenham has edited a fine volume on *Orfeo* in the Cambridge Opera Handbooks series.

But there is one central issue that I have never seen dealt with satisfactorily—the problem of the work's ending. Modern critics have been virtually unanimous in finding the Apollonian apotheosis a feeble substitute for the traditional ending, in which Orpheus is torn limb from limb by angry Maenads. This was the ending of the libretto with which Alessandro Striggio provided Monteverdi and which was published, for the convenience of the work's original audience, in 1607. But at some point before the score was published two years later, and for reasons that we do not know, Monteverdi and Striggio (or perhaps another librettist) collaborated to produce the ending we have today. In his excellent book *Opera as Drama* (1956), the *Orfeo* section of which is reprinted in the Cambridge Opera Handbook, Joseph Kerman calls the present ending "musically and intellectually blank" and "more or less meaningless, the most disappointing thing in the opera."

This view seems to me radically mistaken. Post-Romantic taste has always favored tragic (and, if possible, violent) endings. They seem more serious, more important, truer to life—or at least to life as we think great art ought to depict it. But there is considerable documentary evidence, both in his later operas and in his correspondence, that Monte-

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verdi favored happy endings. And in this he was at one with his age. Not only were happy endings more appropriate for the sorts of occasions for which the first operas were commissioned, such as royal weddings and Carnival entertainments; they also served the Renaissance need to reconcile pagan and Christian worlds. In fact, Orfeo's triumphant ascent to Olympus with Apollo is the ending for which the text of the opera has prepared us.

Critics have made much of the fact that Orfeo is often spoken of as a figure of excess. When Euridice at first refuses him, he sorrows excessively, and in the chorus that ends Act IV he is summed up as a man who "conquered hell and was then conquered by his own emotions." Therefore, the argument runs, the only fitting end for him is death at the hands of the Maenads. Even Apollo reproaches him: "Too much you lament your harsh and bitter fate." But Apollo immediately points out that "no earthly pleasure is lasting," and then issues his invitation to "come with me to heaven, which welcomes you." At this point Apollo, represented in the text as god of the sun, is surely to be identified with Christ—recall all those *sun-son* puns in contemporary English poetry. And the Olympus from which he has descended, as well as Pindus and Helicon—where, La Musica has told us, Orfeo will win "immortal fame"—is to be identified with the Christian heaven. Throughout the text there are the conventional pastoral references to Euridice's eyes being like the sun, and so it is scarcely surprising that the opera ends with Apollo telling Orfeo that in heaven he will be able eternally to recognize Euridice "in the sun and the stars." The conventional pastoral metaphor is miraculously literalized; the poetic dream comes true.

Though Act V has often been criticized as too brief and lighthearted for a drama of such intensity, its music offers precisely the sense of buoyant release we often find in the finales of the most intensely dramatic Haydn and Mozart symphonies and quartets. The happy ending is neither "blank" nor "meaningless." In the joyous, upward-surging phrases of Apollo's and Orfeo's concluding duet Monteverdi tells the final truth about his chosen theme, the transcendent and transfiguring power of music—a power he has already evidenced on virtually every page of his extraordinary score. □

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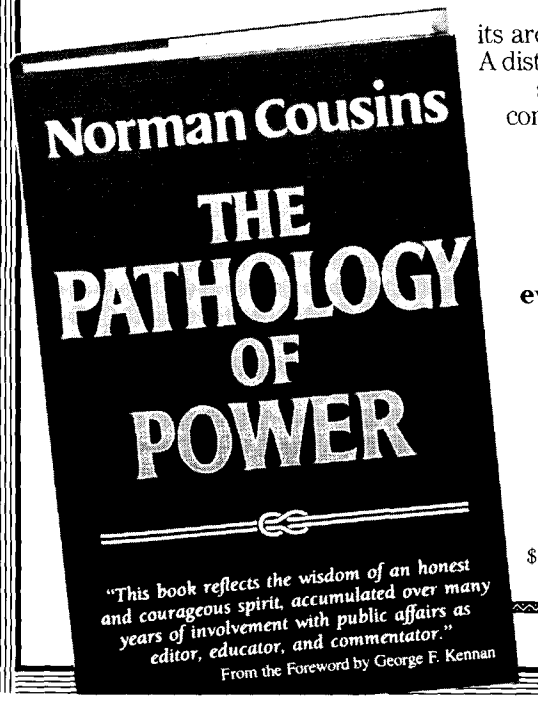

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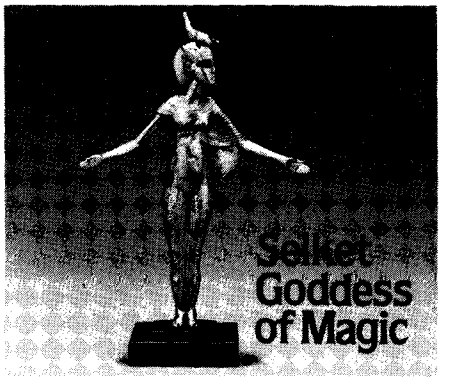

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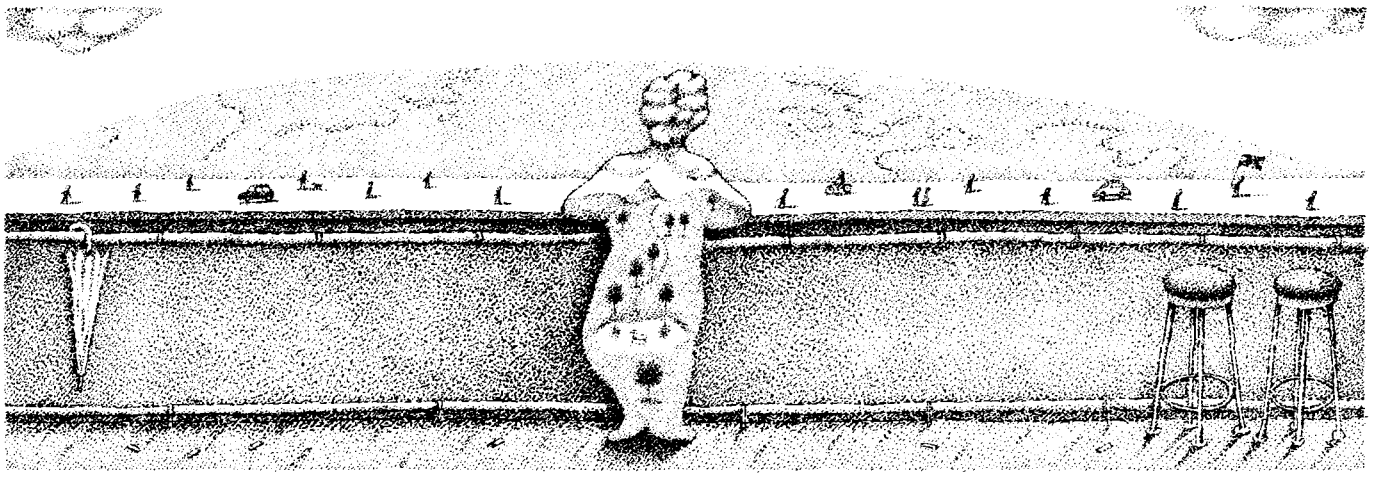

TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE

BY DOUGLAS BAUER

THE THANATOS SYNDROME
by Walker Percy.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.95

WRITING TO HIS friend Flannery O'Connor, Robert Lowell suggested that the two of them shared a dilemma as they continuously defined their ambitions for their work—namely, "How to hold to one's true, though extreme vein without repetition; how to master conventional controls and content normal expectations without washing out all one has to say." Lowell not only was right about O'Connor and himself but also identified the responsibility felt by all serious writers: the finely balanced orchestration of aesthetic and polemic. Or, as O'Connor herself saw the problem and, in the aphoristic plain-spokenness of her letters, described her strategy for meeting it: "You can't clobber any reader while he is looking. You divert his attention, then you clobber him, and he never knows what hit him."

Walker Percy has been diverting our attention and clobbering us now for more than a quarter of a century, and the pattern of his work, an extraordinarily consistent one of theme and tone and fictive personalities, meets Lowell's concern by saying, in effect, that a writer cannot hope to hold to his extreme, true vein unless he does repeat himself. From the publication of *The Moviegoer*, in 1961, through this, his sixth, novel, *The Thanatos Syndrome*, we've encountered an interchangeable cast of protagonists composing one identity: a bemused, even somewhat addled man of middle age, standing (though prey to falling down) in the midst of a world gone enthusiastically haywire, scratching his head, nipping frequently from his bottle of bourbon, and desperately trying to make sense of it all. It's an affluent exurban world in the American South, hard by a country-club fairway, where there has recently begun an ill-motivated conspiracy, often some swindle in the name of human kindness, which the hero suspects, detects, and stops, with the help of a briskly affectionate Girl Friday who tells him when it's time to eat. Such is the recurrent narrative fabric of Percy's fiction, through which he weaves his constant fascinations and convictions—the resonant symbolism of language; the relative advantages of the cloistered and the participatory life; the persistent impulse of science to encroach on that which is properly left to mystery; and, within it all, the necessity for a resilient, dogmatic Catholicism in order to make the world one we *can* actively accept.

But if this suggests that his work seems redundant, the product of a regurgitant imagination, such is emphatically not the case. Within his single sturdy grid of theme and tale, Percy is reachlessly inventive and always freshly funny. One's impression is of a novelist in diligent conversation with an audience. Reading the sequence of Percy's fiction, one imagines him painstakingly explaining the way he views the ills of the world, waiting for signs that we've heard him, and then, seeing that we haven't changed our ways a bit, clearing his throat and beginning again: "Yes. Well, let me put it a slightly different way. Now, as I was saying . . . "

Consequently, *The Thanatos Syndrome* doesn't seem so much a discretely conceived novel, though it's certainly self-sufficient, as the latest installment in a body of work that Percy's narrow resolve has made serial. And in this instance the work is in fact a sequel—to his third novel, *Love in the Ruins*—continuing the life of Dr. Tom More, patient/psychiatrist. At the close of *Love in the Ruins* More stood, clothed in sackcloth (John XXIV having revived public penance), over his grill cooking a Christmas turkey for his new wife. He had survived the near apocalypse of a world set in an unspecified and blatantly improbable future—after guerrilla bands of Bantus had driven frightened locals into hiding in the swamps, and the Roman Catholic Church had become hopelessly fragmented, its most prominent faction the new American Catholic Church, headquartered in Cicero, Illinois. Violent revolution had been avoided through a *coup de commerce*, the suddenly oil-lease-rich Bantus having simply bought up all the contested land. Still, though life had resumed a tenuous calm, More remained frustrated. He had invented a device that, when moved over the skull, recorded the degree to which a man's "self" had fallen away from itself, measuring "the perturbations of the soul." But that was as far as it could go—calibration without solution—and he vowed at novel's end to refine his invention, past diagnosis, to "cure the new plague . . . that rives soul from body."

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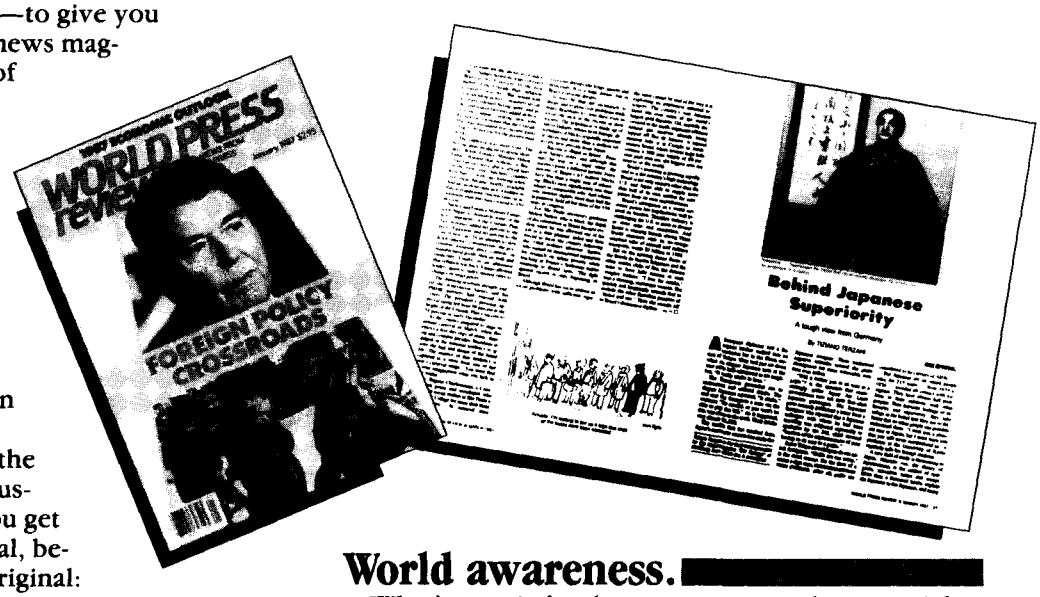

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—Nancy McPhee, (*The*) *Book of Insults* (quoting Karel Capek)

NOW WE LEARN that though the world in the interim on its surface seemed to prosper, Tom More did not. His practice foundered, he again became a drunk, and, needing money, he sold pills wholesale to long-distance truckers, a felony that sent him to minimum-security prison. Having returned home, he finds the time in captivity to have been altogether salutary. He has emerged a calmly contemplative and newly curious shrink on parole. Whereas before he thought "the world was going mad and that it was up to me to diagnose the madness and treat it," now he asks, "What's a cure in this day and age? Maybe a cure is knowing there is no cure." Why, he wonders gratefully, does it take "two years of prison for a man to be able to sit still, listen, notice his children, watch the sunlight on the ceiling?"

Unfortunately, More finds himself alone in this regard, for all around him people seem bizarrely extroverted. While he admits that they no longer suffer "the ancient anxiety, guilt, obsessions, rage repressed, sex suppressed," he sees, too, that they've lost something he calls "the old ache of self."

All the people he meets now seem to share an odd disinterest, a flatness of affect. Further, their language has been cryptically reduced to infantile two-word sentences. And some of the women abruptly, unabashedly, come on to him, "presenting rearward," like primates in a cage. Still, More asks, unsettling as all this is, are they better or worse in their anxiety-free state? "Happy is better than unhappy, right?" Maybe. Maybe not. But in either case, "What's going on?"

Well, all manner of wildly unlikely things, which are mainly the result of a plot by a small group of psychiatrist-bureaucrats concerned with halting the systematic erosion of Western culture. By diverting heavy-sodium waste from the local nuclear reactor into the water supply, they've been able to alter an entire population's social behavior. Steady doses of heavy sodium to the brains of the residents have so far reduced street crime by 85 percent, child abuse by 87, and teenage pregnancy by 85, and have all but eliminated prison violence and homosexuality. In other words, with a little harmless pharmacology these vigilantes of morality are accomplishing in Feliciana parish a kind of, yes, Utopia.

Which, of course, is what's *really* going on in this novel, so far as Percy is concerned—a realization that requires not

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nearly so much detective work as More has to do to get to the bottom of things. For Percy's clues are generously unsubtle: an imprisoned hero named Tom More; the litany "Happy is better than unhappy, right?" By applying central features of Sir Thomas's *Utopia*—the broadcast use of propaganda and diplomatic intrigue, a humanitarian penal code, the practice of euthanasia, much more—and satirically setting them down in that "most befouled" paradise of Feliciana, Percy has imagined the doomed and dire consequences of a concerted man-made effort to manipulate the world into something sublime.

To the persistent scholarly argument over whether Thomas More himself was sincere or satirical in writing *Utopia*, Percy answers, not surprisingly, that the whole impulse toward a secular perfecting, an ordering of one's life, is farcical. ("Maybe a cure is knowing there is no cure.") Ruefully he has watched us try to find happiness through fad religions and harmonious diet and group gropes, to employ more sophisticated science to find God or be Him. ("I aim to settle the question of God once and for all," Will Barrett says in *The Second Coming*.)

What, then, would Percy have us do? Near the end of the novel, in conversation with More, Father Smith, the batty priest, speaks of a reported apparition of the Virgin Mary before some children. She apparently told them that the twentieth century has been uniquely monstrous, because "God agreed to let the Great Prince Satan have his way with men for a hundred years—this one hundred years. . . . And he has. How did he do it? . . . All he had to do was leave us alone. We did it. Faith gave way to reason, right? Superstition to science."

In other words, Percy would have us believe. But belief will hardly make our life perfect or even orderly; more essential, it makes the disorder endurable.

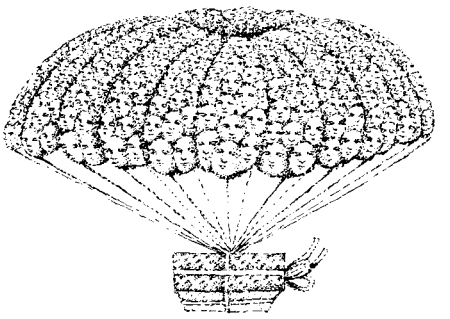
There is ample evidence of Percy's brilliance in *The Thanatos Syndrome*—the droll Dixie anthropology, the pitch-perfect comic dialogue, the sheer intelligence alive everywhere on the page. But the book is seriously marred by the byzantine melodrama of its plot, which begins to seem like a movie made for the prime-time television Percy so frequently refers to. And the character of Lucy, More's companion and, fleetingly, lover, is a one-dimensional figure, especially in comparison with the marvelously memorable Allie of *The Second Coming*. Considering the obligatory love interest and the incredible turns of narrative, it's as if Percy, having so explicitly clobbered us with his utopian conception and his abiding appeal to a literal faith, felt that he must also divert our attention, "content our normal expectations," to a corresponding degree. He need not. Walker Percy's vision is not only rigorously Catholic. It is splendidly, uproariously catholic, as well. □

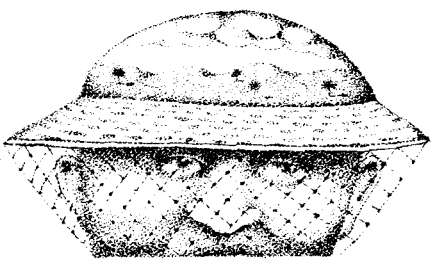
THE GREEN HAZE

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

THE AMERICAN CONNECTION: U.S. Guns, Money, and Influence in Northern Ireland
by Jack Holland.
Viking, $19.95.

SINCE THE PROVISIONAL Irish Republican Army "offensive" began, in 1971, it has depended greatly on funds collected from Irish-American sympathizers. Much of the money—between $3 million and $5 million—has been channeled through the Irish Northern Aid Committee, generally known as NORAID. Most of the meat of Jack Holland's *The American Connection* is in Chapter 2, "NORAID and the Northern Crisis." Mr. Holland got it partly from NORAID's own tax returns, partly from FBI reports introduced as evidence in a legal action, and partly from newspaper sources.





NORAID has generally claimed, though often in a rather perfunctory way, that the money it collects goes to humanitarian projects, notably aid to "prisoners' dependents." That was always a thin story, and its credibility vanished altogether when, in the summer of 1984, NORAID was obliged, "as ordered by the court," to name its foreign principal as the IRA. (NORAID had previously claimed that it could make no such declaration because "it would be committing perjury.") It is clear that all along the money had gone to the IRA, with no questions asked, and had helped the IRA to finance the purchase of weapons.

Yet Mr. Holland's account shows that NORAID's greatest successes in fund-raising came at times when ordinary Irish-Americans could *feel*, however vaguely, that they were engaged in an enterprise connected with the relief—rather than the infliction—of suffering in Ireland. The first peak of NORAID fund-raising came in 1972, after British troops had shot dead thirteen unarmed rioters in Derry. For the rest of the decade, with IRA killings much more conspicuous than British ones, contributions declined. Funds didn't really start to flow again in considerable quantities until early in the present decade, with the deaths of Bobby Sands and the other hunger-strikers. It is when the cause can be perceived as a cause of martyrs that it brings in the most money. Those who get killed with the help of the martyr-generated money are not perceived as martyrs. Indeed, they are hardly perceived at all.

So Chapter 2 is quite interesting. The rest of the book is mostly not. There is a chapter about a particular gunrunner, who is portrayed as a saintly figure; a chapter about Irish-American politicians, including Daniel Patrick Moynihan ("a former Harvard professor, had the reputation of being an intellectual"); a chapter about extradition; one about the media; and a conclusion about "the decline of the rebel," to the effect that Irish-Americans have become "suburban." *The American Connection* appears to be a collection of articles rather than an internally coherent book. Nor is the author's attitude toward his subject matter altogether coherent. There is some romantic pro-IRA nostalgia sloshing around in there—notably in the chapter "Of Arms and the Man"—but not enough to suggest an explicit commitment to the cause. Mr. Holland belongs to the fairly large group of writers on this

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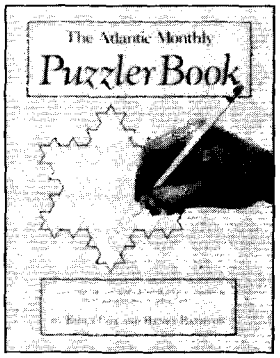
Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 88.



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subject who, without overtly defending the IRA, consistently oppose any measure, such as extradition, that would be inconvenient to the IRA. Of a State Department comment objecting to the "political-exception" defense in IRA extradition cases Mr. Holland writes, "This kind of statement helped create an atmosphere in which international terrorism became the 1980s equivalent of the McCarthyite hysteria over communism."

No doubt he means "equivalent of communism as depicted by McCarthyite hysterics." The analogy would be a mite stronger if McCarthy's victims had been killing people, and collecting money for doing so.

On the whole, *The American Connection*—and especially the "decline of the rebel" stuff with which it concludes—will probably tend to fortify the already widespread impression that the IRA and its sympathizers have been outsmarted (for good or ill) by the pragmatic nationalists, both in Ireland and in the U.S. Congress. In this view the Anglo-Irish Agreement, signed at Hillsborough, Northern Ireland, on November 15, 1985, was a great setback for the men of violence. So almost all the media commentators hailed it at the time, and the commentators in question have naturally not been in a hurry to eat their words, as they would have to do if they paid close attention to what has been happening in Northern Ireland over the past year.

THE MAIN AND wholly predictable effect of the Hillsborough Agreement between the London and Dublin governments (which gave the Dublin government some say in the internal affairs of Northern Ireland), as far as Northern Ireland was concerned, was to infuriate and alienate the Protestant majority in the Province. Protestants don't see the agreement as a victory *over* the IRA. They see it as a victory *for* the IRA. And many Catholics privately agree with that interpretation, without sharing Protestant feelings on the subject. The IRA itself, while formally rejecting the agreement, doesn't bother to conceal its jubilation over the agreement's effect on Protestants. Protestant fury is grist for the IRA mill, because it gives credibility to the IRA's role of predilection: that of defender of "the people" against the unpeople, the Protestants. Over the past year IRA violence has diminished, while the violence of Protestant paramilitaries is on the rise. (Readers of Mr. Holland on these matters should be warned against his vocabulary. "Sectarian violence," in Northern Ireland, is a term of art. The murder of a Catholic by a Protestant is apt to be classified as "sectarian"; the murder of a Protestant by a Catholic is "political." In fact either murder is likely to have both sectarian and political components in its motivation.)

Margaret Thatcher, in commending the agreement to Parliament, claimed that it would have the effect of strengthening the union between Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It is doubtful whether she could find a single person in Northern Ireland to agree with her on that point. Protestants—the community that traditionally supports the union with Britain—see the agreement as a betrayal of the union and a step toward that which they most abhor: their incorporation in a Catholic-majority united Ireland. Catholics are, basically, in agreement with that interpretation, though, again, with feelings contrary to those of the Protestants. Catholics, who never loved the union, are not reconciled to it by the agreement. Protestants now feel no emotional loyalty to the union, as qualified by the agreement. And the British themselves are increasingly tired of the union—and especially of Northern unionists who refuse to accept the union on the terms laid down by the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

In Palestine forty years ago Jews and Arabs could agree on one thing only: that the Brits should get out. The Brits came to agree with them and left in 1948, and then Jews and Arabs fought it out. The configuration of political development among Protestants, Catholics, and British in Northern Ireland is looking increasingly "Palestinian" a year and a half after the conclusion of the agreement that was supposed to bring "peace, stability, and prosperity . . . by promoting reconciliation" to the Province.

"The American connection" played a significant part in the process that has brought Northern Ireland to this pass. Both the Dublin and London governments were concerned about the extent of support for the IRA in the United States—as well as in Northern Ireland itself—in the wake of the hunger strikes. Pressure grew to prove that there was a "peaceful alternative" to what the IRA was doing. To Dublin, that meant peaceful progress toward a united Ireland. What it meant in London is less clear. "Ending the alienation" of the Catholic minority, and so

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strengthening the union with Britain, was the Thatcherite version. But British officials and the British man in the street have long been weary of the union between Britain and Northern Ireland. It is possible that for British Machiavellians, who exist both in the Foreign Office and in the Northern Ireland office, the real attraction of the agreement was not that it would end the alienation of the Catholics but that it would precipitate the alienation of the Protestants and so permit Britain to disengage from the Province with more decorum than would otherwise be feasible.

Those Americans who take the most interest in the matter, and make up the American connection, have generally assumed that if Britain gets out of Northern Ireland a united Ireland will follow. When Britain goes—and I think it is now a question of when rather than if—that assumption will collapse, along with much else. Nothing in the history of the Ulster Protestants suggests that they will accept incorporation into a Catholic-majority united Ireland. They will set up their own state, and as they do so and their Catholic subjects revolt, it will be very difficult to avoid general civil war in Ireland.

I hope that after more than a year's experience the architects of Hillsborough are beginning to feel somewhat less complacent about what they have wrought. I hope they are concentrating on damage limitation. And I hope, above all, that they are fixing their attention on the situation as it exists in Northern Ireland itself rather than as it may appear through the greenish haze of the American connection. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

ROBERT GRAVES *by Richard Perceval Graves. Viking, $24.95.* The poet Graves was born in 1895, into an Anglo-German family distinguished for scholarship, piety, and money. He was, therefore, precisely the sort of young idealist to be totally disoriented by the First World War, from which he emerged wounded, shell-shocked, and bewildered, but determined to continue the writing career that he had begun in the army. His biographer, a nephew, follows Graves to 1926, the year in which, after publishing disappointments, a feckless marriage, and several financial disasters (the German-based family fortune was running out), he set off for a job in Egypt. Richard Graves is a good writer and a conscientious historian. He is sympathetic but not idolatrous, adroit in reconstructing both the society in which his uncle grew up and the very different 1920s world to which he had to adjust, and intelligent in the use of quotation. This is the first volume of what promises to be a splendid biography.

THE HAUNTED REALM *by Simon Marsden. Dutton, $19.95.* Mr. Marsden is a photographer with a penchant for haunted houses, which abound in his native British Isles. His text abounds with the usual phantom coaches, howling hags, and mumbling monks, but his photographs are truly intriguing. By means that he does not explain, he is able to endow any structure with the fascination frantic of a ruin that's romantic, even when his subject is quite insufficiently decayed.

THREE DAUGHTERS *by Anna Mitgutsch. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95.* Miss Mitgutsch's novel describing three generations of child abuse in an Austrian peasant-turned-petty-bourgeois family is so painfully convincing that it is difficult to remember while reading it that it is fiction. It produces the effect of therapeutic confession to a psychiatrist, which of course is just what the author intended. As the fiction that it is, the book is highly intelligent, dramatically detailed, and supplied with characters who make the inherited curse of brutality as plausible as it is pitiful and horrifying. It is a brilliant piece of work.

LINES TO THE MOUNTAIN GODS *by Evan Hadingham. Random House, $22.50.* Much too practical to put any faith in flying saucers or prehistoric balloonists, Mr. Hadingham has undertaken to account for the Nazca Lines—those enigmatic figures created by disturbing the stony surface of a Peruvian desert plateau—through a study of Indian history, legend, and surviving traditions throughout the Andean region, plus a summary of early European reports and recent speculations. His conclusions are unprovable, as he freely admits, but they are reasonable and well presented. His book is sure to interest any reader with the slightest curiosity about the puzzling Nazca designs.

MUMMY *by Daniel Curley. Houghton Mifflin, $16.95.* The motif of the undisposable corpse has been around for years, even popping up in a recent novel by Anthony Burgess, so Mr. Curley, whose hero is trying to smuggle his inadvertently mummified mother out of Mexico, has as good a right to it as anybody. The adventures he has contrived for his fellow are, however, extremely peculiar and suggest a combination of paranoia and peyote. Mr. Curley's prose is brisk and amusing, but this tale demands of the reader a positively monumental tolerance of macabre fantasy.

EDGAR DEGAS *by Denys Sutton. Rizzoli, $75.00.* The painter Degas belonged to a family of resourceful bankers and entrepreneurs with connections in Naples and New Orleans and at least one titled in-law. The name was properly De Gas, and exactly why the artist chose to proletarianize it remains as unclear as much else in his personal life. His professional life, on the other hand, is quite well documented and is thoroughly reported by Mr. Sutton, while his works, the superb and innovative oils, pastels, prints, and sculptures, are handsomely and lavishly represented in this excellent book.

THE CHAMPION *by Gene Smith. Atheneum, $16.95.* According to his own account, Mr. Smith fell under the spell of horse racing as a juvenile truant and has never really recovered. His memoir describes his experiences as gambler, turf reporter, breeder, and owner in a pleasantly conversational style that can be, on occasion, testy or amusingly satirical. The book eventually becomes a tribute to the author's personal favorite, Owen Smith, a horse whose intelligence and willingness to please survived damages that would probably have ruined the disposition of a less noble animal. Owen Smith never won, never even raced, but Mr. Smith claims that he was "a great horse—the champion," and makes the reader believe it.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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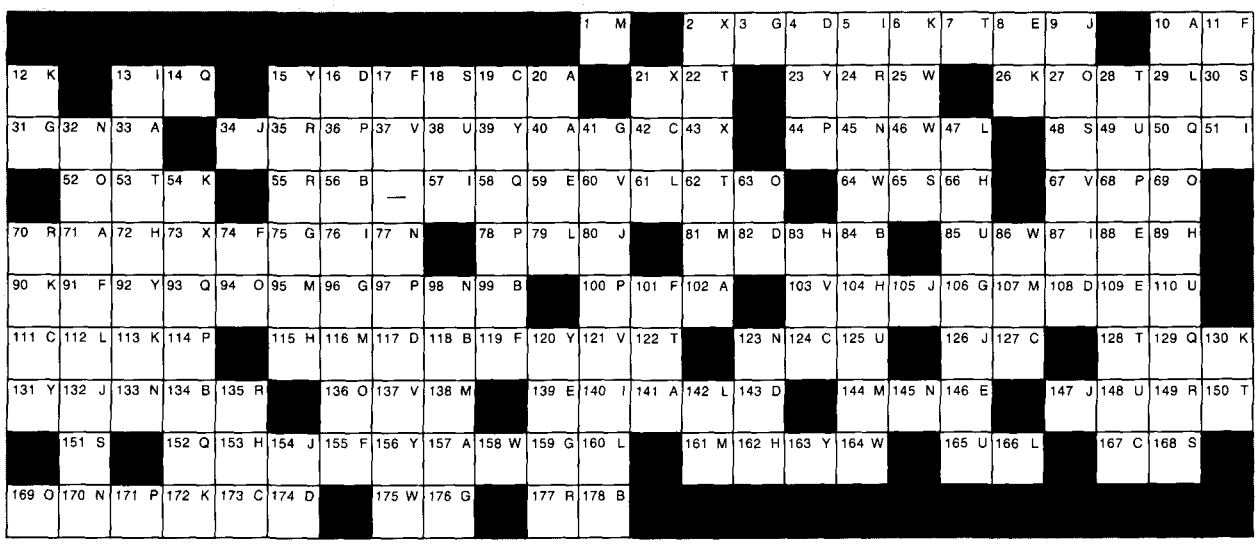
ACROSTIC NO. 21

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 20 appears on page 88.

A. Energetic sort (2 wds.) — 33 40 141 20 10 157 71 102

B. Los Angeles community — 84 178 134 118 99 56

C. Unlimited in creative power — 127 167 42 173 111 124 19

D. Master of the Italian opera buffa — 143 82 174 117 16 108 4

E. Fencing attack (hyph.) — 8 139 109 88 146 59

F. Underwater adventure series (2 wds.) — 74 17 11 101 155 91 119

G. Ignores (2 wds.) — 96 159 31 3 176 41 106 75

H. Allegorical drama of the Middle Ages — 153 115 104 72 89 83 162 66

I. Money in reserve (2 wds.) — 51 76 13 87 140 57 5

J. Where Zeus confined the Titans — 105 154 80 126 34 9 132 147

K. Old-fashioned spectacles (hyph.) — 6 113 172 130 54 90 26 12

L. Mezzanine — 29 61 47 112 142 166 79 160

M. Period of reptilian dominance — 161 138 107 1 144 81 116 95

N. Express wonder and delight (3 wds.) — 98 170 45 145 133 77 32 123

O. Muslim woman's veil — 136 27 69 52 169 94 63

P. Ward off, as an opponent (hyph.) — 100 44 97 36 78 68 171 114

Q. King of the fairies — 14 152 50 93 58 129

R. Opaque-glazed earthenware — 35 70 177 135 55 149 24

S. Plant used by Indians to treat earache — 168 151 30 18 65 48

T. Certain; sure (3 wds.) — 62 22 28 150 53 7 128 122

U. Painter of *Nude Descending a Staircase* — 110 148 38 49 165 125 85

V. Bummer; drag — 60 137 67 121 37 103

W. Poem by Poe — 175 64 25 46 158 86 164

X. Trigonometric function — 43 21 2 73

Y. Like one another (3 wds.) — 23 120 156 163 39 131 92 15

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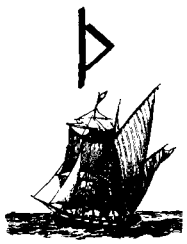
Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 88.

Now you see it.

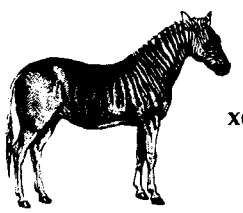
Test your own lexical acumen by matching these words with the right pictures.



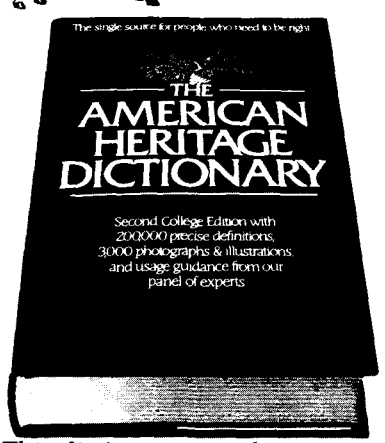
quagga

palanquin

thorn



xebec



This dictionary supplements its entries with thousands of illustrations to help you picture the meanings as well as understand them. It's easy to see why THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY is the single source for people who need to be right.

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(top to bottom) **thorn, xebec, palanquin, quagga.** For the meanings of these words consult THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY.

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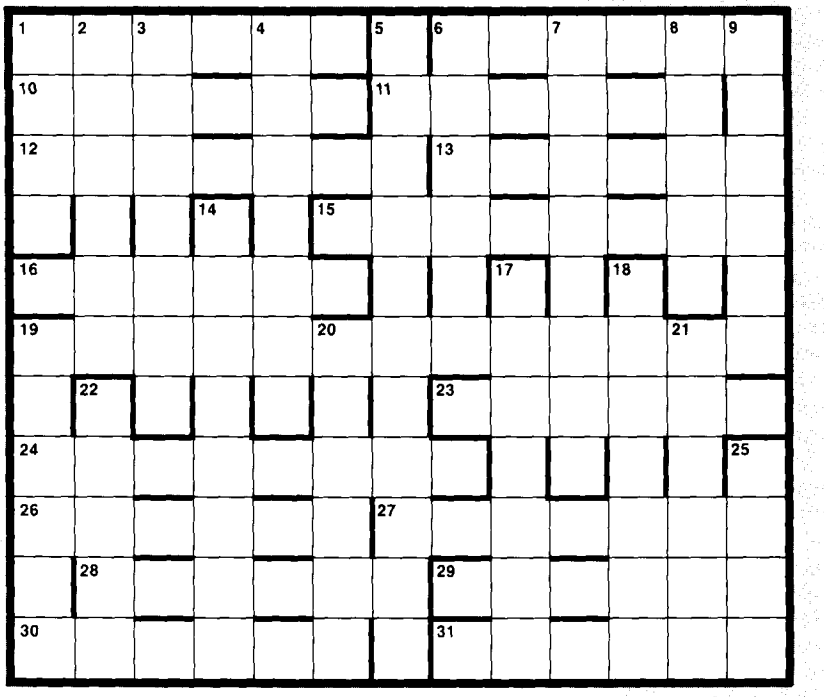
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CODE PAIRS

In thirteen squares of this diagram, intersecting Across and Down answers have different letters. In these cases both letters should be entered in the same square. The resulting thirteen pairs of letters provide the key for deciphering the unclued entry at 19 Across. Clue answers include four proper nouns, and 11 Across is not common.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 88.

ACROSS

1. Commotion outside plant is cut off (6)
6. Even members of old U.S. cliques use Roman name (6)
10. Tyrant has heard public outcry (6)
11. Toward evening, one miner working at the surface (6)
12. Rosebush covering a red wall (7)
13. Bee exiting rubbish in repair shop (6)
15. In France, those behind crazy dance rhythms (8)
16. Bends over verandas (6)
23. Good and sore after gym class (6)
24. Confess about partner rushing out (8)
26. Praises set lox apart (6)
27. Look around building wing for swift runner (7)
28. Solicit fine, in a different vein (6)
29. Wheel aboard ark—it turned vehicle (6)
30. Speaks outright lies, at the end (6)
31. Botanist fellows steered the wrong way (6)

DOWN

1. University gets out of premiere obligation (4)
2. Rock volumes coming from speakers (6)
3. Extortionist retiring to bar (7)
4. Why I get upset is important (7)
5. Commuter's mouth shut in quiet rage (11)
6. Journal brought up major impasse (6)
7. California contestant takes sixth place in pageant festivities (8)
8. Single week in novel *Dune* (5)
9. In choppy seas, we go up and down (6)
14. Plant treasure under spot marker in mist (8)
17. I go way up in hearing, having awful vision (7)
18. Wretched band going around Long Island (7)
19. City of gold under summer moon (6)
20. Searches for chances after failure (6)
21. Put aside pair of shoes elves left unfinished (6)
22. Laugh at snapped costume (5)
25. Attend strike (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use over time may eventually make its way into the dictionary.*

category killer *noun*, a chain of very large retail stores that specialize in a single broad line of merchandise stocked in enormous quantities and in many varieties, and sold at deep-discount prices, such that the stores dominate the market: "Perhaps the best example of a *category killer* is Ikea, a Swedish company that opened its first U.S. store a year ago. . . . Ikea . . . stocks more than 15,000 items—all home furnishings and housewares. . . . The store's own restaurant and nursery accommodate hungry customers and weary parents. But best of all, Ikea has low prices" (*The Wall Street Journal*).
BACKGROUND: *Category killers* have been around since the 1950s, when Toys R Us Inc. emerged. However, the widespread adoption of this merchandising strategy by other retailers and the use of the term outside the world of merchandising, marketing, and advertising are new. The term is an example of a compound deemed "non-self-explanatory" by dictionary editors: at first glance it brings to mind serial killing rather than merely the strangulation of retail competition.

inoculation *noun*, a preemptive political-advertising tactic in which a candidate attempts to foresee and neutralize potentially damaging criticism from an opponent by being the first to confront troublesome issues, specifically in electronic-media advertisements: "The surge in negative advertising has even given rise to the countertactic known as *inoculation*: ads designed to answer potential negative ads even before the attacks air" (*The New Republic*).
BACKGROUND: This highly specialized, relatively new sense of *inoculation* has been spun off from the established meanings: "introduction of a disease virus or other antigenic material into an organism in order to immunize, cure, or experiment" and "the act or an instance of familiarizing another with something new, as an idea." An example of *inoculation* might be television ads in which a candidate expecting criticism for insensitivity to the plight of American farmers is pictured on a tractor, listening to a farmer and offering assistance. Elderly candidates might open their media campaigns with ads picturing them jogging or playing vigorous tennis. The term *inoculation ad* is also used.

practical shooting *noun*, an activity in which a marksman tests his or her ability and reaction time in a staged criminal or terrorist situation by firing a gun at human-silhouette targets that suddenly appear along a prescribed course on a range. Points are awarded for shooting "perpetrators"; penalties are imposed for shooting "innocent bystanders" or "hostages": "The targets this summer afternoon at the Gilbert Small Arms Range . . . have heads and shoulders and kill zones. They are supposed to look like people. That's why it's called *practical shooting*, the fastest growing handgun sport in America" (*The Washington Post*). "Though Hall fired real bullets, the hostage and bad guys were make-believe. It was a scene from a tournament in *practical shooting*, a sport that is gaining popularity among gun enthusiasts eager to test themselves in dangerous criminal or terrorist situations" (*Newsweek*).
BACKGROUND: Some 100,000 people engaged in *practical shooting* during 1985. The activity has been described variously as a sport, a game, and a "new American martial art," according to Michael Bane, the editor of the magazine of the U.S. Practical Shooting Association. Changing scenarios are employed (for example, "Sunday in El Salvador" and "McDonald's Lobby"), and substantial purses are often awarded to the winners of competitions. Although law-enforcement officers have been competing on such combat courses for years, in order to improve, maintain, and test their marksmanship and reaction times in stressful situations, the activity has only recently become popular among civilians. An agent noun has also appeared: *practical shooter*.

skinship *noun*, a state of empathy among people, especially the bonding of friends, business associates, or family members, developed through close, sustained interaction. In families, *skinship* is often expressed by affectionate physical contact, such as a mother's hugging of her child. In other settings it is marked by friendship and cooperation: "Yataro Kawabata . . . said it was sad that the nation is losing the '*skinship*' of public bathing. . . . 'Young people don't have a chance to learn the social manners to be gained from bathing together'" (Associated Press).
BACKGROUND: *Skinship*, a behavioral term with no sexual connotations, is a Japanese coinage in English. It falls into a category of words called *waseigo*, literally translated as "Japanese-manufactured language," according to Jeremy Silverman, a business consultant who speaks Japanese fluently. *Waseigo* words, which are usually restricted in use to the Japanese culture, are often applied in ways that standard English terms are not. Although *skinship* has a form similar to that of *kinship*, the apparent meaning of *skin* (empathy and bonding) is not established among native English-speakers. Other *waseigo* words are *OL* (for "office lady"), a secretary; *salaryman*, a white-collar worker; *nighter*, a nighttime baseball game; *pushcase*, a flip-top box, such as one for cigarettes; and *Christ one-piece*, a cassock (the final element of which means "dress" when standing alone).

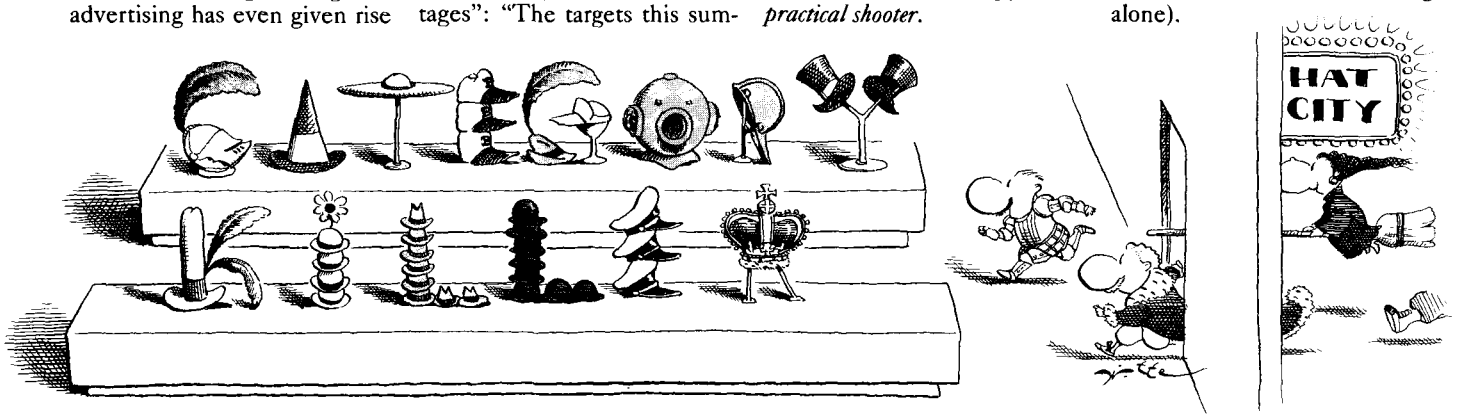

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALESSANDRA FERRI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 23.

OCCUPATION: Principal dancer, American Ballet Theatre.

HOBBY: "Trying to find the time to have one."

LAST BOOK READ: *Hopscotch*, Julio Cortazar.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Dancing the lead in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle* during the ABT's latest season. No mean feat.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "All little girls want to be ballerinas; I just never changed my idea."

QUOTE: "I'm Italian, and we're never neutral. About anything."

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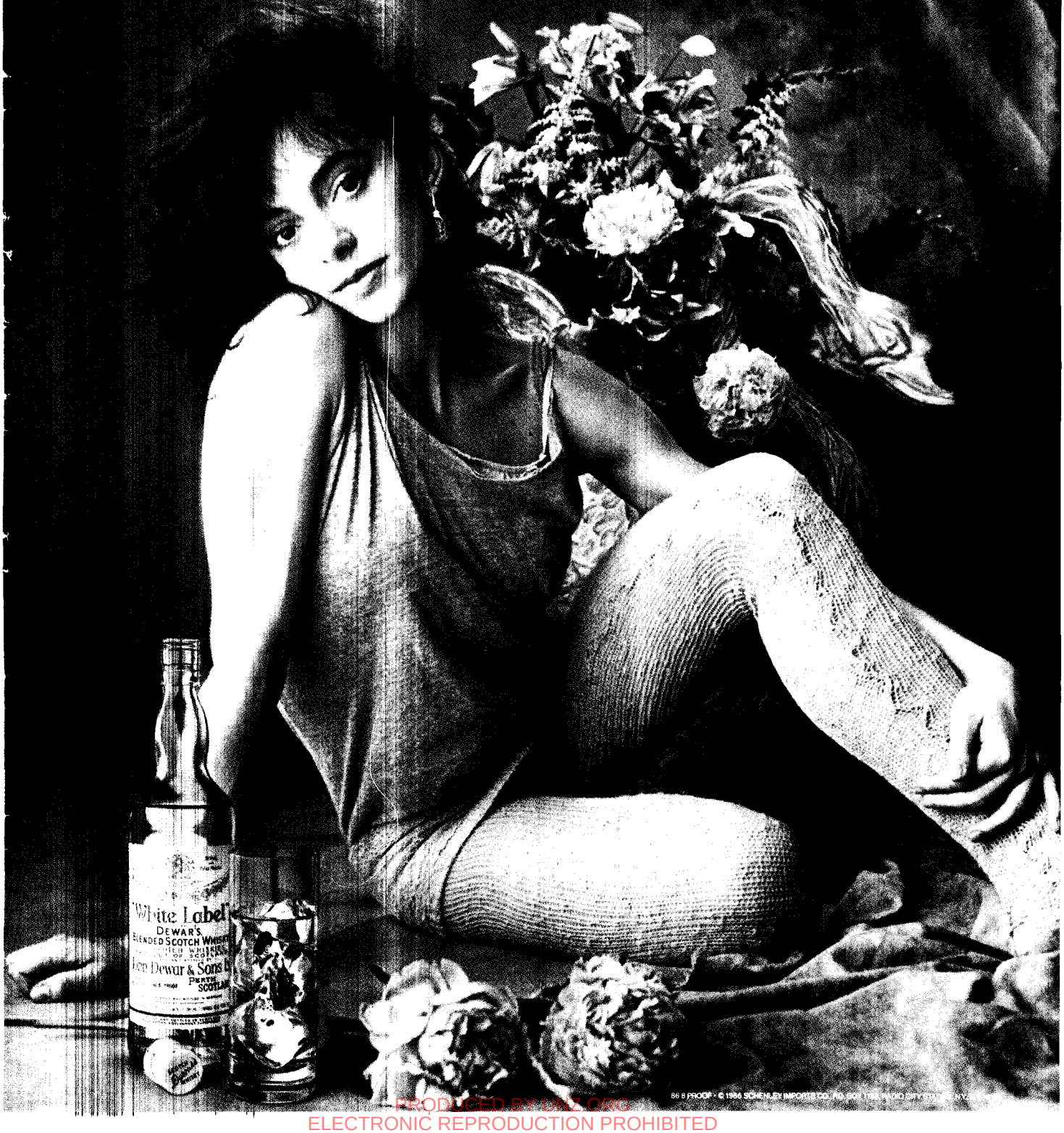

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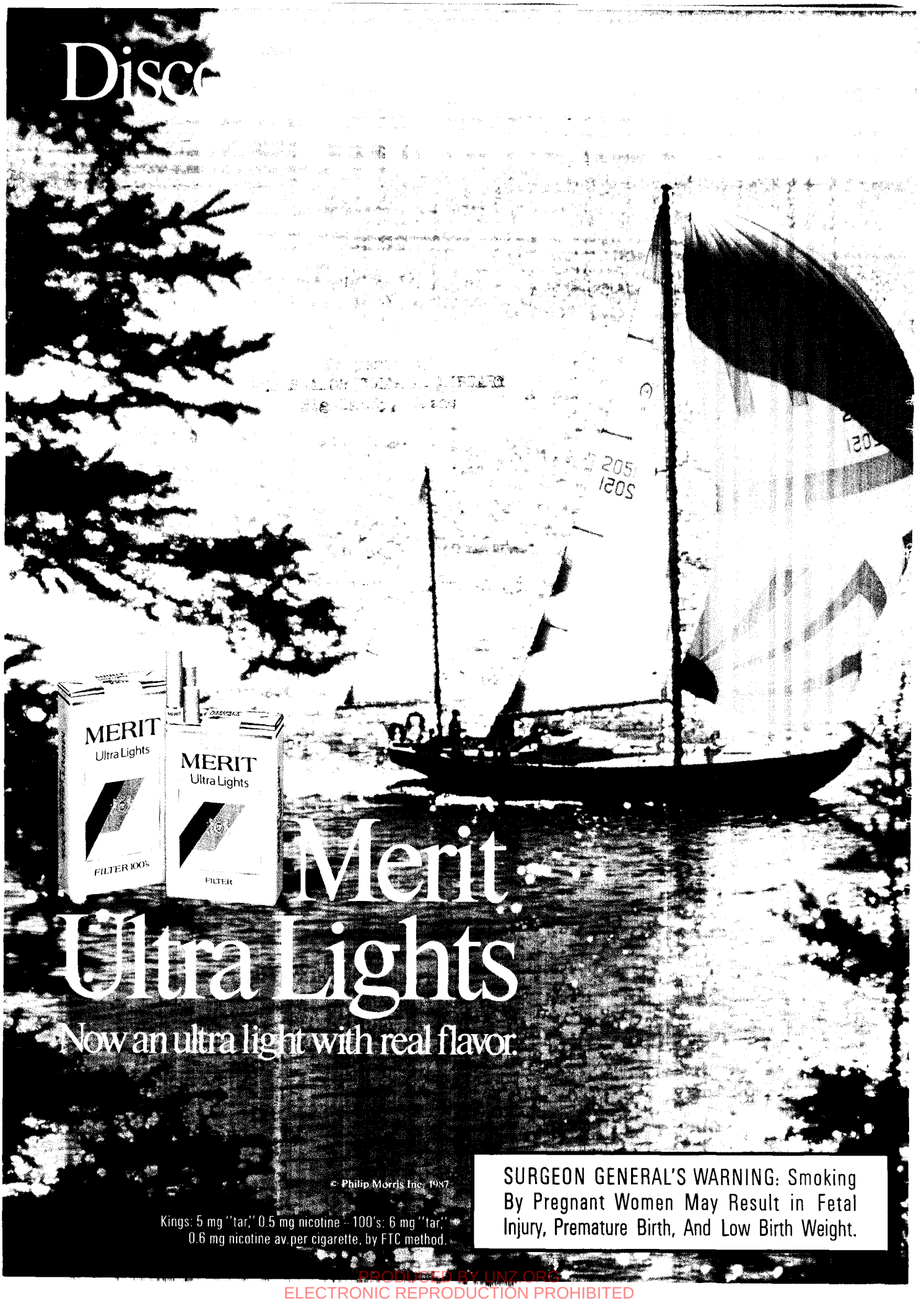

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